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FROM

Edmund Morley Parker

A SELECTION

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

DEAN STANLEY.

Walker & Boutall Ph. Sc.

A. P. Martin.

Walker & Boutall Ph. Sc.

A. P. Stanley.

A SELECTION

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

DEAN STANLEY.

EDITED BY

ANTHONY S. AGLEN, M.A.,

ARCHDEACON OF ST. ANDREWS.

"The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear."
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, Bk. viii.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

NEW YORK:
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1894.

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PREFACE.

INTEREST in Dean Stanley's writings is likely to be permanent, and it has probably been increased and extended by the recent publication of his Life. Many, therefore, even of those who have access to the works themselves, may welcome a volume of Selections of moderate size, which may be taken up at any moment and easily carried about, while to others such a volume may prove the introduction to a most fascinating and inspiring author.

The most important of the Dean's literary work was of an historical character, and at first sight it seems unfair to a continuous narrative to present the public with fragments of it. But the tendency at every turn to connect the personages of his story with the life of other times than their own, and to use the events he describes as occasions of moral and spiritual teaching for the present day—a tendency which has been marked as a defect from the point of view of the historian—makes Stanley's vivid portraiture of past times peculiarly suitable for a Selection. Passage after passage, narrative or descriptive, may be presented with so much separate and independent interest attaching to it as to make it complete in itself. Nor is injustice thus done to the writer any more than to his subject. Probably no author, except it be Carlyle, ever impressed himself so distinctly and so consistently on all he

gave to the world as Dean Stanley. Open his books where you will, he is always the same, forcible, stimulating, picturesque, bringing the past or the distant close to his readers, making the dead live and the absent appear, by a vivid touch, a convincing analogy, a graphic detail. Whatever subject he approaches, you know how he will treat it. He will not put up with words, but will have realities. He will dive beneath the surface to reach the truth. He will make the best of every actor in every scene, and not rest till he has discovered his and its true place in the purpose of God for the world. Everywhere we know we shall find him looking not for difference but agreement, not for marks of distinction but for signs of vital union. Always he must be liberal, comprehensive, tolerant, carrying with his pen, as he did with his person, the very atmosphere of Christian charity.

This is true not only of his historical but also of his religious method, of his sermons as of his lectures and essays. His mode of presenting theology may appear to some incomplete, but it is consistent. Whatever is absent from his teaching, this, to quote his own words, is always present—the wish to make men ready "to believe in the Divine supremacy of conscience; to believe that the spirit is above the letter; to believe that the substance is above the form; to believe that the meaning is more important than the words; to believe that truth is greater than authority, or fashion, or imagination, and will at last prevail; to believe that goodness and justice and love are the bonds of perfectness, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead though he live, and which bind together those who are divided in all other things whatsoever." Combine with this his determination to leave before his hearers a distinct and vivid conception of Christ, His person, His life, His teaching, to make them see Him, and God in Him, face

to face, find Him in history, meet Him in men, recognise Him in every work of peace, of justice, of mercy, of love, and you have the purpose of every sermon, early or late. The appearance in this volume of passages from various sermons, published either separately or in collected form, is due to the desire to show how the Dean brought his many rich and varied gifts to bear upon this purpose.

It has been found necessary occasionally to omit a phrase or part of a sentence, or even to change a word, in order to sever an extract satisfactorily from the immediate context, and sometimes a quotation, when long, has been suppressed. Beyond these no other liberties have been taken with the text.

Of the copious notes which were necessary in the complete works, only those have been retained which add something of importance to the text or explain an allusion; mere references have been discarded.

This volume appears with the sanction of Sir George Grove, the Dean's literary executor, and of his sister, Mrs. Vaughan, but for the choice of the passages selected the Editor is alone responsible.

ALYTH,
March 10, 1894.

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The Selections are from the following Works:—

Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church. 3 vols.
Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church.
Historical Memorials of Canterbury.
Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.
Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland.
Sinai and Palestine.
Christian Institutions.
Essays on Church and State.
Addresses and Sermons delivered in America.
Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age.
Sermons preached mostly in Canterbury Cathedral.
The National Thanksgiving.
Sermons during a Tour in the East.
Various Sermons preached at Oxford and Westminster and separately published.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF DEAN STANLEY.

PART I.

BIBLICAL CHARACTERS AND SCENES.

ABRAHAM AS SHEYKH.

Not many years ago much offence was given by one, now a high dignitary in the English Church, who ventured to suggest the original likeness of Abraham, by calling him a Bedouin Sheykh. It is one advantage flowing from the multiplication of Eastern travels that such offence could now no longer be taken. Every English pilgrim to the Holy Land, even the most reverential and the most fastidious, is delighted to trace and to record the likeness of patriarchal manners and costumes in the Arabian chiefs. To refuse to do so would be to decline the use of what we may almost call a singular gift of Providence. The unchanged habits of the East render it in this respect a kind of living Pompeii. The outward appearances, which in the case of the Greeks and Romans we know only through art and writing, through marble, fresco, and parchment, in the

case of Jewish history we know through the forms of actual men, living and moving before us, wearing almost the same garb, speaking in almost the same language, and certainly with the same general turns of speech and tone and manners. Such as we see them now, starting on a pilgrimage, or a journey, were Abraham and his brother's son, when they "went forth" to go into the land of Canaan. "All their substance that they had 'gathered'" is heaped high on the backs of their kneeling camels. The "slaves that they had bought in Haran" run along by their sides. Round about them are their flocks of sheep and goats, and the asses moving underneath the towering forms of the camels. The chief is there, amidst the stir of movement, or resting at noon within his black tent, marked out from the rest by his cloak of brilliant scarlet, by the fillet of rope which binds the loose handkerchief round his head, by the spear which he holds in his hand to guide the march, and to fix the encampment. The chief's wife, the princess[1] of the tribe, is there in her own tent, to make the cakes and prepare the usual meal of milk and butter; the slave or the child is ready to bring in the red lentile soup for the weary hunter, or to kill the calf for the unexpected guest. Even the ordinary social state is the same: polygamy, slavery, the exclusiveness of family ties; the period of service for the dowry of a wife; the solemn obligations of hospitality; the temptations, easily followed, into craft or falsehood.

In every aspect, except that which most concerns us, the likeness is complete between the Bedouin chief of the present day and the Bedouin chief who came from Chaldæa nearly four thousand years ago. In every aspect but one: and that one contrast is set off in the highest degree by the resemblance of all besides. The more we see the outward conformity of Abraham and his immediate descendants to the godless, grasping, foul-mouthed Arabs of the modern desert, nay, even their fellowship in the infirmities of their common state and country, the more we shall recognise the force of the religious

[1] "Sarah" = princess, of which "Sarai" is a variation.

faith, which has raised them from that low estate to be the heroes and saints of their people, the spiritual fathers of European religion and civilisation. The hands are the hands of the Bedouin Esau; but the voice is the voice of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob,—the voice which still makes itself heard across deserts and continents and seas; heard wherever there is a conscience to listen, or an imagination to be pleased, or a sense of reverence left amongst mankind.

Jewish Church, Lect. I.

ABRAHAM AS BELIEVER IN GOD.

THE greater histories of the Christian Church usually commence with dissertations on the state of the heathen world at the time of the birth of Christ. Something analogous to this ought, if it were possible, to be in our minds in conceiving the rise of the Jewish Church in the person of Abraham. But it would be of a totally different kind; it would belong to the province rather of philosophy than of history. We must transport ourselves back to that primeval time of which so lively a picture has lately been furnished[1] from the results of philological research; of which, in the European world, we see perhaps the last traces in Homer, but of which still later memorials were preserved in the New World in the Peruvian worship, even down to the sixteenth century, when it was seen and elaborately described by the first Spanish discoverers. The objects of nature, especially the heavenly bodies, were then invested with a "glory" and a "freshness" which have long since "passed away" from the earth; they seemed to be instinct with a divinity which exercised an almost irresistible fascination over their first beholders. The sight of "the sun when it shined, and of the moon walking in brightness," was a temptation as potent to them as to us it is inconceivable; "their heart was secretly enticed, and their

[1] Professor Max Müller's "Comparative Mythology," in *Oxford Essays*, 1856.

hand kissed their mouth." There was also another form of idolatry, though less universal in its influence. "There were giants on the earth in those days;" giants, if not actually, yet by their colossal strength and awful majesty: the Pharaohs and Nimrods, whose forms we can still trace on the ornaments of Egypt and Assyria in their gigantic proportions, the mighty hunters, the royal priests, the deified men. From the control of these powers, before which all meaner men bowed down, from the long ancestral prepossessions of "country and kindred and father's house," the first worshippers of One who was above all alike had painfully to disentangle themselves. It is true that Abraham hardly appears before us as a prophet or teacher of any new religion. As the Scripture represents him, it is rather as if he was possessed of the truth himself, than as if he had any call to proclaim it to others. His life is his creed; his migration is his mission. But we can hardly doubt that here the legendary tales fill up, though in their own fantastic way, what the Biblical account dimly implies. He was, in practice, the Friend of God, in the noblest of all senses of the word; the Friend who stood fast when others fell away. He was the first distinct historical witness, at least for his own race and country, to Theism—to Monotheism, to the unity of the Lord and Ruler of all against the primeval idolatries, the *natural* religion of the ancient world. It may be an empty fable that Terah was a maker of idols, and that Abraham was cast by Nimrod into a burning fiery furnace for refusing to worship him. But even in the Book of Joshua we read that the original fathers of the Jewish race who dwelt beyond the Euphrates served other gods,[1] and the deliverance implied in the Call indicates something more than a mere change of state and place. We may be forgiven if we supply the void by a well-known legend, which has left its traces in almost every traditional account of Abraham. The scene is sometimes laid in Ur, sometimes in the celebrated hill above Damascus. The story is best told in the words of the Koran. "*When night*

[1] Josh. xxiv. 2, 14. One interpretation of "Ur" (light) is that it was the seat of the sun-worship; as it certainly was in the fourth century. Bayer, 4.

overshadowed him, he saw a star, and said, 'This is my Lord.' But when it set, he said, 'I like not those that set.' And when he saw the moon rising, he said, 'This is my Lord.' But when the moon set, he answered, 'Verily, if my Lord direct me not in the right way, I shall be as one of those who err.' And when he saw the sun rising, he said, 'This is my Lord. This is greater than the star or moon.' But when the sun went down, he said, 'Oh my people, I am clear of these things. I turn my face to Him who hath made the heaven and the earth.'" It is an illustration of this ancient legend, that many ages afterwards, another dweller in Ur of the Chaldees, that Syrian saint of whom I have before spoken, Ephrem of Edessa, relates that once coming out of the city very early in the morning with two of his companions, he gazed upon the heavens, spangled with bright stars. Their brilliancy struck him as they had struck the Chaldæan shepherd of old; and he said, "If the brightness of these stars be so dazzling, how will the saints shine when Christ shall come in glory!" What a world of new hopes, new fears, new prospects, lies between the reflection of the primitive Patriarch and the reflection of the Christian saint!

Jewish Church, Lect. I.

JACOB AND ESAU.

"ABRAHAM was a hero, Jacob was 'a plain man, dwelling in tents.' Abraham we feel to be above ourselves, Jacob to be like ourselves." So the distinction between the two great Patriarchs has been drawn out by a celebrated theologian. "*Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.*" So the experience of Israel himself is summed up in the close of his life. Human cares, jealousies, sorrows, cast their shade over the scene,—the golden dawn of the Patriarchal age is overcast; there is no longer the same unwavering faith; we are no longer in

communion with the "High Father," the "Friend of God;"[1] we at times almost doubt whether we are not with His enemy. But for this very reason the interest attaching to Jacob, though of a less lofty and universal kind, is more touching, more penetrating, more attractive. Nothing but the perverse attempt to demand perfection of what is held before us as imperfect could blind us to the exquisite truthfulness which marks the delineation of the Patriarch's character.

Look at him, as his course is unrolled through the long vicissitudes which make his life a faithful mirror of human existence in its most varied aspects. Look at him, as compared with his brother Esau. Unlike the sharp contrast of the earlier pairs of Sacred history, in these two the good and evil are so mingled, that at first we might be at a loss which to follow, which to condemn. The distinctness with which they seem to stand and move before us against the clear distance, is a new phase in the history. Esau, the shaggy red-haired[2] huntsman, the man of the field, with his arrows, his quiver, and his bow, coming in weary from the chase, caught as with the levity and eagerness of a child, by the sight of the lentile soup—"Feed me, I pray thee, with the 'red, red' pottage," yet so full of generous impulse, so affectionate towards his aged father, so forgiving towards his brother, so open-handed, so chivalrous: who has not at times felt his heart warm towards the poor rejected Esau; and been tempted to join with him as he cries with "a great and exceeding bitter cry," "Hast thou but one blessing, my father? bless me, even me also, O my father!" And who does not in like manner feel at times his indignation swell against the younger brother? "Is he not rightly named Jacob, for he hath supplanted me these two times?" He entraps his brother, he deceives his father, he makes a bargain even in his prayer; in his dealings with Laban, in his meeting with Esau, he still

[1] It is a striking legend that Abraham died on the day that Esau sold his birthright (Beer's *Leben Abrahams*, 84).

[2] *Esau* (hairy), Arabic word. "As if with a cloak of hair (Adrath Seir)."—Zech. xiii. 4. *Edmoni* (LXX. πυρράκης) is "red-haired" here, and in speaking of David. *Edom* (red), as of the hair of a cow (Num. xix. 2), or horse (Zech. i. 8; vi. 2). So also of lentiles (Gen. xxv. 30), of blood (Isa. lxiii. 2). Compare Scott's description of "Rob Roy," (ch. 7).

calculates and contrives; he distrusts his neighbours, he regards with prudential indifference the insult to his daughter, and the cruelty of his sons; he hesitates to receive the assurance of Joseph's good will: he repels, even in his lesser traits, the free confidence that we cannot withhold from the Patriarchs of the elder generation.

But yet, taking the two from first to last, how entirely is the judgment of the Book of Genesis and the judgment of posterity confirmed by the result of the whole! The mere impulsive hunter vanishes away, light as air: "he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way. Thus Esau despised his birthright." The substance, the strength of the Chosen Family, the true inheritance of the promise of Abraham, was interwoven with the very essence of the character of "the upright[1] man dwelling in tents," steady, persevering, moving onward with deliberate settled purpose, through years of suffering and of prosperity, of exile and return, of bereavement and recovery. The birthright is always before him. Rachel is won from Laban by hard service, "and the seven years seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her." Isaac, and Rebekah, and Rebekah's nurse, are remembered with a faithful, filial remembrance; Joseph and Benjamin are long and passionately loved with a more than parental affection—bringing down his grey hairs for their sakes "in sorrow to the grave." This is no character to be contemned or scoffed at: if it was encompassed with much infirmity, yet its very complexity demands our reverent attention; in it are bound up, as his double name expresses, not one man but two; by toil and struggle Jacob, the Supplanter, is gradually transformed into Israel, the Prince of God; the harsher and baser features are softened and purified away; he looks back over his long career with the fulness of experience and humility. "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies and of all the truth which Thou hast shown unto Thy servant." Alone of the Patriarchal family, his end is recorded as invested

[1] Gen. xxv. 27. The word translated "plain" implies a stronger approbation, which the English version has softened, probably from a sense of the difficulty.

with the solemnity of warning and of prophetic song. "Gather yourselves together, ye sons of Jacob; and hearken unto Israel your father." We need not fear to acknowledge that the God of Abraham and the God of Isaac was also the God of Jacob.

Most unworthy indeed we should be of the gift of the Sacred narrative, if we failed to appreciate it in this, its full, its many-sided aspect. Even in the course of the Jewish history, what a foreshadowing of the future! We may venture to trace in the wayward chieftain of Edom the likeness of the fickle uncertain Edomite, now allied, now hostile to the seed of promise: the wavering, unstable dynasty which came forth from Idumæa; Herod the magnificent and the cruel; Herod Antipas, who "heard John gladly" and slew him; Herod Agrippa, "almost a Christian"—half Jew and half heathen. "A turbulent and unruly race," so Josephus describes the Idumæans of his day: "always hovering on the verge of revolution, always rejoicing in changes, roused to arms by the slightest motion of flattery, rushing to battle as if they were going to a feast." But we cannot mistake the type of the Israelites in him whom, beyond even Abraham and Isaac, they recognised as their father Israel.[1] His doubtful qualities exactly recall to us the meanness of character, which, even to a proverb, we call in scorn "*Jewish*." By his peculiar discipline of exile and suffering, a true counterpart is produced of the special faults and special gifts, known to us chiefly through his persecuted descendants in the Middle Ages. Professor Blunt has with much ingenuity pointed out how Jacob seems to have "learned like *maltreated animals* to have the fear of man habitually before his eyes." In Jacob we see the same timid, cautious watchfulness that we know so well, though under darker colours, through our great masters of fiction, in Shylock of Venice and Isaac of York. But no less, in the nobler side of his career do we trace the germs of

[1] Hos. xii. 3, 4, 5, 12. Once only Jacob is mentioned in Pagan records; "Post Damascum Azelus, mox Adores, et Abraham, et *Israhel* reges fuere. Sed Israhelem felix decem filiorum proventus majoribus suis clariorem fecit."—*Justin*, xxxvi. 2.

the unbroken endurance, the undying resolution, which keeps the nation alive still even in its present outcast condition, and which was the basis, in its brighter days, of the heroic zeal, long-suffering, and hope of Moses, of David, of Jeremiah, of the Maccabees, of the first apostles and martyrs, and of the persecuted Jews alike in the second and the twelfth centuries.

Jewish Church, Lect. III.

THE CALL OF MOSES.

WHATEVER may have been the preparation provided by Egyptian war or wisdom, it is in the unknown, unfrequented wilderness of Arabia,—in the same school of solitude and of exile, which in humbler spheres has so often trained great minds to the reception of new truths,—that the mission of Moses was revealed to him. In that wonderful region of the earth, where the grandeur of mountains is combined, as hardly anywhere else, with the grandeur of the desert,—amidst the granite precipices and the silent valleys of Horeb, as to his people afterwards, so to Moses now was the great truth to be made manifest, of which he was recognised even by the heathen world to have been the first national interpreter. "Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, the Priest of Midian: and led the flock to the back of the wilderness," far from the shores of the Red Sea, where Jethro seems to have dwelt, "and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb." We know not the precise place. Tradition, reaching back to the sixth century of the Christian era, fixes it in the same deep seclusion as that to which in all probability he afterwards led the Israelites. The convent of Justinian is built over what was supposed to be the exact spot where the shepherd was bid to draw his sandals from off his feet. The valley in which the convent stands is called by the Arabian name of Jethro. But whether this, or the other great centre of the peninsula, Mount Serbal, be regarded as the scene of the

event, the appropriateness would be almost equal. Each has at different times been regarded as the sanctuary of the desert. Each presents that singular majesty, which, as Josephus tells us, and as the Sacred narrative implies, had already invested "the Mountain of God" with an awful reverence in the eyes of the Arabian tribes, as though a Divine Presence rested on its solemn heights. Around each, on the rocky ledges of the hillside, or in the retired basins, withdrawn within the deep recesses of the adjoining mountains, or beside the springs which water the adjacent valleys, would be found pasture of herbage, or aromatic shrubs for the flocks of Jethro. On each, in that early age, though now found only on Mount Serbal, must have grown the wild acacia, the shaggy thorn-bush of the *Seneh*, the most characteristic tree of the whole range. So natural, so thoroughly in accordance with the scene, were the signs, in which the call of Moses makes itself heard and seen. Not in any outward form, human or celestial, such as the priests of Heliopolis were wont to figure to themselves as the representatives of Deity, but out of the midst of the spreading thorn, the outgrowth of the desert wastes, did "the Lord appear unto Moses." A flame of fire, like that which seemed to consume and waste away His people in the furnace of affliction, shone forth amidst the dry branches of the thorny tree, and "behold! the bush," the massive thicket, "burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." And when the question arose, with what he should work the signs by which his countrymen shall believe and hearken to his voice, the same character recurs. No sword of war, such as was wielded by Egyptian kings, no mystic emblem, such as was borne by Egyptian gods, but—"'What is that in thine hand?' And he said, 'A rod,'" a staff, a shepherd's crook, the staff which indicated his return to the pastoral habits of his fathers, the staff on which he leaned amidst his desert wanderings, the staff with which he guided his kinsman's flocks, the staff like that still borne by Arab chiefs—this was to be the humble instrument of Divine power. "In this," as afterwards in the yet humbler symbol of the cross, in this, the symbol of his

simplicity, of his exile, of his lowliness, "the world was to be conquered." These were the outward signs of his call. And, whatever the explanation put on their precise import, there is this undoubted instruction conveyed in their description, that they are marked by the peculiar appropriateness to the circumstances of the Prophet, which marks all like manifestations, through every variety of form, to the Prophets, the successors of Moses, in each succeeding age. In grace, as in nature, God, if we may use the well-known expression, *abhorret saltum*, abhors a sudden unprepared transition. "The child is father of the man:" the man is father of the prophet—the days of both are "bound each to each by natural piety." It is the first signal instance of the prophetic revelations. Its peculiar form is the key of all that follow.

Jewish Church, Lect. V.

MOSES AND AARON.

Moses is a prophet,—the first of the Prophets,—but he is also a Deliverer. Israel, indeed, through him becomes "a chosen people," "a holy congregation"—in one word, a Church. But it also through him becomes a nation: it passes, by his means, from a pastoral, subject, servile tribe, into a civilised, free, independent commonwealth. It is in this aspect that the more human and historical side of his appearance presents itself. It is true that even here we see him very imperfectly. In him, as in the Apostle afterwards, the man is swallowed up in the cause, the messenger in the message and mission with which he is charged. Yet from time to time, and here in this opening of his career more than elsewhere, his outward and domestic relations are brought before us. He returns to Egypt from his exile. In the advice of his father-in-law to make war upon Egypt, in his meeting with his brother in the desert of Sinai, may be indications of a mutual understanding and general rising of the Arabian tribes against the

Egyptian monarchy. But in the Sacred narrative our attention is fixed only on the personal relations of the two brothers; now first mentioned together, never henceforth to be parted. From that meeting and co-operation we have the first indications of his individual character and appearance. We are accustomed to invest him with all the external grandeur which would naturally correspond to the greatness of his mission. The statue of Michael Angelo rises before us in its commanding sternness, as the figure before which Pharaoh trembled. Something, indeed, of this is justified by the traditions respecting him. The long shaggy hair and beard,[1] which enfold in their vast tresses that wild form, appear in the heathen representations of him. The beauty of the child is, by the same traditions, continued into his manhood. "He was," says the historian Justin (with the confusion so common in Gentile representations), "both as wise and as beautiful as his father Joseph." But the only point described in the Sacred narrative is one of singular and unlooked-for infirmity. "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since Thou hast spoken to Thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue; . . . how shall Pharaoh hear me, which am of uncircumcised lips?"—that is, slow and without words, "stammering and hesitating" (so the Septuagint strongly expresses it), like Demosthenes in his earlier youth,—slow and without words, like the circuitous orations of the English Cromwell,—"his speech contemptible," like the speech of the Apostle Paul. How often has this been repeated in the history of the world—how truly has the answer been repeated also: "Who hath made man's mouth? . . . Have not I the Lord? . . . I will be thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

And when the remonstrance went up from the true disinterested heart of Moses, "O my Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of him whom Thou wilt send" ("Make any one thine Apostle so that it be not me"), the future relation of

[1] An old man with a long beard, seated on an ass, was the idea of Moses, as given by Diodorus (xxxiv.); or tall and dignified in appearance, with long streaming hair, of a reddish hue, tinged with grey, as given by Artapanus.

the two brothers is brought to light. "Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well. And also, behold, he cometh forth to meet thee, and when he seeth thee he will be glad in his heart. And thou shalt speak unto him, and put words in his mouth. . . . And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people, and he shall be, even he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God." In all outward appearance,—as the Chief of the tribe of Levi, as the head of the family of Amram, as the spokesman and interpreter, as the first who "spake to the people and to Pharaoh all the words which the LORD had spoken to Moses," and did the signs in the sight of the people, as the permanent inheritor of the sacred staff or rod, the emblem of rule and power,—Aaron, not Moses, must have been the representative and leader of Israel. But Moses was the inspiring, informing soul within and behind; and, as time rolled on, as the first outward impression passed away, and the deep, abiding recollection of the whole story remained, Aaron the prince and priest has almost disappeared from the view of history; and Moses, the dumb, backward, disinterested Prophet, continues for all ages the foremost leader of the Chosen People, the witness that something more is needed for the guidance of man than high hereditary office or the gift of fluent speech,—a rebuke alike to an age that puts its trust in priests and nobles, and an age that puts its trust in preachers and speakers.

Jewish Church, Lect. V.

THE EXODUS.

THE Deliverance, in its essential features, is the likeness of all such deliverances. "When the tale of bricks is doubled, then comes Moses." This is the proverb which has sustained the Jewish nation through many a long oppression. The truth contained in it, the imagery of the Exodus, have doubtless

been more than the types, they have often been the sustaining causes and consolations, of the many successful struggles which from that day to this the oppressed have waged against the oppressor. But that which is peculiar in the story of the Exodus is the mode by which it was effected. First, it was not a mere case of ordinary insurrection of a slave population against their masters. The Egyptian version of the event represents it as a dread, an aversion entertained by the oppressors towards the oppressed as towards an accursed and polluted people. It was a mutual hatred. The king, according to the constant Egyptian tradition, was troubled by dreams, and commanded by oracles to rid himself of the nation of lepers. And this, from another point of view, is also the prevailing sentiment of the Egyptians, as given in the Sacred writers. "Rise up, and get you forth from among my people. . . . Egypt was glad at their departing—for they were afraid of them."

And it is impossible, as we read the description of the Plagues, not to feel how much of force is added to it by a knowledge of the peculiar customs and character of the country in which they occurred. It is not an ordinary river that is turned into blood; it is the sacred, beneficent, solitary Nile, the very life of the state and of the people, in its streams and canals and tanks, and vessels of wood and vessels of stone, then, as now, used for the filtration of the delicious water from the sediment of the river-bed. It is not an ordinary nation that is struck by the mass of putrefying vermin lying in heaps by the houses, the villages, and the fields, or multiplying out of the dust of the desert sands on each side of the Nile valley. It is the cleanliest of all the ancient nations, clothed in white linen, anticipating, in their fastidious delicacy and ceremonial purity, the habits of modern and northern Europe. It is not the ordinary cattle that died in the field, or ordinary fish that died in the river, or ordinary reptiles that were overcome by the rod of Aaron. It is the sacred goat of Mendes, the ram of Ammon, the calf of Heliopolis, the bull Apis, the crocodile [1]

[1] The "serpent" of Exod. vii. 9, 10, 12 (a different word from that in iv. 3; vii. 15), is evidently a "crocodile."

of Ombos, the perch of Esneh. It is not an ordinary land of which the flax and the barley, and every green thing in the trees, and every herb of the field are smitten by the two great calamities of storm and locust. It is the garden[1] of the ancient Eastern world—the long line of green meadow and corn-field, and groves of palm and sycamore and fig-tree, from the Cataracts to the Delta, doubly refreshing from the desert which it intersects, doubly marvellous from the river whence it springs. If these things were calamities anywhere, they were truly "signs and wonders"—speaking signs and oracular wonders—in such a land as "the land of Ham." In whatever way we unite the Hebrew and the Egyptian accounts, there can be no doubt that the Exodus was a crisis in Egyptian as well as in Hebrew history, "a nail struck into the coffin of the Egyptian monarchy."

But, secondly, the Israelite annals, unlike the records of any other nation, in ancient or modern times, which has thrown off the yoke of slavery, claim no merit, no victory of their own. There is no Marathon, no Regillus, no Tours, no Morgarten. All is from above, nothing from themselves. In whatever proportions the natural and the supernatural are intermingled, this result equally remains. The locusts, the flies, the murrain, the discoloured river, the storm, the darkness of the sandy wind, the plague, are calamities natural to Egypt, though rare, and exhibited here in aggravated and terrible forms. But not the less are they the interventions of a Power above the power of man—not the less did they call the mind of the Israelite from dwelling on his own strength and glory, to the mighty Hand and the stretched-out Arm, on which alone, through his subsequent history, he was to lean.

It is in the final issue of the Exodus that this most clearly appears, and here we can approach more nearly to the events as they actually presented themselves; especially with the additional light thrown upon it by the allusions in the Psalms, by the parallel story of Josephus, and by the customs through which it was commemorated in after times.

[1] Gen. xiii. 10; "a garden of the Lord, the land of Egypt."

There are some days of which the traces left on the mind of a nation are so deep that the events themselves seem to live on long after they have been numbered with the past. Such was the night of the month Nisan in the eighteenth century before the Christian era. "It is a night to be much observed unto the Lord, for bringing them out of the land of Egypt; this is that night of the Lord, to be observed of the children of Israel in their generations." Dimly we see and hear, in the darkness and the confusion of that night, the stroke which at last broke the heart of the king and made him let Israel go. "At midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sate on his throne, to the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle. And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt"—the loud, frantic, funeral wail, characteristic of the whole nation—"for there was not a house where there was not one dead." In the Egyptian accounts this destruction was described as effected by an incursion of the Arabs. The Jewish Psalmist ascribes it to the sudden visitation of the plague. "He spared not their soul from death, but gave their life over unto the pestilence." Egyptian and Israelite each regarded it as a Divine judgment on the worship, no less than the power, of Egypt. "The Egyptians buried their first-born whom the Lord had smitten; upon their gods also did the Lord execute judgment."

But whilst of the more detailed effect of that night on Egypt we know nothing, for its effects on Israel it might almost be said that we need not go back to any written narrative. It still moves and breathes amongst us.

Amongst the various festivals of the Jewish Church, one only (till the institution of those which commemorated the much later deliverances from Haman and from Antiochus Epiphanes) was distinctly historical. In the feast of the Pesach, Pascha, or Passover, the scene of the flight of the Israelites, its darkness, its hurry, its confusion, was acted year by year, as in a living drama. In part it is still so acted

throughout the Jewish race; in all its essential features (some of which have died out everywhere else) it is enacted, in the most lively form, by the solitary remnant of that race which, under the name of Samaritan, celebrates the whole Paschal sacrifice, year by year, on the summit of Mount Gerizim. Each householder assembled his family round him: the feast was within the house; there was no time or place for priest or sacred edifice—even after the establishment of the sanctuary at Jerusalem, this vestige of the primitive or the irregular celebration of that night continued, and not in the Temple courts, but in the upper chamber of the private houses, was the room prepared where the Passover was to be eaten. The animal slain and eaten on the occasion was itself a memorial of the pastoral state of the people. The shepherds of Goshen, with their flocks and herds, whatever else they could furnish for a hasty meal, would at least have a lamb or a kid—"a male of the first year from the sheep or from the goats." As the sun set behind the African desert, they were to strike its blood on the door-posts of the house as a sign of their deliverance. At Gerizim, amidst the wild recitation of the narrative of the original ordinance, the chiefs of the Samaritan community rush forward, and, as the blood flows from the throat of the slaughtered sheep, they dip their fingers in the stream; and each man, woman, and child, even to the child in arms, was, till recently, marked on the forehead with the red stain. On the cruciform wooden spit—this we know from Justin Martyr was the practice in ancient times—the lamb is left to be roasted whole, after the manner of Eastern feasts.

Night falls; the stars come out; the bright moon is in the sky, the household gathers round, and then takes place the hasty meal, of which every part is marked by the almost frantic haste of the first celebration, when Pharaoh's messengers were expected every instant to break in with the command, "Get you forth from among my people; Go! Begone!" The guests of each household at the moment of the meal rose from their sitting and recumbent posture, and stood round the table on their feet. Their feet, usually bare within the house, were

shod as if for a journey. Each member of the household, even the women, had staffs in their hands, as if for an immediate departure; the long Eastern garments of the men were girt up, for the same reason, round their loins. The roasted lamb was torn to pieces, each snatching and grasping in his eager fingers the morsel which he might not else have time to eat. Not a fragment is left for the morning, which will find them gone and far away. The cakes of bread which they broke and ate were tasteless from the want of leaven, which there had been no leisure to prepare; and, as on that fatal midnight "they took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs being bound up in their clothes on their shoulders," so the recollection of this characteristic incident was stamped into the national memory by the prohibition of every kind of leaven or ferment for seven whole days during the celebration of the feast—the feast, as it was from this cause named, of unleavened bread. And, finally, in the subsequent union of later and earlier usages, the thanksgiving for their deliverance was always present. The reminiscence of their bondage was kept up by the mess of bitter herbs, which gave a relish to the supper. That bitter cup was again sweetened by the festive character which ran through the whole transaction and gave it in later generations what in its first institution it could hardly have had,—its full social and ecclesiastical aspect. The wine-cups were blessed amidst the chants of the long-sustained hymn from the 113th to the 118th Psalm, of which the thrilling parts must always have been those which sing how "Israel came out of Egypt;" how "not unto them, not unto them, but unto Jehovah's name was the praise to be given for ever and ever."

So lived on for centuries the tradition of the Deliverance from Egypt; and so it lives on still, chiefly in the Hebrew race, but, in part, in the Christian Church also. Alone of all the Jewish festivals, the Passover has outlasted the Jewish polity, has overleaped the boundary between the Jewish and Christian communities. With the other festivals of the Israelites we have no concern: even the name of the weekly

festival of the Sabbath only continues amongst us by a kind of recognised solecism, and its day has been studiously changed. But the name of the Paschal feast in the largest proportion of Christendom is still, unaltered, the name of the greatest Christian holiday. The Paschal Lamb, in deed or in word, is become to us symbolical of the most sacred of all events. The Easter full moon, which has so long regulated the calendars of the Christian world, is, one may say, the lineal successor of the bright moonlight which shed its rays over the palm groves of Egypt on the fifteenth night of the month Nisan; Jew and Christian, at that season, both celebrate what is to a certain extent a common festival: even the most sacred ordinance of the Christian religion is, in its outward form, a relic of the Paschal Supper, accompanied by hymn and thanksgiving, in the upper chamber of a Jewish household. The nature of the bread which is administered in one large section of the Christian Church bears witness, by its round unleavened wafers, to its Jewish origin and to the disorder of the hour when it was first eaten. And as, in the course of history, ecclesiastical as well as civil, events the most remote and the most trivial constantly ramify into strange and unlooked-for consequences,—the attempt of the Latin Church to perpetuate, and of the Eastern Church to cast off, this historical connection with the peculiar usage of the ancient people from which they both sprang, became one of the chief causes or pretexts of their final rupture from each other.

It is difficult to conceive the migration of a whole nation under such circumstances. This difficulty, amongst others, has induced the well-known French commentator on the Exodus, with every desire of maintaining the letter of the narrative, to reduce the numbers of the text from 600,000 to 600 armed men. The great German scholar defends the correctness of the original numbers. In illustration of the event, a sudden retreat is recorded of a whole nomadic people —400,000 Tartars—under cover of a single night, from the confines of Russia to the confines of China, as late as the close of the last century. We may leave the question to the critical

analysis of the text and of the general probabilities of the case, and confine ourselves to what remains equally true under either hypothesis. Those who have seen the start of the great caravans of pilgrims in the East, may form some notion of the silence and order with which even very large masses break up from their encampments, and, as in this instance, usually in the darkness and the cool of the night, set out on their journey, the torches flaring before them, the train of camels and asses spreading far and wide through the broad level desert.

From Rameses the first start was made. This the Septuagint fixed on the north-east skirts of the Delta, and to the same locality we are directed by the most recent discoveries. All that follows is wrapt in too great an obscurity to justify any detailed description. The spots are indeed named with an exactness which provokes and tantalises in proportion to the certainty with which they must once have been known, and the uncertainty which has rested upon them since. Still the general direction of the flight, and the general features of the resting-places, may be gathered. South-eastward they went,—not by the short and direct road to Palestine, but by the same circuitous route, through the wilderness of the Red Sea, which their ancestors had followed in bearing away the body of Jacob, as now they were bearing off, with different thoughts and aims, the coffin which contained the embalmed remains of Joseph. The nomenclature of the several halts indicates something of the country through which they passed. The first was "Succoth,"—the place of "*booths*" or "*leafy huts*,"—the last spot where they could have found the luxuriant foliage of tamarisk and sycamore and palm, "branches of thick trees to make booths, as it is written." How deeply that first resting-place was intended to be sunk into their remembrance may be gathered from the fact, that this, rather than any of the numerous halts in their later wanderings, was selected to be represented, after their entrance into Palestine, as a memorial of their stay in the wilderness. The Feast of Tabernacles, or *Succoth*, was a feast, not of tents,—but of

huts woven together, from "the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook," that "all their generations might know that the Lord made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when He brought them up out of the land of Egypt." It was the first step that involved the whole; it was the first step, therefore, the last lingering on the confines of Egyptian vegetation and civilisation, the first step into the wandering state of the desert, that was to be henceforward commemorated. The next halt was *Etham*, on "the *edge* of the wilderness." Cities they had left behind them at Rameses, the groves and villages they had left behind at Succoth; the green land of Egypt, cut off as with a knife from the hard desert tract on which they now entered, they left behind at Etham. They were now fairly in the wilderness.

And now came the command "to turn," not to go straight forward, as they would have expected, round the head of the gulf, but "to turn" and "encamp between Migdol and the sea, beside the sea, before Pi-hahiroth, over against Baal-zephon." Here is exactly a case of that precision which guarantees to us that the spot was once well known, yet which now serves us but little. Could we but discover the site of the *pastures* of Pi-hahiroth (such must be the meaning of that Egyptian word), or the *sanctuary* of Typhon (such must be the meaning of Baal-zephon), the controversy respecting the locality and the nature of the Passage of the Red Sea would be at an end. As it is, we are led in two opposite directions,—on the one hand, the extreme northern point (beyond the spot where the present gulf terminates, but to which it must anciently have extended)[1] is indicated by the mention of Migdol, which can hardly be any other than the well-known town or tower called by the Greeks Magdôlon; on the other

[1] Sharpe (i. 136) and the French investigators suppose that it was the neck of the land ("the tongue" alluded to in Isa. xi. 15) between the Gulf of Suez and the Bitter Lakes. Another point in the same direction has been still more recently indicated by Professor Brugsch, who supposes the loss of the Egyptian army to have been in the marshes between the Mediterranean Sea and the bed of the Red Sea, "the Serbonian bog" of Milton (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 592), where, according to Diodorus Siculus, whole armies have more than once perished (i. 30; xvi. 46). Brugsch, *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, ii. 345–364 (Eng. Tr.). This would exclude Josephus's reference to "the mountain."

hand, the narrative of Josephus speaks distinctly of "the mountain" as that which "entangled and shut them in," which can be no other than the lofty range of the Jebel Attâka, the Mountain of Deliverance, south of the modern Suez. But whichever of these it be, the narrative compels us to look for the Passage somewhere near the head of the then gulf, where the width would be such as to allow the host to pass over in a single night, and the waters to be parted by the means described, namely, by a strong wind,[1] or by the shortness of the distance required for the Israelites to escape the pursuers. The ancient theory adopted by the Rabbinical and early Christian writers, that the Israelites merely performed a circuit in the sea and returned again to the Egyptian shores, will now be maintained by no one who has any regard to the dignity of the story or the grandeur of the event described. Dismissing, therefore, these geographical considerations, we may fix our minds on the essential features of this great deliverance, as it will be acknowledged without dispute by every reader.

The Israelites were encamped on the western shore of the Red Sea, when suddenly a cry of alarm ran through the vast multitude. Over the ridges of the desert hills were seen the well-known horses, the terrible chariots of the Egyptian host: "Pharaoh pursued after the children of Israel, and they were sore afraid."

"They were sore afraid;" and in that terror and perplexity the sun went down behind the huge mountain range which rose on their rear, and cut off their return to Egypt; and the dark night[2] fell over the waters of the sea which rolled before them, and cut off their advance into the desert. So closed in upon them that evening; where were they when the morning broke over the hills of Arabia? where were they, and where were their enemies?

They stood in safety on the further shore; and the chariots, and the horsemen, and the host of Pharaoh had vanished in

[1] Not necessarily "east." See LXX. (Exod. xiv. 21), and Philo, *V.M.* i. 32.

[2] Being the 18th or 19th of the month, the moon would not rise till some hours after nightfall.

the waters. Let us calmly consider, so far as our knowledge will allow us, the extent of such a deliverance effected at a moment so critical.

First, we must observe what may be called the whole change of the situation. They had passed in that night from Africa to Asia; they had crossed one of the great boundaries which divide the quarters of the world; a thought always thrilling, how much more when we reflect on what a transition it involved to them. Behind the African hills, which rose beyond the Red Sea, lay the strange land of their exile and bondage, —the land of Egypt with its mighty river, its immense buildings, its monster-worship, its grinding tyranny, its overgrown civilisation. This they had left to revisit no more: the Red Sea flowed between them; "the Egyptians whom they saw yesterday they will now see no more again for ever." And before them stretched the level plains of the Arabian desert, the desert where their fathers and their kindred had wandered in former times, where their great leader had fed the flocks of Jethro, through which they must advance onwards till they reach the Land of Promise. Further, this change of local situation was at once a change of moral condition. From slaves they had become free; from an oppressed tribe they had become an independent nation. It is their deliverance from slavery. It is the earliest recorded instance of a great national emancipation. In later times religion has been so often and so exclusively associated with ideas of order, of obedience, of submission to authority, that it is well to be occasionally reminded that it has had other aspects also. This, the first epoch of our religious history, is, in its original historical significance, the sanctification, the glorification of national independence and freedom. Whatever else was to succeed to it, this was the first stage of the progress of the Chosen People. And when in the Christian Scriptures and in the Christian Church we find the passage of the Red Sea taken as the likeness of the moral deliverance from sin and death—when we read in the Apocalypse of the vision of those who stand victorious on the shores of "the glassy sea, mingled

with fire, having the harps of God, and singing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb,"—these are so many sacred testimonies to the importance, to the sanctity of freedom, to the wrong and the misery of injustice, oppression, and tyranny. The word "Redemption," which has now a sense far holier and higher, first entered into the circle of religious ideas at the time when God "*redeemed* His people from the house of bondage."

But it was not only the fact but the mode of their deliverance which made this event so remarkable in itself, in its applications, and in its lasting consequences. We must place it before us, if possible, not as we conceive it from pictures and from our own imaginations, but as in the words of the Sacred narrative, illustrated by the Psalmist, and by the commentary of Josephus and Philo. The Passage, as thus described, was effected not in the calmness and clearness of daylight, but in the depth of midnight, amidst the roar of the hurricane which caused the sea to go back—amidst a darkness lit up only by the broad glare of the lightning as "the LORD looked out" from the thick darkness of the cloud. "The waters saw Thee, O God, the waters saw Thee, and were afraid; the depths also were troubled. The clouds poured out water; the air thundered; Thine arrows went abroad; the voice of Thy thunder was heard round about; the lightnings shone upon the ground; the earth was moved and shook withal." We know not, they knew not, by what precise means the deliverance was wrought: we know not by what precise track through the gulf the Passage was effected. We know not, and we need not know; the obscurity, the mystery, here, as elsewhere, was part of the lesson. "God's way was in the sea, and His paths in the great waters, and *His footsteps were not known*." All that we see distinctly is, that through this dark and terrible night, with the enemy pressing close behind, and the driving sea on either side, He "led His people like sheep by the hand of Moses and Aaron."

Long afterwards was the recollection preserved in all their religious imagery. Living as they did apart from all maritime

pursuits, yet their poetry, their devotion, abounds with expressions which can be traced back only to this beginning of their national history. They had been literally "baptised unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea." And as, in the case of the early Christians, the plunge in the baptismal bath was never forgotten, so even in the dry inland valleys of Palestine, danger and deliverance were always expressed by the visions of sea and storm. "All Thy waves and storms are gone over me." "The springs of waters were seen, and the foundations of the round world were discovered at Thy chiding, O Lord, at the blasting of the breath of Thy displeasure. . . . He drew me out of many waters." Their whole national existence was a thanksgiving, a votive tablet, for their deliverance in and from and through the Red Sea.

But another and a still more abiding impression was that this deliverance—the first and greatest in their history—was effected, not by their own power, but by the power of God. There are moments in the life both of men and of nations, both of the world and of the Church, when vast blessings are gained, vast dangers averted, through our own exertions—by the sword of the conqueror, by the genius of the statesman, by the holiness of the saint. Such, in Jewish history, was the conquest of Palestine by Joshua, the deliverances wrought by Gideon, by Samson, and by David. Such, in Christian history, were the revolutions effected by Clovis, by Charlemagne, by Alfred, by Joan of Arc, and by Luther. But there are moments of still higher interest, of still more solemn feeling, when deliverance is brought about not by any human energy, but by causes beyond our own control. Such, in Christian history, are the raising of the siege of Leyden, and the overthrow of the Armada; and such, above all, was the Passage of the Red Sea.

Whatever were the means employed by the Almighty—whatever the path which he made for Himself in the great waters, it was to Him, and not to themselves, that the Israelites were compelled to look as the source of their escape. "*Stand still* and see the salvation of Jehovah," was their only duty.

"Jehovah had triumphed gloriously," was their only song of victory. It was a victory into which no feeling of pride or self-exaltation could enter. It was a fit opening of a history and of a character which was to be specially distinguished from that of other races by its constant and direct dependence on the Supreme Judge and Ruler of the world. Greece and Rome could look back with triumph to the glorious days when they had repulsed their invaders, and risen on their tyrants, or driven out their kings. But the birthday of Israel—the birthday of the religion, of the liberty, of the nation, of Israel—was the Passage of the Red Sea; the likeness in this, as in so many other respects, of the yet greater events in the beginnings of the Christian Church, of which it has been long considered the anticipation and the emblem. It was the commemoration, not of what man has wrought for God, but of what God has wrought for man. No baser thoughts, no disturbing influences, could mar the overwhelming sense of thankfulness with which, as if after a hard-won battle, the nation found its voice in the first Hebrew melody, in the first burst of national poetry, which still lives on through Handel's music, to keep before the mind of all Western Christendom the day "when Israel came out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from a strange land." On the Arabian shore of the Red Sea, Moses and the sons of Israel, we are told, met Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, at the head of the long train of Israelite women, with the sounding timbrels and the religious dances which they had learned in Egypt, coming forth as was the wont of Hebrew women after some great victory, to greet the triumphant host. She, the third member, the eldest born, of that noble family, whose name now first appears in the history of the Church, afterwards to become so renowned through its Grecian and European forms of *Maria* and *Mary*—she, who had watched her infant brother by the river-side, now hailed him as the deliverer of her people, or rather, if we may with reverence say so, hailed the Divine Deliverer, by the new and awful Name, now first clearly proclaimed to her family and her nation :

"Sing unto JEHOVAH, for He is 'lifted up on high. on high.
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.
My strength and song is JAH, and He is become my salvation.
He is my GOD, and I will praise Him; my father's God, and I will exalt Him,
JEHOVAH is a man of war, JEHOVAH is His name.
Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea.
His chosen captains are also drowned in the Red Sea.
The depths covered them, they sank to the bottom as a stone.
Thy right hand, JEHOVAH, is become glorious in power; Thy right hand, JEHOVAH, hath dashed in pieces the enemy.
And in the greatness of Thy height, Thou hast overthrown them that rose up against Thee.
Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble:
And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together:
The floods stood upright as a heap; the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea:
The enemy said, I will pursue, I will devastate, I will divide the spoil: my desire shall be satisfied upon them: I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.
Thou didst blow with Thy blast; the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters.
Who is like unto Thee, JEHOVAH, amongst the gods? Who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Thou stretchedst out Thy right hand; the earth swallowed them: . . . .
JEHOVAH shall reign for ever and ever."[1]

Jewish Church, Lect. V.

BALAAM.

IT is one of the striking proofs of the Divine universality of the Old Testament, that the veil is from time to time drawn aside, and other characters than those which belonged to the Chosen People appear in the distance, fraught with an instruc-

[1] I have quoted all those parts of the Song which refer indisputably to the Passage of the Red Sea. The other parts, as has been often conjectured, may refer to the subsequent settlement at Shiloh.

tion which transcends the limits of the Jewish Church, and not only in place, but in time, far outruns the teaching of any peculiar age or nation. Such is the discussion of the profoundest questions of religious philosophy in the Book of the Gentile Job. Such is the appearance of the Gentile Prophet Balaam. He is one of those characters of whom, while so little is told that we seem to know nothing of him, yet that little raises him at once to the highest pitch of interest. His home is beyond the Euphrates, amongst the mountains where the vast streams of Mesopotamia have their rise. But his fame is known across the Assyrian desert, through the Arabian tribes, down to the very shores of the Dead Sea. He ranks as a warrior chief (by that combination of soldier and prophet, already seen in Moses himself) with the five kings of Midian. He is regarded throughout the whole of the East as a Prophet, whose blessing or whose curse is irresistible, the rival, the possible conqueror of Moses. In his career is seen that recognition of Divine Inspiration outside the Chosen People, which the narrowness of modern times has been so eager to deny, but which the Scriptures[1] are always ready to acknowledge, and, by acknowledging, admit within the pale of the teachers of the Universal Church the higher spirits of every age and of every nation.

His character, Oriental and primeval though it be, is delineated with that fineness of touch which has rendered it the storehouse of theologians and moralists in the most recent ages of the Church. Three famous divines have from different points of view drawn out, without exhausting the subtle phases of his greatness and of his fall. The self-deception which persuades him in every case that the sin which he commits may be brought within the rules of conscience and

[1] Josephus (*Ant.* iv. 6, § 13) considers it a special matter of commendation on Moses that, in spite of Balaam's hostility to the Chosen People, he yet "rightly honoured him by thus recording his prophecies," which he might have appropriated to himself. The form of this statement is conceived in the prosaic fashion of Josephus. But the spirit of it is perfectly just, and applies to the Bible generally. Balaam was no more a member of the Jewish Church than was Socrates. He was as great an enemy of the Church as Julian. But not the less has the Sacred historian done that justice to the alien and the enemy, which many Christian theologians have made it a point of honour to deny.

revelation; the dark shade cast over a noble course by standing always on the ladder of advancement, and by the suspense of a worldly ambition never satisfied; the combination of the purest form of religious belief with a standard of action immeasurably below it: these have given to the story of Balaam, the son of Beor, a hold over the last hundred years which it never can have had over any period of the human mind less critical or less refined.

One feels a kind of awe in the gradual preparation with which he is brought before us, as if in the foreboding of some great catastrophe. The King of the civilised Moabites unites with the Elders, or Sheykhs, of the Bedouin Midianites, to seek for aid against the powerful nation who (to use their own peculiarly pastoral image) "licked up all that were round about them, as the ox licked up the grass of the field" of Moab. Twice, across the whole length of the Assyrian desert, the messengers, with the Oriental bribes of divination in their hands, are sent to conjure forth the mighty seer from his distant home. In the permission to go when, once refused, he presses for a favourable answer, which at last comes, though leading him to ruin, we see the peculiar turn of teaching which characterises the purest of the ancient heathen oracles. It is the exact counterpart of the elevated rebuke of the Oracle at Cumæ to Aristodicus, and of the Oracle of Delphi to Glaucus. Reluctantly, at last he comes. The dreadful apparition on the way, the desperate resistance of the terrified animal, the furious determination of the Prophet to advance, the voice, however, explained, which breaks from the dumb creature that has saved his life, all heighten the expectation of the message that he is to deliver. When Balaam and Balak first meet, the short dialogue, preserved not by the Mosaic historian but by the Prophet Micah, at once exhibits the agony of the King and the lofty conceptions of the great seer. "O my people, remember what Balak, King of Moab, consulted, and what Balaam, the son of Beor, answered. '*Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings,*

with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?'" So speaks the superstitious feeling of all times, but, in a literal sense, of the Royal house of Moab, always ready, in a national crisis, to appease offended Deity by the sacrifice [1] of the heir to the throne. The reply is such as breathes the very essence of the Prophetic spirit, such as had at that early time hardly expressed itself distinctly even within the Mosaic Revelation itself. "*He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?*"

If this is, indeed, intended to describe the first meeting of the King and the Seer, it enhances the pathos of the struggle which continues through each successive interview. Sometimes the one only, sometimes both together, are seen striving to overpower the voice of conscience and of God with the fumes of sacrifice, yet always failing in the attempt, which the Prophet had himself at the outset declared to be vain. The eye follows the Two, as they climb upwards from height to height along the extended range, to the "high places" dedicated to Baal, on the "top of the rocks,"—"the bare hill" close above it,—the "cultivated field" of the Watchmen (Zophim) on the top of Pisgah,—to the Peak where stood "the sanctuary of Peor, that looketh towards the waste." It is at this point that the scene has been caught in the well-known lines of the poet—

"O for a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy tranced yet open gaze,
Fix'd on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heav'n some airy pageant sees!

[1] Comp. 2 Kings iii. 27 (see Mr. Grove on "Moab" in *Dict. of the Bible*). This coincidence seems of itself sufficient to show that this passage of Micah vi. is not, as some have supposed, a merely general statement, but is intended for the dialogue between Balaam and Balak.

"In outline dim and vast,
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of Empire on their way
To ruin : one by one
They tow'r and they are gone.
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay."

Behind him lay the vast expanse of desert extending to the shores of his native Assyrian river. On his left were the red mountains of Edom and Seir : opposite were the dwelling-places of the Kenite, in the rocky fastnesses of Engedi ; further still was the dim outline of the Arabian wilderness, where ruled the then powerful tribe of Amalek ; immediately below him lay the vast encampment of Israel, amongst the acacia groves of Abel Shittim,—like the watercourses of the mountains, like the hanging gardens beside his own river Euphrates, with their aromatic shrubs, and their wide-spreading cedars. Beyond them, on the western side of Jordan, rose the hills of Palestine, with glimpses through their valleys of ancient cities towering on their crested heights. And beyond all, though he could not see it with his bodily vision, he knew well that there rolled the deep waters of the great sea, with the Isles of Greece, the Isle of Chittim,—a world of which the first beginnings of life were just stirring, of which the very name here first breaks upon our ears.

These are the points indicated in the view which lay before the Prophet as he stood on the Watchers' field, on the top of Pisgah. What was the vision which unrolled itself as he heard the words of God, as he saw the vision of the Almighty, "falling" prostrate in the prophetic trance, "but having the eyes" of his mind and his spirit "open"? The outward forms still remained. He still saw the tents below, goodly in their array ; he still saw the rocks, and hills, and distant desert : but, as his thought glanced from height to height, and from valley to mountain, the future fortunes of the nations who dwelt there unfolded themselves in dim succession, revolving round and from the same central object.

From the midst of that vast encampment he seemed to

discover streams, as of water flowing to and fro over the valleys, giving life to the dry desert and to the salt sea. He seemed to descry a form as of a mighty lion couched amidst the thickets, or on the mountain fastnesses of Judah, "and none should rouse him up;" or the "wild bull" raging from amidst the archers of Ephraim, trampling down his enemies, piercing them through with the well-known arrows of the tribe. And yet again, in the more distant future, he "saw, but not now,"—he "beheld, but not nigh,"—as with the intuition of his Chaldean art,—"a Star," bright as those of the far Eastern sky, "come out of Jacob;" and "a sceptre," like the shepherd's staff that marked the ruler of the tribe, "rise out of Israel:" and then, as he watched the course of the surrounding nations, he saw how, one by one, they would fall, as fall they did, before the conquering sceptre of David, before the steady advance of that star which then, for the first time, rose out of Bethlehem. And as he gazed, the vision became wider and wider still. He saw a time when a new tempest would break over all these countries alike, from the remote East,—from Assur, from his own native land of Assyria, "Assur shall carry thee away captive." But at that word another scene opened before him, and a cry of horror burst from his lips: "Alas! who shall live when God doeth this?" For his own nation, too, was to be at last overtaken. "For ships shall come from the coast of Chittim,"—from the island of Cyprus, which, as the only one visible from the heights of Palestine, was the one familiar link with the Western world—"and shall crush Assur, and shall crush Eber 'the people beyond the Euphrates,' and he also shall perish for ever."

We know not to what precise events[1] these words allude. But they indicate the first rise of the power of Greece and of Europe—the first conviction, as it has been well expressed, *ut valesceret Occidens*,—the first apprehension that the tide of Eastern conquest was rolled back, and that at last from the Western Isles would come a power, before which Asshur and

[1] The earliest known event to which this could refer was the attack on the colony of Sardanapalus in Cilicia by the Cyprian fleet. Euseb. *Chron. Arm.* i. pp. 26, 27. For the general relations of Cyprus to the East, see Sharpe's *Egypt*, i. 193.

Babylon, Assyria and Chaldæa, and Persia, no less than the wild hordes of the desert, would fade and "perish for ever" from the earth.

It has often been debated, and no evidence now remains to prove, at what precise time this grandest of all its episodes was introduced into the Mosaic narrative. But, however this may be determined, the magnificence of the vision remains untouched; and it stands in the Sacred record, the first example of the Prophetic utterances respecting the destinies of the world at large; founded, like all such utterances, on the objects immediately in the range of the vision of the seer, but including within their sweep a vast prospect beyond. Here first the Gentile world, not of the East only but of the West, bursts into view; and here is the first sanction of that wide interest in the various races and empires of mankind, not only as bearing on the fortunes of the Chosen People, but for their own sakes also, which the narrow spirits of the Jewish Church first, and of the Christian Church since, have been so slow to acknowledge. Here, too, is exhibited, in its most striking form, the irresistible force of the Prophetic impulse overpowering the baser spirit of the individual man. The spectacle of the host of Israel, even though seen only from its utmost skirts, is too much for him. The Divine message struggling within him is delivered in spite of his own sordid resistance. Many has been the Balaam whom the force of truth or goodness from without, or the force of genius or conscience from within, has compelled to bless the enemies whom he was hired to curse,

> Like the seer of old,
> Who stood on Zophim, heav'n-controlled.

"And Balaam rose up, and went and returned to his own place." The Sacred historian, as if touched with a feeling of the greatness of the Prophet's mission, drops the veil over its dark close. Only by the incidental notice of a subsequent part of the narrative, are we told how Balaam endeavoured to effect, by the licentious rites of the Arab tribes, the ruin

which he had been unable to work by his curses; and how, in the war of vengeance which followed, he met with his mournful end.

Jewish Church, Lect. VIII.

THE END OF MOSES.

THE end was at last come. It might still have seemed that a triumphant close was in store for the aged Prophet. "His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." He had led his people to victory against the Amorite kings; he might still be expected to lead them over into the land of Canaan. But so it was not to be. From the desert plains of Moab he went up to the same lofty range, whence Balaam had looked over the same prospect. The same, but seen with eyes how different! The view of Balaam has been long forgotten; but the view of Moses has become the proverbial view of all time. It was the peak dedicated to Nebo on which he stood. "He lifted up his eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward."[1] Beneath him lay the tents of Israel ready for the march; and "over against" them, distinctly visibly in its grove of palm-trees, the stately Jericho, key of the Land of Promise. Beyond was spread out the whole range of the mountains of Palestine, in its fourfold masses; "all Gilead," with Hermon and Lebanon in the east and north; the hills of Galilee, overhanging the Lake of Gennesareth; the wide opening where lay the plain of Esdraelon, the future battle-field of the nations; the rounded summits of Ebal and Gerizim; and beyond them the dim haze of the distant sea; immediately in front of him the hills of Judæa, and, amidst them, seen distinctly through the rents in their rocky walls, Bethlehem on its narrow ridge, and the invincible fortress of Jebus.[2] To

[1] Deut. iii. 27. The above was written before the identification of Nebbah with Nebo, which gives precisely the view here detailed. See Tristram, *On Land of Israel*, p. 535; Lecture at Dublin, 1868, p. 11.

[2] "With the telescope we could see any building in Jerusalem and Bethlehem" (*Account of the View from Nebbah*, by C. Louis Barth).

him, so far as we know, the charm of that view—pronounced by the few modern travellers who have seen it to be unequalled of its kind—lay in the assurance that this was the land promised to Abraham, to Isaac and to Jacob, and to their seed, the inheritance—with all its varied features of rock and pasture, and forest and desert—for the sake of which he had borne so many years of toil and danger, in the midst of which the fortunes of his people would be unfolded worthily of that great beginning. To us, as we place ourselves by his side, the view swells into colossal proportions, as we think how the proud city of palm-trees is to fall before the hosts of Israel; how the spear of Joshua is to be planted on height after height of those hostile mountains; what series of events, wonderful beyond any that had been witnessed in Egypt or in Sinai, would in after ages be enacted on the narrow crest of Bethlehem, in the deep basin of the Galilean lake, beneath the walls of "Jebus, which is Jerusalem."

All this he saw. He "saw it with his eyes, but he was not to go over thither." It was his last view. From that height he came down no more. Jewish, Mussulman, and Christian traditions crowd in to fill up the blank. "Amidst the tears of the people, the women beating their breasts, and the children giving way to uncontrolled wailing, he withdrew. At a certain point in his ascent he made a sign to the weeping multitude to advance no further, taking with him only the elders, the high priest Eliezer, and the general Joshua. At the top of the mountain he dismissed the elders, and then, as he was embracing Eliezer and Joshua, and still speaking to them, a cloud suddenly stood over him, and he vanished in a deep valley." So spoke the tradition as preserved in the language, here unusually pathetic, of Josephus. Other wilder stories told of the Divine kiss which drew forth his expiring spirit; others of the "Ascension of Moses" amidst the contention of good and evil spirits over his body. The Mussulmans, regardless of the actual scene of his death, have raised to him a tomb on the western side of the Jordan, frequented by thousands of Mussulman devotees. But the silence of the Sacred narrative

refuses to be broken. "In" that strange land, "the land of Moab, Moses the servant of the Lord died according to the word of the Lord." "He buried him in a 'ravine' in the land of Moab, over against the idol temple of Peor." Apart from his countrymen, honoured by no funeral obsequies, visited by no grateful pilgrimages, "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Two impressive truths are involved in this representation of the death of Moses, truths which hardly occur again with equal force in the history till we meet them again in the end of Him, of whom, in the New Testament, Moses is so often made the illustration and likeness. First, the mystery, the uncertainty, which overhangs the burial-place of the greatest character of the Jewish Church, is a sample of the general feeling with which these local sanctuaries were guarded. Doubtless, as in the case of the Patriarchal sepulchres at Hebron and the royal sepulchres at Jerusalem, the natural instinct of reverence for the tombs of the illustrious dead often asserted its own rights. But, as if to show that this is a secondary and not a primary element of religious sentiment, when we come to the highest cases of all, the grave on Mount Nebo, the grave on Golgotha, the darkness closes upon the sacred spot: "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

Secondly, the scene on Pisgah is at once the fitting end of the life of Moses, and the exemplification of a general law. In one sense it might seem mournful, incomplete, disappointing; but in another and higher sense, how fully in accordance with his whole career, how truly the crowning point of his life!

The personal characteristics of the Prophet are too faintly drawn to admit of any fuller delineation. But one feature is indisputably marked out. No modern word seems exactly to correspond to that which our translators have rendered, "the meekest of men," but which rather expresses, "enduring," "afflicted," "heedless of self." This, at any rate, is the trait most strongly impressed on all his actions from first to last. So in Egypt he threw himself into the thankless cause of his

oppressed brethren; at his earliest call he prayed that Aaron might be the leader instead of himself; at Sinai he besought that his name might be blotted out if only his people might be spared; in the desert, he wished that not only he but all the Lord's people might prophesy. He founded no dynasty; his own sons were left in deep obscurity; his successor was taken from the rival tribe of Ephraim. He himself receives for once the regal title, "The King" in "Jeshurun;" but the title dies with him. It is as the highest type and concentration of this endurance and self-abnegation, that the last view from Pisgah receives its chief instruction.

To labour and not to see the end of our labours; to sow and not to reap; to be removed from this earthly scene before our work has been appreciated, and when it will be carried on not by ourselves, but by others,—is a law so common in the highest characters of history, that none can be said to be altogether exempt from its operation. It is true in intellectual matters as well as in spiritual; and one of the finest applications of any passage in the Mosaic history is that, first made by Cowley, and enlarged by Lord Macaulay, to the great English philosopher, who

> Did on the very border stand
> Of the blessed Promised Land;
> And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit
> Saw it himself, and show'd us it;
> But life did never to one man allow
> Time to discover worlds and conquer too.

"In the first book of the *Novum Organum* we see the great Lawgiver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest and building no abiding city: before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far

higher stand, on a far lovelier country, following with his eye the long course of fertilising rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and harbours, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba."

The imagery thus nobly used to describe the promise and the self-denial of intellectual labour, is still more true of the many reformers, martyrs, and missionaries—John Huss, Tyndale, Francis Xavier, Howard—who, in all times of the Church, have died on the threshold of their reward, in hope, not in possession. Events have moved too slow, and the generation passes away which should have supported the saint or the chief; or events have moved too fast, and the strength of the rising generation has superseded the want of a leader; or a word has been spoken unadvisedly with his lips, and his prospects are suddenly overcast; or he is struck by decay of power, or by sudden, untimely death. Again and again the Moses of the Church, of the commonwealth, lingers there, "dies there in the land of Moab, and goes not over to possess that good land;" and Canaan is won, not by the first and greatest of the nation, but by his subordinate minister and successor, Joshua the son of Nun.

Jewish Church, Lect. VIII.

BATTLE OF BETH-HORON.

THE battle of Beth-horon or Gibeon is one of the most important in the history of the world; and yet so profound has been the indifference, first of the religious world, and then (through their example or influence) of the common world, to the historical study of the Hebrew annals, that the very name of this great battle is far less known to most of us than that of Marathon or Cannæ.

It is one of the few military engagements which belong equally to Ecclesiastical and to Civil History—which have

decided equally the fortunes of the world and of the Church. The roll will be complete if to this we add two or three more which we shall encounter in the Jewish history; and, in later times, the battle of the Milvian Bridge, which involved the fall of Paganism; the battle of Poitiers, which sealed the fall of Arianism; the battle of Bedr, which secured the rise of Mahometanism in Asia; the battle of Tours, which checked the spread of Mahometanism in Western Europe; the battle of Lepanto, which checked it in Eastern Europe; the battle of Lutzen, which determined the balance of power between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism in Germany.

The kings of Palestine, each in his little mountain fastness —like the kings of early Greece, crowded thick together in the plains of Argos and of Thebes, when they were summoned to the Trojan war—were roused by the tidings that the approaches to their territory in the Jordan valley and in the passes leading from it were in the hand of the enemy. Those who occupied the south felt that the crisis was yet more imminent when they heard of the capitulation of Gibeon. Jebus, or Jerusalem, even in those ancient times, was recognised as their centre. Its chief took the lead of the hostile confederacy. The point of attack, however, was not the invading army, but the traitors at home. Gibeon, the recreant city, was besieged. The continuance or the raising of the siege, as in the case of Orleans, in the fifteenth century, and Vienna in the seventeenth, became the turning question of the war. The summons of the Gibeonites to Joshua was as urgent as words can describe, and gives the key-note to the whole movement. "Slack not thy hand from thy servants; come up to us quickly, and save us, and help us; for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains are gathered together against us." Not a moment was to be lost. As in the battle of Marathon, everything depended on the suddenness of the blow which should break in pieces the hostile confederation. On the former occasion of Joshua's visit to Gibeon, it had been a three days' journey from Gilgal, as according to the slow pace of Eastern armies and caravans it might well be. But now, by a forced

march, "Joshua came unto them suddenly, and went up from Gilgal all night." When the sun rose behind him, he was already in the open ground at the foot of the heights of Gibeon, where the kings were encamped (according to tradition) by a spring in the neighbourhood. The towering hill at the foot of which Gibeon lay, rose before them on the west. The besieged and the besiegers alike were taken by surprise.

As often before and after, so now, "not a man could stand before" the awe and the panic of the sudden sound of that terrible shout—the sudden appearance of that undaunted host, who came with the assurance not "to fear, nor to be dismayed, but to be strong and of a good courage, for the Lord had delivered their enemies into their hands." The Canaanites fled down the western pass, "and the Lord discomfited them before Israel, and slew them with a great slaughter at Gibeon, and chased them along the way that *goeth up* to Beth-horon." This was the first stage of the flight. It is a long rocky ascent,[1] sinking and rising more than once before the summit is reached. From the summit, which is crowned by the village of Upper Beth-horon, a wide view opens over the valley of Ajalon, of "Stags" or "Gazelles," which runs in from the plain of Sharon. Jaffa, Ramleh, Lydda, are all visible beyond.

"And it came to pass, as they fled before Israel, and were in the *going down* to Beth-horon, that the Lord cast down great stones from heaven upon them unto Azekah." This was the second stage of the flight. The fugitives had outstripped the pursuers; they had crossed the high ridge of Beth-horon the Upper; they were in full flight to Beth-horon the Nether. It is a rough, rocky road, sometimes over the upturned edges of the limestone strata, sometimes over sheets of smooth rock, sometimes over loose rectangular stones, sometimes over steps cut in the rock. It was as they fled down the slippery descent, that, as in the flight of Barak against Sisera, a fearful tempest, "thunder, lightning, and a deluge of hail," broke over the disordered ranks; "they were more which died of the hail-

[1] The actual amount of elevation in this ascent is perhaps doubtful.

stones [1] than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword."

So, as it would seem, ended the direct narrative of this second stage of the flight. But at this point, as in the case of the defeat of Sisera, we have one of those openings, as it were, in the structure of the Sacred History, which reveal to us a glimpse of another, probably an older, version, lying below the surface of the narrative. In the victory of Barak we have the whole account, first in prose and then in verse. Here we have, in like manner, first, the prose account; and then, either the same events, or the events immediately following, related in poetry—taken from one of the lost books of the original canon of the Jewish Church, the book of Jasher.[2]

On the summit of the pass, where is now the hamlet of the upper Beth-horon, looking far down the deep descent of the Western valleys, with the green vale of Ajalon stretched out in the distance, and the wide expanse of the Mediterranean Sea beyond, stood, as is intimated, the Israelite chief. Below him was rushing down, in wild confusion, the Amorite host. Around him were "all his people of war and all his mighty men of valour." Behind him were the hills which hid Gibeon —the now rescued Gibeon—from his sight. But the sun stood high above those hills, "in the midst of heaven," [3] for the day had now far advanced, since he had emerged from his night march through the passes of Ai; and in front, over the Western vale of Ajalon, may have been the faint form of the waning moon, visible above the hailstorm driving up from the sea in the black distance. Was the enemy to escape in safety, or was the speed with which Joshua had "come quickly, and saved and helped" his defenceless allies, to be rewarded, before the close of that day, by a signal and decisive victory?

[1] The stones have been interpreted as meteoric stones; but the explanation of them in the Hebrew text, and the tradition in the LXX. and Josephus, are decisive in favour of the hailstorm.

[2] We know this book only from the two fragments (Josh. x. 12–14, 2 Sam. i. 17–27) which have come down to us. But, according to a probable conjecture, first started by Theodoret (*Quæstiones in Jesum, filium Nave*), it was a volume containing songs of the departed "heroes" or "just ones."

[3] If the expression "upon Gibeon," in Josh. x. 12, be exact, then the early morning must be intended; if "the midst of heaven" in x. 13, then it must be the noon.

It is doubtless so standing on that lofty eminence, with outstretched hand and spear, as on the hill above Ai, that the Hero appears in the ancient song of the Book of Heroes.

Then spake Joshua unto JEHOVAH,
In the day "that God gave up the Amorites
Into the hand of Israel."
When He discomfited them in Gibeon,
"And they were discomfited before the face of Israel."
And Joshua said:
"Be thou still," O Sun, upon Gibeon,
And thou, Moon, upon the valley of Ajalon!
And the Sun was still,
And the Moon stood,
Until "the nation"[1] had avenged them upon their enemies.
And the Sun stood in "the very midst" of the heavens,
And hasted not to go down for a whole day.
And there was no day like that before or after it,
That JEHOVAH heard the voice of a man,
For JEHOVAH fought for Israel,[2]
And Joshua returned, and all Israel with him, unto the camp in Gilgal.

So ended the second stage of the flight. In the lengthened day thus given to Joshua's prayer, comes the third stage. "The Lord smote them to Azekah and unto Makkedah, and these five kings fled and hid themselves in the cave at Makkedah." But Joshua halted not when he was told; the same speed was still required—the victory was not yet won. The mouth of the cave was blocked by huge stones, and a guard stationed to watch it whilst the pursuit was continued. We know not precisely the position of Makkedah; but it must have been, probably, at the point where the mountains sink into

[1] Until God. LXX.

[2] I have given at length what appears to be the extract from the Poetical Book (Josh. x. 12–15). In some respects it seems to be better preserved in the LXX.; in others, in the Received Text. The LXX. has given the first portion (verse 12) in the metrical form, which the Received Text has reduced to prose; and has left out the reference to the Book of Jasher, which the Received Text inserts in the middle of the extract. On the other hand, the LXX. leaves out the closing verse of the extract (verse 15), from the just feeling that it interrupts the historical narrative; but apparently overlooking its connection with the distinct document from Jasher. Besides the metre of the passage, some of the phrases seem to indicate its poetic character. For example, the unusual use of the word *Goi* (nation), for the people of Israel (in verse 13), and the expression of the sun "being silent," as if awe-struck.

the plain, that this last struggle took place; and thither, at last, "all the people of Israel returned in peace; none moved his tongue against any of the people of Israel." A camp was formed round the royal hiding-place. It was a well-known cave, "the cave," overshadowed by a grove of trees. The five kings were dragged out of its recesses to the gaze of their enemies. Their names and cities were handed down, in various versions, to later times. Hoham or Elam, of Hebron; Hiram or Phidon, of Jarmuth; Japhia or Jephtha, of Lachish; Dabir or Debir, either of Eglon or Adullam; and their leader, Adoni-zedek or Adoni-bezek, of Jerusalem. If the former ("the Lord of Righteousness") is the name, it suggests a confirmation of the tradition that the Salem where Melchi-zedek, "the King of Righteousness," reigned, was Jerusalem, thus conferring on its rulers a kind of hereditary designation. If the latter, he must have had a connection, more or less close, with the terrible chief who had seventy captive princes grovelling under his table, after the savage custom of Oriental despots. An awe is described as falling on the Israelite warriors, when they saw the prostrate kings. At the Conqueror's bidding, they drew near; and, according to the usage portrayed in the monuments of Assyria and Egypt, planted their feet on the necks of their enemies. It was reserved for Joshua himself to slay them. The dead bodies were hung aloft, each on its own separate tree, beside the cave, and remained (so it would seem) "until the evening," when, at last, that memorable sun "went down." The cave where they had been hid became the royal sepulchre. The stones which on that self-same day had cut them off from escape, closed the mouth of their tomb; and the destruction of the neighbouring town of Makkedah "on that day," completed their dreadful obsequies.

So ended the day[1] to which, in the words of the ancient Sacred song, "there was no day like, before or after it."

Jewish Church, Lect. XI.

[1] This first victory of their race may well have inspirited Judas Maccabeus, who, himself a native of the neighbouring hills, won his earliest fame in this same "going up and coming down of Beth-horon," where in like manner "the residue" of the defeated army fled into "the plain," "into the land of the Philistines." And again over the same plain was carried the great Roman Road from Cæsarea to Jerusalem, up which Cestius advanced at the first onset of the Roman armies on the capital

THE SCHOOLS OF THE PROPHETS.

I MAY be forgiven, if for a moment, before dwelling in detail on what belong to the special age and country, I call attention to the fact that this is the first direct mention, the first express sanction, not merely of regular arts of instruction and education, but of regular societies formed for that purpose —of schools, of colleges, of universities.

Long before Plato had gathered his disciples round him in the olive grove, or Zeno in the Portico, these institutions had sprung up under Samuel in Judæa. It is always interesting, whether in common or in ecclesiastical history, to indicate the successive moments at which the successive ideas and institutions, afterwards to be developed, first came into existence. And here, in Oxford, it is impossible not to note with peculiar interest the rise of these, as they may be truly called, the first places of regular religious education. They present to us the same fixedness of local continuity, which so remarkably distinguishes our schools and universities from the shifting philosophical societies of Greece; at Bethel and at Gilgal, if not at Ramah, the schools of the Prophets are found in the time of Elijah where they were in the time of Samuel, even as our own University, and our own Colleges, still flourish on the ground chosen ages ago by Alfred and by Walter de Merton. They present to us also, so far as we know anything of their constitution, something of the same large influence, so often observed amongst ourselves, the effect exercised rather by the general atmosphere and society of the place, than by its special instructions. Of the information imparted by Samuel, or by the fathers of the school of the Prophets, we know hardly anything. We see only that there was a contagion of goodness, of enthusiasm, of energy, which even those who came with hostile or

of Judæa, and down which he and his whole force were driven by the insurgent Jews. By a singular coincidence the same scene thus witnessed the first and the last great victory that crowned the Jewish arms at the interval of nearly fifteen hundred years. From their camp at Gibeon, the Romans, as the Canaanites before them, were dislodged; they fled in similar confusion down the ravine to Beth-horon, the steep cliffs and the rugged road rendering cavalry unavailable against the merciless fury of their pursuers: they were only saved—as the Canaanites were not saved —by the too rapid descent of the shades of night over the mountains, and under the cover of those shades they escaped to Antipatris, in the plain below.

indifferent minds, such as Saul and the messengers of Saul, found it almost impossible to resist; they, too, were rapt into the vortex of inspiration, and the bystanders exclaimed with astonishment, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" How like to the spell exercised by the local genius of our English Universities, insensibly, unaccountably exercised over many, who would not be able to say how or whence they had gained it; how like to the influences passing to and fro amongst us, for good or evil, from the example, the characters, the spirit of our companions; far more potent than lectures, or precepts, or sermons. "I have learned much from my Masters, more from my companions, most of all from my scholars." And further, if this be so, the peculiar circumstances of the rise of the Prophetic Schools of Israel may well point out to us one special object, at least, of all such seats of education everywhere. To mediate between the old and the new; to maintain a standard of independent thought and feeling amidst the pressure of lower influences; to distinguish between that which is temporal and that which is eternal—this is the mission of institutions like ours; this was the mission of Samuel, and of the schools of which he was the Founder.

Jewish Church, Lect. XVIII.

SAMUEL.

1. To mediate between the old and the new.—This was indeed the peculiar position of Samuel. He was at once the last of the Judges and the inaugurator of the first of the Kings. Take the whole of the narrative together; take the story first of his opposition, and then of his acquiescence, in the establishment of the Monarchy. Both together bring us to a just impression of the double aspect in which he appears, of the two-sided sympathy which enabled him to unite together the passing and the coming epoch. The misdemeanors of his own sons—the first appearance in them of the grasping avaricious

character [1] which in later ages has thrown so black a shadow over the Jewish character—precipitated the catastrophe which had been long preparing. The people demanded a king. Josephus describes the shock to Samuel's mind, "because of his inborn sense of justice, because of his hatred of kings, as so far inferior to the aristocratic rule, which conferred a god-like character on those who lived under it." For the whole night he lay, we are told, fasting and sleepless, in the depths of doubt and perplexity. In the visions of that night, and the announcement of them on the following day, is given the dark side of the new institution. On the other hand, his acceptance of the change is no less clearly marked in the story of his reception of Saul. In the first meeting no word is breathed to break the impression that God is with the new Ruler, and, in his final coronation as king, there is no check to the joy with which the whole nation, and, according to the Septuagint, Samuel himself, "rejoiced greatly." In the final address is represented the mixed feeling with which, after having fore-warned, and struggled, and resisted, he at last bows to the inevitable course of events, and retires gradually to make room for a new order, of which he could but partially understand the meaning. He parted from the people, not with curses, but with blessings: "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord by ceasing to pray for you; but I will teach you the good and the right way." He parted from Saul, not in anger, but in sorrow. "Nevertheless, Samuel mourned for Saul." He who had begun by denouncing the Monarchy as fraught with evil, ended by becoming the protector and counsellor of him who was to be its chief glory and support. Out of the dark period in which his early years had been spent, arose through his interposition a higher and a nobler life. To Saul succeeded David and Solomon; and in their reigns was seen a fulfilment of God's kingdom such as could not be understood by those to whom there was no king in Israel, who did what was right in their own eyes; to whom the Psalms were as yet unknown; to whom Prophecy came only by imperfect and distant glimpses;

[1] Their crimes were bribery and *exorbitant usury*. 1 Sam. viii. 4 (LXX.).

to whom the highest type of the Messiah's reign in the person of David and his son was a thing inconceivable.

Such an epoch of perplexity, of transition, of change, as that which witnessed the passage from the first age of the Jewish Church to the second, has been rarely experienced in any age of the Church since. Yet there have been times more or less similar; the passage from every generation to the one that succeeds has difficulties more or less corresponding. In every such passage there may be, or there ought to be, characters more or less like that of Samuel, if the transition is to be safely effected. Of all the characters in the Old Dispensation, Samuel has in later times, both by friends and opponents, been the most often misrepresented and misunderstood. In all ages, those who undertake the difficult task of Samuel are still liable to the same kind of misunderstanding and misrepresentation. They are attacked from both sides; they are charged with not going far enough, or with going too far; they are charged with saying too much, or with saying too little; they are regarded from either partial point of view, and not from one which takes in the whole. They cannot be comprehended at a glance like Moses or Elijah or Isaiah, and therefore they are thrust aside. There have been those who have undertaken the same task in former times of the Christian Church. Athanasius, in the moderate counsels of his old age, in his attempts to reconcile the contending factions of Christians in the Council of Alexandria, was, for this reason, fitly regarded by Basil as the Samuel of the Church of his days. In later times, even in our own, many names spring to our recollection, of those who have trodden or (in different degrees, some known and some unknown) are treading the same thankless path in the Church of Germany, in the Church of France, in the Church of Russia, in the Church of England. Wherever they are, and whosoever they may be, and howsoever they may be neglected, or assailed, or despised, they, like their great prototype and likeness in the Jewish Church, are the silent healers who bind up the wounds of their age in spite of itself; they are the good physicians who knit together

the dislocated bones of a disjointed time; they are the reconcilers who turn the hearts of the children to the fathers, or of the fathers to the children. They have but little praise and reward from the partisans who are loud in indiscriminate censure and applause. But, like Samuel, they have a far higher reward in the Davids who are silently strengthened and nurtured by them in Naioth of Ramah—in the glories of a new age which shall be ushered in peacefully and happily after they have been laid in the grave.

In two important ways, this character of mediation, if I may so call it, was discernible in the Prophetical office generally, and, as far as we can see, was specially exemplified in Samuel.

First, we observe in his position and character that independence of spirit which has sometimes caused the Prophets, and himself in particular, to be regarded almost as the demagogues, the tribunes of the Jewish people. The song ascribed to his mother at his birth well expresses the new element, which was in him to break out and run across the usual tenor of Jewish society. "The bows of the mighty men are broken, and they that stumbled are girded with strength." "The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich;" "He bringeth low and lifteth up." Stern rebuke of the popular will, stern defiance of regal tyranny, stern denunciation of sacerdotal corruption, marked the entrance of the Prophetic dispensation into the Church. To be above the world, to derive courage and strength from a higher source than the world, was the first guarantee for a due discharge of the Prophetic mission. "There is none holy as the Lord; for there is none beside Thee; neither is there any rock like our God."

But, secondly, in Samuel as afterwards, this attitude of solitary defiance was not the attitude of Priestly interest or ambition. Of all the "vulgar errors" in sacred history none is greater than that which represents the conflict of Samuel with Saul as a conflict between the regal and sacerdotal power. It is doubtful even whether he was of Levitical descent; it is certain that he was not a priest. "Samuel Propheta fuit, Judex fuit, Levita fuit, non Pontifex, ne Sacerdos quidem."

And in accordance with this we may observe that Samuel himself, after the fall of Shiloh, dwelt not at Gibeon or Nob, the seat of the Tabernacle and the Priesthood, but at Ramah. At Ramah, and at Bethel, and at Gilgal, not in the consecrated precincts of Hebron or Anathoth, were the Prophetic schools. He reproved Saul the King, only in the same way as, in his early childhood, he had reproved Eli the Priest. The guilt of Saul's sacrifice at Gilgal was not that it infringed on the province of the Priest: Saul as king had the same right to sacrifice as David and Solomon had afterwards. It was that he in his rash superstition broke through the moral restraint imposed upon him by the Prophet. And in the yet more memorable scene, where Samuel, as the stern executioner of judgment on the captive Agag, protests against the misplaced mildness of Saul, his words rise far above the special occasion, and contain the keynote of the long remonstrance of the Prophets in all subsequent times against an exaggerated estimate of ceremonial above obedience. The very flow of the words recalls to us the form as well as the spirit of Amos and Isaiah. "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For the sin of witchcraft is rebellion, and iniquity and idolatry are stubbornness. . . . The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent: for He is not a man, that He should repent."

There is one more aspect in which Samuel's life may be viewed. It was not merely as the chief leader of the People when they passed into the second stage of their national history, nor as the Founder of the Schools of the Prophets, that he is especially known as "Samuel the Prophet." It was because, unlike Moses or Deborah, or any previous saint or teacher of the Jewish Church, he grew up for this office from his earliest years. He was "the Prophet" from *first to last*. Even in his parentage, we find a slight but significant indication of his preparation for it. His mother was almost a prophetess; the word *Zophim*, as the affix of his birthplace

Ramathaim, has been explained, not unreasonably, to mean "seers" or "watchmen;" and Elkanah his father is, in ancient Jewish tradition, called "a disciple of the Prophets." This early education for his office is, indeed, the picture of Samuel most familiar to our thoughts. It is not the terrible figure which rose up before the apostate king in the cave of Endor—the stern old man, ascending like a god from the earth, with threatening and disquieted countenance, with the fearful aspect of him who had presented the mangled remains of Agag as a sacrifice at Gilgal, who had called down thunder from heaven, who had shaken off Saul from the skirts of that prophetic mantle with which his face was veiled. It is not this shape, grand and striking though it be, in which Samuel usually rises to our recollections. It is as the little child in his linen ephod, and in the little "mantle" which his mother brought him from year to year; the child Samuel sleeping in the Tabernacle of Shiloh, in the simple sleep of innocence, unknowing of the sins which went on around him; roused by the mysterious Voice, listening in deep reverence to its awful message. This is the image of Samuel which is enshrined to us in Christian art; this is the image which most appeals to our general sympathy, and on which the Sacred text lays the most peculiar stress. On these early chapters of the Books of Samuel, we are told that in his gentler moments Luther used to dwell with the tenderness which formed the occasional counterpoise to the ruder passions and enterprises of his general life. Ever and anon amidst the crimes and terrors of the narrative of that troubled time; athwart the sins and corruptions of the Priesthood, and the passions and the calamities of the nation, the scene of the Sacred story is, as it were, drawn back, and reveals to us, in successive glimpses, the one peaceful, consoling, hopeful image, and we hear the same gentle undersong of childlike, devoted, continuous goodness. "His mother said, I will bring him that he may appear before the Lord, and there *abide for ever*." "And she brought him unto the House of the Lord in Shiloh, and the *child was young*." And she said, "For this

child I prayed: and the Lord hath given me the petition which I asked of Him. Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; *as long as he liveth, he shall be lent to the Lord.* And he *worshipped the Lord there.*" And the *child did minister* unto the Lord before Eli the Priest." ("The sons of Eli were men of Belial; . . . and the sin of the young men was very great before the Lord. . . .) But *Samuel ministered before the Lord*, being a child." "And the *child Samuel grew before the Lord.*" ("Now Eli was very old, and heard all that his sons did to all Israel; and said unto them, Why do ye such things? . . . Notwithstanding they hearkened not unto the voice of their father, because the Lord would slay them.") "And *the child* Samuel *grew on*, and was in favour both with the Lord and with men." ("There came a man of God unto Eli, and said . . . Wherefore honourest thou thy sons above Me, to make yourselves fat with the chiefest of all the offerings of Israel My people?) . . . And *the child Samuel* ministered unto the Lord before Eli." And *Samuel grew and the Lord* was with him, and did let *none of his words fall* to the ground, *and all* Israel from *Dan to Beersheba* knew that *Samuel was established to be a prophet* of the Lord."

It is this contrast of the silent, inward, unconscious growth of Samuel, with the violence and profligacy of the times, that renders this narrative the first example of the like characteristic of the history of the Christian Church, in so many stages of its existence. It is also the expression of a universal truth. Samuel is the main example, as we have seen, of the moderator and mediator of two epochs. He is, also, the first instance of a Prophet gradually raised for his office from the earliest dawn of reason. His work and his life are the counterparts of each other. With all the recollections of the ancient sanctuary impressed upon his mind—with the voice of God sounding in his ears, not, according to the experience of the elder leaders and teachers of his people, amidst the roar of thunder and the clash of war, but in the still silence of the Tabernacle, ere the lamp of God went out—he was the more fitted to meet the coming crisis, to become the centre of new institutions,

which should themselves become venerable as those in which he had been himself brought up. Because in him the various parts of his life hung together without any abrupt transition; because in him "the child was father of the man," and his days had been "bound each to each by natural piety," therefore he was especially ordained to bind together the broken links of two diverging epochs; therefore he could impart to others, and to the age in which he lived, the continuity which he had experienced in his own life; therefore he could gather round him the better spirits of his time by that discernment of "a pure heart, which sees through heaven and hell." In that first childlike response, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," was contained the secret of his strength. When in each successive stage of his growth the call waxed louder and louder, to duties more and more arduous, he could still look back without interruption to the first time when it broke his midnight slumbers; when, under the fatherly counsel of Eli, he had obeyed its summons, and found its judgments fulfilled. He could still, as he stood before the people at Gilgal, appeal to the unbroken purity of his long eventful life. Whatever might have been the lawless habits of the chiefs of those times —Hophni, Phinehas, or his own sons—he had kept aloof from all. "Behold, I am old and grey-headed, and I have walked before you *from my childhood unto this day*. Behold, here I am; witness against me before the Lord." No ox or ass had he taken from their stalls; no bribe to obtain his judgment—not even so much as a sandal. It is this appeal, and the universal response of the people, that has caused Grotius to give him the name of the Jewish Aristides. And when the hour of his death came, we are told with a peculiar emphasis of expression, that "*all* the Israelites"—not one portion or fragment only, as might have been expected in that time of division and confusion—"were gathered together," round him who had been the father of all alike, and "lamented him and buried him;" not in any sacred spot or secluded sepulchre, but in the midst of the home which he had consecrated only by his own long unblemished career, "in his house at

Ramah." We know not with certainty the situation of Ramah. Of Samuel as of Moses it may be said, "No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." But the lofty peak [1] above Gibeon, which has long borne his name, has this feature (in common, to a certain extent, with any high place which can have been the scene of his life and death), that it overlooks the whole of that broad table-land, on which the fortunes of the Jewish monarchy were afterwards unrolled. Its towering eminence, from which the pilgrims first obtained their view of Jerusalem, is no unfit likeness of the solitary grandeur of the Prophet Samuel, living and dying in the very midst of the future glory of his country.

Is it possible to evade or to forget the illustration which this story derives from the experiences of education everywhere? The venerable sanctuary which Joshua had planted, and where Eleazar had ministered, the monument of the mediæval age of the Jewish Church, is but the likeness, many times repeated in the Christian Church—but nowhere more strikingly than in England and in Oxford—of the ancient seats of education, the cathedrals, the monasteries, the colleges blending both together, where generation after generation is trained for the future exercise of the pastoral office. Under such auspices, both in the Jewish and in the Christian Church, grow up Hophni and Phinehas, the profligate sons of Eli, and the blameless youth of the child of Elkanah. Sacred associations, religious services, are as deadening and hardening to the one, as they are elevating and purifying to the other.

In this atmosphere, so charged with good and evil for the future, not less impressive is the lesson of the connection between Samuel's character and Samuel's mission. Wild excesses in youth are often followed by energy, by zeal, by devotion. We read it in the examples of Augustine, of Loyola, of John Newton. Sudden conversions of character such as these are amongst the most striking points of ecclesiastical

[1] Samuel's grave is pointed out in a cave underneath the floor of the Mussulman mosque of Nebi Samwil. The only serious objection to this tradition, which reaches back as far as the seventh century, is the needless hypothesis which has endeavoured to identify Ramah with the nameless city in 1 Sam. ix. 6. See Mr. Grove's article on Ramathaim-zophim in *Dictionary of the Bible.*

history. But no less certain is it that they are rarely, very rarely, followed by moderation, by calmness, by impartial wisdom. Count the eager partisans of our own or of other times. How often shall we find that their early discipline was one of headstrong and violent passion! How often shall we find that the conversion of a lawless and reckless youth issues in the one-sided and superstitious zeal which hurries the ark of God into battle, after the example of Hophni and Phinehas—which would oppose to the death the erection of the monarchy and the rise of the Prophets, as Hophni and Phinehas in all probability would have opposed it, had they been converted and spared!

Whatever else is gained by sudden and violent conversions, this is lost. Whatever else, on the other hand, is lost by the absence of experience of evil, by the calm and even life which needs no repentance, this is gained. The especial work of guiding, moderating, softening, the jarring counsels of men, is for the most part the especial privilege of those who have grown up into matured strength from early beginnings of purity and goodness—of those who can humbly and thankfully look back through middle age, and youth, and childhood, with no sudden rent or breach in their pure and peaceful recollections.

Samuel is the chief type, in ecclesiastical history, of quiet growth, of a new creation without conversion; and his mission is an example of the special missions which such characters are called to fulfil. In proportion as the different stages of life have sprung naturally and spontaneously out of each other, without any abrupt revulsion, each serves as a foundation on which the other may stand; each makes the foundation of the whole more sure and stable. In proportion as our own foundation is thus stable, and as our own minds and hearts have grown up gradually and firmly, without any violent disturbance or wrench to one side or to the other, in that proportion is it the more possible to view with calmness and moderation the difficulties and differences of others—to avail ourselves of the new methods and new characters that the advance of time

throws in our way—to return from present perplexities to the pure and untroubled well of our early years—to preserve and to communicate the childlike faith, changed doubtless in form, but the same in spirit, in which we first knelt in humble prayer for ourselves and others, and drank in the first impressions of God and of Heaven. The call may come in many ways; it may tell of the change of the priesthood, of the fall of the earthly sanctuary, of the rise of strange thoughts, of the beginning of a new epoch. Happy are they who are able to perceive the signs of the times, and to answer, without fear or trembling, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

Jewish Church, Lect. XVIII.

DAVID'S LAMENT OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

SAUL had fallen with all his sins upon his head, fallen in the bitterness of despair, and, as it might have seemed to mortal eye, under the shadow of the curse of God. But not only is there in David's lament no revengeful feeling at the death of his persecutor, such as that in which even Christian saints have indulged from the days of Lactantius down to the days of the Covenanters; not only is there none of that bitter feeling which in more peaceful times so often turns the heart of a successor against his predecessor; but he dwells with unmixed love on the brighter recollections of the departed. He speaks only of the Saul of earlier times, the mighty conqueror, the delight of his people, the father of his beloved and faithful friend; like him in life, united with him in death.

Such expressions, indeed, cannot be taken as deliberate judgments on the characters of Saul or of his family. But they may fairly be taken as justifying the irrepressible instinct of humanity which compels us to dwell on the best qualities of those who have just departed, and which has found its way into all funeral services of the Christian Church, of our own amongst the rest. They represent, and they have, by a fitting application, been themselves made to express the feelings with

which, in all ages of Christendom, the remains of the illustrious dead, whether in peace or war, of characters however far removed from perfection, have been committed to the grave. It is not only a quotation, but an unconscious vindication of our own better feelings, when over the portal of the sepulchral chapel[1] of the most famous of mediæval heroes, we find inscribed the words of David:—"How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" *Quomodo ceciderunt robusti, et perierunt arma bellica!* It was not only an adaptation, but a repetition, of the original feeling of David, when we ourselves heard the dirge of Abner, sung over the grave of the hero of our own age: "The king himself followed the bier, and the king said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" Fitly has this special portion of the sacred narrative been made the foundation of those solemn strains of funeral music, which will for ever associate the Dead March of such celebrations with the name of Saul.

And the probable mode of the preservation of David's elegy adds another stroke of pathos to the elegy itself. Jonathan was, as we have seen, distinguished as the mighty Archer of the Archer tribe. To introduce this favourite weapon of his friend into his own less apt tribe of Judah, was David's tribute to Jonathan's memory. "He bade them teach the children of Judah the bow," and whilst they were so taught, they sang (so we must infer from the context) "the song of the bow"—"the bow which never turned back from the slain." By these young soldiers of Judah this song was handed on from generation to generation, till it landed safe at last in the Sacred books, to be enshrined for ever as the monument of the friendship of David and Jonathan. Let us listen to it as it was then repeated by the archers of the Israelite army.

The wild roe, O Israel, on thy high places is slain:
How are the mighty fallen!
Tell ye it not in Gath, proclaim it not in the streets of Ashkelon,

[1] Tomb of the Cid, near Burgos.

Lest there be rejoicing for the daughters of the Philistines,
Lest there be triumph for the daughters of the uncircumcised.
Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you!
Nor fields of offerings;
For there was the shield of the mighty vilely cast away—
The shield of Saul not anointed with oil.

So David sang of the battle on Gilboa. Then came the lament over the two chiefs, as he knew them of old in their conflicts with their huge, unwieldy foes:

From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided:
Than eagles they were swifter, than lions more strong.

Then the stream of sorrow divides, and he speaks of each separately. First, he turns to the Israelite maidens, who of old had welcomed the King back from his victories, and bids them mourn over the depth of their loss.

Ye daughters of Israel weep for Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet, with delights,
Who put ornaments of gold on your apparel:—
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!

Then, as the climax of the whole, the national sorrow merges itself in the lament of the friend for his friend, of the heart pressed with grief for the death of more than a friend—a brother; for the love that was almost miraculous,[1] like a special work of God.

O Jonathan, on thy high places thou wast slain!
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan.
Pleasant hast thou been to me exceedingly!
Wonderful was thy love to me, passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen!
And perished the weapons of war!

Jewish Church, Lect. XXI.

[1] This is the force of the word translated "wonderful."

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DAVID.

It was apparently early on the morning of the day after he had received the news of the rebellion that the King left the city of Jerusalem. There is no single day[1] in the Jewish history of which so elaborate an account remains as that which describes this memorable flight. There is none, we may add, that combines so many of David's characteristics—his patience, his high-spirited religion, his generosity, his calculation: we miss only his daring courage. Was it crushed, for the moment, by the weight of parental grief, or of bitter remorse?

Every stage of the mournful procession was marked by some peculiar incident. He left the city, accompanied by his whole court. None of his household remained, except ten of the women of the harem, whom he sent back, apparently to occupy the Palace. The usual array of mules and asses was left behind. They were all on foot. The first halt was at a spot on the outskirts of the city, known as "the Far House." The second was by a solitary olive-tree that stood by the road to the wilderness of the Jordan. Here the long procession formed itself. The body-guard of Philistines moved at the head: then followed the mass of the regular soldiery: next came the high officers of the court; and last, immediately before the King himself, the six hundred warriors, his ancient companions, with their wives and children. Amongst these David observed Ittai of Gath, and with the nobleness of his better mind entreated the Philistine chief not to peril his own or his countrymen's lives in the service of a fallen and a stranger sovereign. But Ittai declared his resolution (with a fervour which almost inevitably recalls a like profession made almost on the same spot to the Great Descendant of David centuries afterwards) to follow him in life and in death. The King accepted his faithful service; and calling him to his side, he advanced to the head of the march, and passed over the

[1] Strange that it should have been reserved for Ewald (iii. 228–235) to have first brought out the singular interest of this day. In what follows I am indebted to him at every turn.

deep ravine of the Kidron, followed close by the guards and their children. It was the signal that he was determined on flight; and a wail of grief rose from the whole procession, which seemed to be echoed back by mountain and valley, as if "the whole land wept with a loud voice." At this point they were overtaken by another procession, consisting of the Levites and the two Priests, Zadok and Abiathar, bringing the ark from its place on the hill of Zion to accompany the King in his flight. There is a difference in the conduct of the rival Priests which seems to indicate the different shades of their loyalty. Zadok remained by the ark; Abiathar went apart on the mountain[1] side, apparently waiting to watch the stream of followers as it flowed past. With a spirit worthy of the King who was Prophet as well as Priest, David refused this new aid. He would not use the ark as a charm; he had too much reverence for it to risk it in his personal peril. He reminded Zadok that he, too, by his prophetic insight ought to have known better. "*Thou* a seer!" It was a case where the agility of their two sons was likely to be of more avail than the officious zeal of the chief Priests. To them he left the charge of bringing him tidings from the capital, and passed onwards to the Jordan. Another burst of wild lament broke out as the procession turned up the mountain pathway; the King leading the long dirge which was taken up all down the slope of Olivet. The King drew his cloak over his head, and the rest did the same; he only distinguished by his unsandalled feet. At the summit of the mountain, consecrated by one of the altars in that age common on the hilltops of Palestine, and apparently used habitually by David, they were met by Hushai the Archite, "the friend," as he was officially called, of the King. The priestly garment, which he wore after the fashion, as it would seem, of David's chief officers, was torn, and his head was smeared with dust, in the agony of his grief. In him David saw his first gleam of hope. For warlike purposes he was useless; but of political stratagem he was a master. A moment

[1] According to the Jewish tradition, to consult the Divine oracle on the hilltop, which was supposed to have returned the answer which guided David's refusal to allow the progress of the ark (Jerome, *Qu. Heb.* ad loc.).

before, the tidings had come of the treason of Ahithophel. To frustrate his designs, Hushai was sent back, just in time to meet Absalom arriving from Hebron.[1]

It was noon when David passed over the mountain-top, and now, as Jerusalem was left behind, and the new prospect opened before him, two fresh characters appeared, both in connection with the hostile tribe of Benjamin, whose territory they were entering. One of them was Ziba, slave of Mephibosheth, taking advantage of the civil war to make his own fortunes, and bringing the story that Mephibosheth had gone over to the rebels, in the hope of a restoration of the dynasty of his grandfather Saul. The King gratefully accepted his offering, took the stores of bread, dates, grapes, and wine for his followers, and, in a moment of indignation, granted to Ziba the whole property of Mephibosheth. At Bahurim, also on the downward pass, he encountered another member of the fallen dynasty, Shimei, the son of Gera. His house was just within the borders of Benjamin, on the same spot where—apparently for this reason —Michal, the princess of that same house, had left her husband, Phaltiel. All the fury of the rival dynasties, with all the foul names which long feuds had engendered, burst forth as the two parties here came into collision. On the one side the fierce Benjamite saw "the Man of Blood," stained, as it must have seemed to him, with the slaughter of Abner and Ishbosheth and of his seven kinsmen whose cruel death at Gibeon was fresh in the national recollection. On the other side the wild sons of Zeruiah saw in Shimei one of the "dead dogs" or "dogs' heads," according to the offensive language bandied to and fro amongst the political rivals of that age. A deep ravine parted the King's march from the house of the furious Benjamite. But along the ridge he ran, throwing stones as if for the adulterer's punishment, or, when he came to a patch of dust on the dry hillside, taking it up, and scattering it over

[1] Hushai's conduct is certainly not the model of Christian uprightness. It is therefore curiously instructive to see it made the warrant of a similarly questionable act in modern times. Sir Samuel Morland, Secretary of State to Cromwell, in describing his betrayal of his master to Charles II., says, "I called to remembrance Hushai's behaviour towards Absalom, which I found not at all blamed in Holy Writ, and yet his was a larger step than mine."

the royal party below, with the elaborate curses of which only Eastern partisans are fully masters—curses which David never forgot, and of which, according to the Jewish tradition, every letter was significant. The companions of David, who felt an insult to their master as an injury to themselves, could hardly restrain themselves. Abishai—with a fiery zeal, which reminds us of the sons of Thunder centuries later—would fain have rushed across the defile, and cut off the head of the blaspheming rebel. One alone retained his calmness. The King, with a natural depth of feeling, bade them remember that after the desertion of his favourite son anything was tolerable, and added the hope—natural in ancient times—that the curses of the Benjamite might divert some portion of the Divine anger, coming, as they seemed to him, after the Oriental manner of speech, direct from God Himself. The exiles passed on, and in a state of deep exhaustion reached the Jordan valley, and there rested after the long eventful day, at the ford or bridge of the river. Amongst the thickets of the Jordan, the asses of Ziba were unladen, and the weary travellers refreshed themselves, and waited for tidings from Jerusalem. It must have been long after nightfall, that the joyful sound was heard of the two youths, sons of the High Priests, bursting in upon the encampment, with the news from the capital.

Absalom had arrived from Hebron almost immediately after David's departure; and, by the advice of Ahithophel, took the desperate step—the decisive assumption, according to Eastern usage, of royal rights—of seizing what remained of the royal harem, in the most public and offensive manner. The next advice was equally bold. The aged counsellor offered, himself, that very night, to pursue and cut off the King before he had crossed the Jordan. That single death would close the civil war. The nation would return to her legitimate Prince, as a bride to her husband. But now another adviser had appeared on the stage; Hushai, fresh from the top of Olivet, with his false professions of rebellion, with his ingenious scheme for saving his royal master. He drew a picture of the extreme difficulty of following Ahithophel's counsel, and sketched the

plan of a general campaign. The dread of David's activity and courage was the main argument, by which, even in this decline of his fortunes, the treacherous adviser swayed the mind of the rebel Prince. It was urged with all the force of parable and poetry. The she-bear in the open field robbed of her whelps, the wild boar in the Jordan valley, would not be fiercer than the old King and his faithful followers. David, as of old, would be concealed in some deep cave, or on some inaccessible hill, and all pursuit would be as vain as that of Saul on the crags of Engedi. An army must be got together capable of submerging him as in a shower of dew, or of dragging the fortress in which he may have been entrenched, stone by stone, into the valley. Absalom fell into the snare, and delayed his pursuit. The emissaries of Hushai were close at hand. On the eastern side of Jerusalem, perhaps immediately underneath the walls, was a spring, known as the "fullers' spring," where the two sons of Zadok and Abiathar lay ensconced, waiting for their orders for the King. Thither, like the women of Jerusalem now, came, probably as if to wash or to draw water, the female slaves of their fathers' house, with the secret tidings which they were to convey, urging the King to immediate flight. They crossed as fast as their swift feet could carry them over Mount Olivet. Absalom had already caught sight of them, and his runners were hard upon their track. Aside, even into the village of Bahurim, the hostile villages of Shimei and Phaltiel, they darted. In it was a friendly house which they sought. In its court they climbed down a well, over the mouth of which their host's wife spread a cloth with a heap of corn, and by an equivocal reply turned aside the pursuers. The youths hastened down the pass, woke up the King from his sleep, called upon him to cross "the water," and before the break of day the whole party were in safety on the farther side.

It has been conjectured with much probability that, as the first sleep of that evening was commemorated in the fourth Psalm, so in the third is expressed the feeling of David's thankfulness at the final close of these twenty-four hours of

which every detail has been handed down, as if with the consciousness of their singular importance. He had "laid him down in peace" that night "and slept;" for in that great defection of man, "the Lord alone had caused him to dwell in safety. He had laid down and slept and awaked, for the Lord had sustained him."

Jewish Church, Lect. XXIV.

THE SIN OF JEROBOAM.

THE details of Jeroboam's end are lost to us. It is overcrowded by unsuccessful wars with Judah, by wasting illness, and by the violent convulsion in which his remains and those of his children were torn from their sepulchres. To observe clearly wherein his sin consisted, is to observe the moral of the whole of this part of the history. It was not that he had revolted against the house of Judah. For this, according to the narrative, had been put upon him by the direct providence and sanction of God. Nor that he had fallen into idolatry. This was the sin of Solomon and Rehoboam, against which his whole career was a perpetual protest. It was that to secure those good ends he adopted doubtful and dangerous means. The anticipations of the Prophets concerning him had been frustrated. Like the apostolic Las Casas in the sad history of South America, they saw with bitter grief the failure of the institution which they had fostered, and from which they had hoped so much. It is this reflection which gives a keenness of regret to the epithet so many times repeated, "The sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin." To keep the first commandment, he broke the second; to preserve the belief in the unity of God, he broke the unity and tampered with the spiritual conception of the national worship. The ancient sanctity of Dan and Bethel, the time-honoured Egyptian sanction of the Sacred Calf, were mighty precedents; the Golden Image was doubtless intended

as a likeness of the One True God. But the mere fact of setting up such a likeness broke down the sacred awe which had hitherto marked the Divine Presence, and accustomed the minds of the Israelites to the very sin against which the new form was intended to be a safeguard. From worshipping God under a false and unauthorised form, they gradually learnt to worship other gods altogether; and the venerable sanctuaries at Dan and Bethel prepared the way for the Temples of Ashtaroth and Baal at Samaria and Jezreel; and the religion of the Kingdom of Israel at last sank lower even than that of the Kingdom of Judah, against which it had revolted.

"The sin of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat," is the sin again and again repeated in the policy, half-worldly, half-religious, which has prevailed through large tracts of ecclesiastical history. Many are the forms of worship in the Christian Church, which, with high pretensions, have been nothing else but "so many various and opposite ways of breaking the second commandment." Many a time has the end been held to justify the means; and the Divine character been degraded by the pretence or even the sincere desire of upholding a Divine cause: for the sake of secular aggrandisement, for the sake of binding together good systems, which, it was feared, would otherwise fall to pieces, for the sake of supporting the faith of the multitude from the fear lest they should fall away to rival sects, or lest the enemy should come and take away their place and nation, false arguments have been used in support of religious truths, false miracles promulgated or tolerated, false readings in the sacred text defended. And so the faith of mankind has been undermined by the very means intended to preserve it. The whole subsequent history is a record of the mode by which, with the best intentions, a church and nation may be corrupted.

Jewish Church, Lect. XXIX.

APPEARANCE OF ELIJAH.

IT was at this crisis that there appeared the very chief of the Prophets. "Alone, alone, alone"—so thrice over is the word emphatically repeated—the loftiest and sternest spirit of the True Faith raised up face to face with the proudest and fiercest spirit of the old Asiatic Paganism, against Jezebel rose up Elijah the Tishbite.

He stood alone against Jezebel. He stands alone in many senses amongst the Prophets. Nursed in the bosom of Israel, the Prophetical portion, if one may so say, of the Chosen People, vindicating the true religion from the nearest danger of overthrow, setting at defiance by invisible power the whole forces of the Israelite kingdom, he reached a height equal to that of Moses and Samuel in the traditions of his country. He was the prophet, for whose return in later years his countrymen have looked with most eager hope. The last Prophet of the Old Dispensation clung to this consolation in the decline of the State. In the Gospel history we find this expectation constantly excited in each successive appearance of a new prophet. It was a fixed belief of the Jews that he had appeared again and again, as an Arabian merchant, to wise and good Rabbis at their prayers or on their journeys. A seat is still placed for him to superintend the circumcision of the Jewish children. Passover after passover, the Jews of our own day place the paschal cup on the table, and set the door wide open, believing that that is the moment when Elijah will reappear. When goods are found and no owner comes, when difficulties arise and no solution appears, the answer is, "Put them by till Elijah comes."

He appears to have given the whole order a new impulse, both in form and spirit, such as it had not had since the death of Samuel. The companies of the Prophets now reappear, bound by a still closer connection with Elijah than they had been with Samuel. Then they were "companies, bands, of Prophets;" now they are "sons, children, of the Prophet;"

and Elijah first, and Elisha afterwards, appeared as the "Father," the "Abbot," the "Father in God," of the whole community. His mission was, however, not to be the revealer of a new truth, but the champion of the old forgotten law. He was not so much a Prophetic teacher as the Precursor of Prophetic teachers. As his likeness in the Christian era came to prepare the way for One greater than himself, so Elijah came to prepare the way for the close succession of Prophets who, for the next hundred years, sustained both Israel and Judah by hopes and promises before unknown. As of Luther, so of Elijah, it may be said that he was a Reformer, and not a Theologian. He wrote, he predicted, he taught, almost nothing. He is to be valued, not for what he said, but for what he did; not because he created, but because he destroyed.

For this, his especial mission, his life and appearance especially qualified him. Of all the Prophets, he is the one who is most removed from modern times, from Christian civilisation. There is a wildness, an isolation, a roughness about him, contrasting forcibly even with the mild beneficence of his immediate successor Elisha, still more with the bright serenity of Isaiah, and the plaintive tenderness of Jeremiah, but most of all with the patience and loving-kindness of the Gospel. Round his picture in the churches of Eastern Christians at the present day are placed by a natural association the decapitated heads of their enemies. Abdallah Pasha, the fierce lord of Acre, almost died of terror, from a vision in which he believed himself to have seen Elijah sitting on the top of Carmel. It is the likeness of his stern seclusion which is reproduced in John the Baptist, and which in him is always contrasted with the social, gentle character of Christ. He, like the Baptist, "came neither eating nor drinking." He, like the disciples of John, "fasted oft." He was the original type of the hermit, the monk, the Puritan. The barefooted Order of Carmelites, not indeed by historical but by spiritual descent, may well claim him as their founder. But he is not the type of ordinary Christians. Although "among them that were born of woman" in old time "there were none greater than" he and

his representatives, yet notwithstanding, the least in the kingdom of Heaven is greater than he and they. When the two Apostles appealed to the example of Elijah, "to call down fire from heaven," He to whom they spoke turned away with indignation from the remembrance of this act, even of the greatest of His Prophetic predecessors. "He rebuked them." An ancient tradition, which is so entirely Evangelical both in form and substance that we would fain believe it to be genuine, records that He went even further, and said, "Ye know not what spirit ye are of."[1] The Spanish Inquisitors in the 16th century quoted the act of Elijah and the appeal of the sons of Zebedee as a justification of their own cruelties. "Lo," they said, "fire is the natural punishment of heretics." They forgot, or they knew not, that the act of Elijah was repudiated for ever by One to whom he was but the distant forerunner.

Suddenly, Elijah appears before us in the narrative, as he appeared in his lifetime before Ahab and the children of Israel. Suddenly he appears, like Melchizedec, and suddenly he disappears, "without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life." Not unnaturally did the ancient Rabbis believe him to be the fiery Phinehas returned to earth, or an angel hovering on the outskirts of the world. Not unnaturally have the Mussulman traditions confounded him with the mysterious being, "The Immortal One" (El Khudr), the Eternal Wanderer, who appears, ever and anon, to set right the wrongs of earth, and repeat the experience of ages past. Not unnaturally did the mediæval alchemists and magicians strive to trace up their dark arts to Elijah the Tishbite, the Father of Alchemy. The other Prophets—Moses, Samuel, Elisha, Isaiah—were constantly before the eyes of their countrymen. But Elijah they saw only by partial and momentary glimpses. He belonged to no special place. The very name of his birthplace is disputed. "There was no nation or kingdom" to which Ahab had not sent to find him—"but behold, they found

[1] Luke ix. 55, 56. The variations of the MSS. unfortunately prevent us from admitting into the sacred text this sublime conclusion of our Lord's address.

him not." As soon as he was seen, "the breath of the Lord carried him away, whither they knew not." He was as if constantly in the hand of God. "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand," was his habitual expression,—a slave constantly waiting to do his master's bidding. For an instant he was to be seen here and there at spots far apart; sometimes in the ravine of the Cherith in the Jordan valley, sometimes in the forests of Carmel; now on the sea-shore of Zidon, at Zarephath; now in the wilderness of Horeb, in the distant south; then far off on his way to the northern Damascus; then on the top of some lonely height on the way to Ekron; then snatched away, "on some mountain or some valley" in the desert of the Jordan. He was in his lifetime, what he still is in the traditions of the Eastern Church, the Prophet of the mountains.[1]

Wherever might be the exact[2] spot of his birth, he was "of the inhabitants of Gilead." He was the greatest representative of the tribes from beyond the Jordan. Their wild and secluded character is his no less. Wandering, as we have seen, over the hills of Palestine, with no rest or fixed habitation—fleet as the wind, when, with the pressure of the Divine Hand upon him, he ran before the chariot of Ahab from Carmel to Jezreel—he was like the heroes of his own tribe of Gad, in David's life, who swam the Jordan in floodtime, "whose faces were as the faces of lions, and whose feet were swift as the roes upon the mountains;" like the Bedouins from the same region at the present day, who run with unwearied feet by the side of the traveller's camel, and whose strange forms are seen for a moment behind rock or tree, in city or field, and then vanish again into their native wilderness. And such as they are, such was he also in his outward appearance. Long shaggy hair flowed over his back; and a large rough mantle of sheepskin, fastened around his loins by a girdle of hide,[3]

[1] Mar Elyas (Lord Elijah) is a common name all through the Levant for prominent and sacred eminences (Clark's *Peloponnesus*, p. 190).

[2] It is doubtful whether "Tishbite" is more than a mistaken reading of "the inhabitants." See Mr. Grove on ELIJAH and TISHBITE in *Dict. of the Bible*.

[3] 2 Kings i. 8; comp. Mark i. 6. "Elijah was evidently the type of the modern dervishes, who allow their hair to grow any length, and wind a leathern girdle round their loins" (Morier, MS. notes).

was his only covering. This mantle, the special token of his power, at times he would strip off, and roll up like a staff in his hand; at other times wrap his face in it.

These characteristics of the Arab life were dignified but not destroyed by his high Prophetic mission. And the fact that this mission was entrusted not to a dweller in a royal city or Prophetic school, but to a genuine child of the deserts and forests of Gilead, is in exact accordance with the dispensations of Providence in other times. So the Unity of God was asserted of old by the wandering chief from Ur of the Chaldees; by the Arabian shepherd at Sinai; and (without offence, it may be added) by another Arabian shepherd, in later ages, at Mecca and Medina. So, in the spirit and power of Elijah, came John the son of Zachariah in the same wilderness whence Elijah came, and whence he finally disappeared, sustained by the wild and scanty fare of the desert, clothed in a like rough and scanty garb, calling the nation to repentance by the same strange appearance, and by the same simple preaching. So, in later times, the anchorites of Egypt, and of Russia, have come forth from their solitudes with a startling effect, which nothing else could have produced, to call kings and nations to a sense of their guilt, and of their duty to God and man.

Jewish Church, Lect. XXX.

ELIJAH AT CARMEL.

CARMEL was the peculiar haunt of Elijah. On its Eastern summit, commanding the last view of the Mediterranean Sea, and the first view of the great plain of Esdraelon, just where the glades of forest—the "excellency," whence it derives its name—sinks into the usual bareness of the hills of Manasseh, a rock is still shown bearing the name of Maharrakah—"the sacrifice."[1] On this rock stood an altar of[2] JEHOVAH, which

[1] "You have done well," said his native attendants to an English traveller (Colonel Fraser), who had killed a wild boar on this spot, "*He has been fitly sacrificed on the Place of Sacrifice.*"

[2] 1 Kings xviii. 30. "He repaired the altar of Jehovah which had been broken down."

had, in all probability, been destroyed in the recent persecution: on this same spot, probably, long afterwards, Vespasian sacrificed, when commanding the Roman armies in Palestine: and to this the Druzes still come in yearly pilgrimage. Close beneath, in an upland plain, round a well of perennial[1] water, which, from its shady and elevated situation, seems to have escaped the effect of the drought, were ranged on the one side the King and people, with the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal dressed in their splendid vestments; and on the other side the one solitary figure of the Prophet of the Lord, in his rough sheepskin cloak. On its distant eminence rose the stately city of Jezreel, with Ahab's palace and Jezebel's temple embosomed in its sacred grove. Immediately beneath, spread far and wide the battle-field of Sacred History, the plain of Megiddo or Jezreel; with the torrent Kishon, passing, as its name implies, in countless windings, through the level valley; that "ancient stream," on whose banks had perished the host of Sisera, and the host of Midian, before the Army of Deborah and Barak, before the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. In such a scene, with such recollections of the past, were the people of Israel gathered for a conflict no less momentous.

It was the early morning. There was a deep silence over the whole multitude, when the Prophet made his appeal to them. "They answered him not a word."

Every incident that follows, well known through the Sacred music into which it has been woven, enhances the contrast between the True and the False, in this grand ordeal. On the one side is the exact picture of Oriental fanaticism, such as may still be seen in Eastern religions. As the Mussulman Dervishes work themselves into a frenzy by the invocation of "Allah! Allah!" until the words themselves are lost in inarticulate gasps; as Eastern Christians will recite the "Kyrie eleison," the "Gospidi Pomilou," in a hundredfold repetition;

[1] That it is perennial is proved by the discovery of the *Neritina Michorii*—a freshwater shell peculiarly sensitive to the removal of water—here alone in this neighbourhood (Williams, *Dublin Lectures*, 1868, p. 29).

as the pilgrims round the Church of S. John at Samaria formerly, and round the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre now, race, and run, and tumble, in order to bring down the Divine Fire into the midst of them—so the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal (for the prophets of Ashtaroth seem to have shrunk from the contest) performed their wild dances round their altar, or upon it, springing up, or sinking down, with the fantastic gestures which Orientals alone can command, as if by an internal mechanism, and screaming with that sustained energy which believes that it will be heard from its much speaking—from morn till noon, "*Hear us, O Baal, hear us!*" A larger spirit of Christian insight, or Christian compassion, either perceives under these desperate forms of superstition some elements of a nobler faith, or else is oppressed, even to tears of pity, by the thought of this dark abyss of human corruption. But there is a ludicrous side, on which, in this instance, the Biblical narrative fixes our attention, in one of those bursts of laughter, which form rare exceptions in the Hebrew annals, and which when they do occur need special notice. There is, for the moment, a savage humour, a biting sarcasm, in the tone of Elijah which forms an exception alike to the general humanity of the New Testament and the general seriousness of the Old. He had already, in addressing the assembled people, placed before them in one sharp truculent question the likeness—it might almost be said the caricature—of their stumbling, hesitating gait: "How long are you to halt and totter, first on one knee, and then on the other? If Jehovah be your God, walk straight after Him; if Baal, walk straight after him!" It was the very action and gesture, represented in the grotesque dances, first on one foot and then on another, round the Pagan altars. And now the ridicule grows keener and stronger. It is noon, when gods and men under that burning sun may be thought to have withdrawn to rest. And "Elijah the Tishbite" (so he is described in his full human personality) cannot restrain himself, and cheers them on—"Cry with a loud voice, louder and louder yet, for he is a god; for he has his head full, and is too busy to hear your prayer;

or perchance he has his[1] stomach full, and has gone aside into retirement; or perchance in the heat of the day he is asleep, and must be awakened." The prophets of Baal took Elijah at his word. Like the Dervishes, who eat glass, seize living snakes with their teeth, throw themselves prostrate for their mounted chief to ride over them; like the Corybantian priests of Cybele; like the Fakirs of India; they now, in their frenzied state, tossed to and fro the swords and lances which formed part of their fantastic worship, and gashed themselves and each other, till they were smeared with blood; and mingled with their loud yells to the silent and sleeping Divinity those ravings which formed the dark side of ancient prophecy. The midday heat is now passed; the altar still remains untouched; even fraud, if there were fraud, has been unsuccessful.[2] And now comes the contrast of the calmness and tranquillity of the true Prophet. Elijah bade the hostile prophets stand aloof, and called the people round him. He was standing amidst the ruins of the ancient altar. With his own hands he gathered twelve stones from its fragments. The sacred character of the northern kingdom, as representing the twelve tribes of "Israel," the ancient Patriarchal Israel, was not forgotten. These twelve sacred blocks were piled up; the sacrifice duly prepared; the water brought from the adjacent well. And then as the hour of the evening sacrifice drew near, and as the sun began to descend towards the western sea, with no frantic gesticulation or vain reiteration, he sent up into the evening heaven four short cries to the God of his fathers:—

"JEHOVAH, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, hear me:

"JEHOVAH: hear me this day in fire, and let all people know that *Thou* art JEHOVAH, the God of this Israel, and *I* am Thy servant, and through Thee I have done all these things.

"Hear me, O JEHOVAH:

[1] So may be kept up the play on the curious words *sîg* and *siach* (ver. 27), untranslatable into English. (See Thenius on the passage.)

[2] An old tradition maintained that a man put inside the altar to kindle the fire died of the suffocation. Ephrem. Syr. *Comm.*, ad loc.; Chrysostom, *in Petrum Apost. et Eliam Proph.* i. 765.

"Hear me, and let this people know that *Thou*, JEHOVAH, art the God, and that *Thou* hast turned their hearts back again."

On the open mountain top (this is the effect of the Sacred narrative), and to the few words needing not more than a few seconds to utter, the answer came which had been denied to the vast concourse of prophets, to their many hours of eager application and self-inflicted torture. It was the difference between the vain and unmeaning superstition of fanatics, "which availeth nothing," and the effectual fervent prayer of "one righteous man, which availeth much." "Then fell fire from JEHOVAH from heaven."

There is an exultant triumph in the words in which the sacred historian describes the completeness of the conflagration. The fragments of the ox on the summit of the altar first disappear; then, the pile of wood, heaped from the forest of Carmel; next, the very stones of the altar crumble in the flames; then, the dust of the earth that had been thrown out of the trench; and lastly, the water in the deep trench round the altar is licked up by the fiery tongues, and leaves the whole place bare. The altar itself had been an emblem "of the tribes of the sons of Israel." Its envelopment in this celestial fire was an emblem no less of the reconstruction of the kingdom—a token that "the God of Israel had turned their heart back again." So for the moment it seemed. "JEHOVAH, *He* is God! JEHOVAH, *He* is God!" was the universal cry; as if, turning (by a slight inversion) the name of the Prophet himself into a war-cry, "Eli-Jah-hu"—"*My God, He is Jehovah.*" Before him the whole multitude lay prostrate on the mountain-side. He was now the ruler of the nation. His word was law. In that sudden revulsion of feeling "the wheel had come full cycle round." The persecutors became the victims. The prophets of Baal were seized; they were swept away by the wild multitude. Elijah himself led them down the mountain slopes to the gorge of the Kishon. As Phinehas, as Samuel, before him, so Elijah now took upon himself the dreadful office of executioner. Sword in hand he

stood over the unresisting prophets, and in one swift and terrible slaughter they fell by the sacred stream. The name of the "Hill of the Priests" possibly commemorates their end.

On the peaceful top of the mountain the sacrificial feast was spread, and to this, at Elijah's bidding, the King went up; for already in the Prophet's inward ear there was "the sound of the tread of rain." At "the top of the mountain," but on a lower declivity, Elijah bent himself down, with his head in the Oriental attitude of entire abstraction, placed between his knees; whilst his attendant boy mounted to the highest point of all, whence, over the western ridge there is a wide view of the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. The sun must have been now gone down. But the cloudless sky would be lit up by the long white glow which succeeds an Eastern sunset. Seven times the youthful watcher ascended and looked; and seven times "there was nothing." The sky was still clear; the sea was still calm. At last out of the far horizon there rose a little cloud, the first that for days and months had passed across the heavens: and it grew in the deepening shades of evening, and quickly the whole sky was overcast, and the forests of Carmel shook in the welcome sound of those mighty winds which in Eastern regions precede a coming tempest. Each from his separate height, the King and the Prophet descended. The cry of the boy from his mountain watch had hardly been uttered when the storm broke upon the plain; and the torrent of Kishon began to swell. The King had not a moment to lose lest he should be unable to reach Jezreel. He mounted his chariot at the foot of the hill. And Elijah was touched as by a supporting hand: and he snatched up his streaming mantle and twisted it round his loins, and, amidst the rushing storm with which the night closed in, he outstripped even the speed of the royal horses, and "ran before the chariot"—as the Bedouins of his native Gilead would still run, with inexhaustible strength—to the entrance of Jezreel, distant, though visible, from the scene of his triumph.

Jewish Church, Lect. XXX.

ELIJAH AT HOREB.

THE story of Elijah, like the story of Athanasius, is full of sudden reverses. The prophets of Baal were destroyed; Ahab was cowed. But the ruling spirit of the hierarchy and of the kingdom remained undaunted: Jezebel was not dismayed. With one of those tremendous vows which mark the history of the Semitic race, both within and without the Jewish pale—the vow of Jephthah, the vow of Saul, the vow of Hannibal—she sent a messenger to Elijah, saying, "As surely as thou art Elijah, and I am Jezebel, so may God do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life to-morrow, about this time, as the life of one of them."

The Prophet who had confronted Ahab and the national assembly trembled before the implacable Queen. It was the crisis of his life. One only out of that vast multitude remained faithful to him—the Zidonian boy of Zarephath, as Jewish tradition believed, the future Jonah. With this child as his sole companion, he left the border of Israel, and entered—so far as we know for the first and only time—the frontier of the rival kingdom. But he halted not there. Only an apocryphal tradition points out the mark of his sleeping form, on a rock half-way between Jerusalem and Bethlehem. He reached the limit of the Holy Land. At Beersheba he left his attendant youth, and thence plunged into the desert. Under a solitary[1] flowering broom of the desert, he lay down to die. "It is enough; now, O JEHOVAH, take away my life; for *I* am not better than my fathers." It is the desponding cry of many a gallant spirit, in the day of disappointment and desertion. But, once and again, an unknown messenger, or an angelic visitant, gave him sustenance and comfort; and "in the strength of that meat he went forty days and forty nights" across the platform of the Sinaitic desert till "he came to the mount of God, to Horeb." It is the only time, since the days of Moses, that the course of the Sacred History brings us back

[1] "One *retem* tree" 1 Kings xix. 4, 5, Heb.).

to those sacred solitudes. Of pilgrims, if any there were, to those early haunts of Israel, Elijah's name alone has come down to us. In "*the* cave" (so it is called, whether from its being the usual resort, or from the fame of this single visit)—in the cave, well known then, though uncertain now, Elijah passed the night. There is nothing to confirm, but there is nothing to contradict, the belief that it may have been in that secluded basin, which has been long pointed out as the spot, beneath the summit of what is called "The Mount of Moses." One tall cypress stands in the centre of the little upland plain. A ruined chapel covers the rock on which the Prophet is believed to have rested, on the slope of the hill. A well and tank, ascribed to him, are on the other side of the basin. The granite rocks enclose it on every side, as though it were a natural sanctuary. No scene could be more suitable for the vision which follows. It was, if not the first Prophetic call to Elijah, the first Prophetic manifestation to him of the Divine Will and the Divine Nature. It was a marked crisis not only in his own life, but in the history of the whole Prophetic Dispensation.

He is drawn out by the warning, like that which came to Moses on the same spot, and stands on the mountain side, expecting the signs of the Divine Presence. He listened; and there came the sound of a rushing hurricane, which burst through the mountain wall and rolled down the granite rocks in massive fragments round him. "But JEHOVAH was not in the wind." He stood firm on his feet, expecting it again; and under his feet the solid mountain shook, with the shock of a mighty earthquake. "But JEHOVAH was not in the earthquake." He looked out on the hills as they rose before him in the darkness of the night; and they flamed with flashes of fire, as in the days of Moses. "But JEHOVAH was not in the fire." And then, in the deep stillness of the desert air—unbroken by falling stream, or note of bird, or tramp of beast, or cry of man—came the whisper, of a voice as of a gentle breath—of a voice so small that it was almost like silence. Then he knew that the moment was come. He drew, as was

his wont, his rough mantle over his head; he wrapt his face in its ample folds; he came out from the sheltering rock, and stood beneath the cave to receive the Divine communications.

They blended with the vision: one cannot be understood without the other. They both alike contain the special message to Elijah, and the universal message to the Universal Church. Each is marked and explained by the Divine question and the human answer, twice repeated: "What doest thou here, Elijah: thou, the Prophet of Israel, here in the deserts of Arabia?"—"I have been very jealous for JEHOVAH, the God of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken Thy covenant, thrown down Thine altars, and slain Thy Prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life to take it away." He thinks that the best boon that he can ask is that his life should be taken away. It is a failure, a mistake: he is not better than his fathers. Such is the complaint of Elijah, which carries with it the complaint of many a devout heart and gifted mind, when the world has turned against them, when their words and deeds have been misinterpreted, when they have struggled in vain against the wickedness, the folly, the stupidity of mankind. But the answer to them is contained in the blessing on independence. It is the blessing on Athanasius against the world; it is the encouragement to the angel Abdiel—"Amongst the faithless, faithful only he." Resistance to evil, even in the desert solitude, is a new starting-point of life. He has still a task before him. "Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus." He is to go on through good report and evil; though his own heart fail him, and hundreds fall away. When he comes, he is to annoint Gentile and Hebrew, King and Prophet. His work is not over; it has just begun. In the three names, Hazael, Jehu, Elisha, is contained the history of the next generation of Israel.

But the vision reaches beyond his own immediate horizon. It discloses to him the true relations of a Prophet to the world and to the Church. The Queen with fire and sword, the splendid temples of Jezreel and Samaria, the whole nation

gone astray after her, seemed to be on one side; and the solitary Prophet, in the solitary wilderness, on the other side. So it seemed; but so it was not. The wind, the earthquake, and the fire might pass over him. But God was not in them. Nor was He in the power and grandeur of the State or Church of Israel. Deep down in the heart of the nation, in the caves of Carmel, unknown to Elijah, unknown to each other, are seven thousand, who had not, by word or deed, acknowledged the power of Baal. In them God was still present. In them was the first announcement of the doctrine, often repeated by later Prophets, of an "Israel within Israel,"—of a remnant of good which embraced the true hope of the future. It is the profound Evangelical truth, then first beginning to dawn upon the earth, that there is a distinction between the nation and the individual, between the outward divisions of sects or churches, and the inward divisions which run across them; good in the midst of evil, truth in the midst of error, internal invisible agreement amidst external visible dissension.

It is further a revelation to Elijah, not only concerning himself and the world, but concerning God also. He himself had shared in the outward manifestations of Divine favour which appear to mark the Old Dispensation—the fire on Carmel, the storm from the Mediterranean, the avenging sword on the banks of the Kishon. These signs had failed; and he was now told that in these signs, in the highest sense, God was not; not in these, but in the still small gentle whisper of conscience and solitude was the surest token that God was near to him. Nay, not in his own mission, grand and gigantic as it was, would after-ages so clearly discern the Divine Inspiration, as in the still small voice of justice and truth that breathed through the writings of later Prophets, for whom he only prepared the way—Hosea, Amos, Micah, Isaiah, Jeremiah. Not in the vengeance which through Hazael and Jehu was to sweep away the House of Omri, so much as in the discerning Love which was to spare the seven thousand; not in the strong east wind that parted the Red Sea, or the fire that swept the top of Sinai, or the earthquake that shook down the

walls of Jericho, would God be brought so near to man, as in the still small voice of the child of Bethlehem, as in the ministrations of Him whose cry was not heard in the streets, in the awful stillness of the Cross, in the never-failing order of Providence, in the silent insensible influence of the good deeds and good words of God and of man. This is the predictive element of Elijah's prophecies. The history of the Church had made a vast stride since the days of Moses. Here we see, in an irresistible form, the true unity of the Bible. The Sacred narrative rises above itself to a world hidden as yet from the view of those to whom the vision was revealed, and by whom it was recorded. There is already a Gospel of Elijah. He, the furthest removed of all the Prophets from the Evangelical spirit and character, has yet enshrined in the heart of his story the most forcible of protests against the hardness of Judaism, the noblest anticipation of the breadth and depth of Christianity.

Jewish Church, Lect. XXX.

CONTRAST OF ELISHA WITH ELIJAH.

SUCH was Elisha, greater yet less, less yet greater, than Elijah. He is less. For character is the real Prophetic gift. The man, the will, the personal grandeur of the Prophet are greater than any amount of Prophetic acts, or any extent of Prophetic success. We cannot dispense with the mighty past, even when we have shot far beyond it. Nations, churches, individuals, must all be content to feel as dwarfs in comparison with the giants of old time—with the Reformers, the Martyrs, the Heroes of their early youthful reverence. Those who follow cannot be as those who went before. A Prophet like Elijah comes once, and does not return. Elisha, both to his countrymen and to us, is but the successor, the faint reflection of his predecessor. When he appeared before the three suppliant kings, his chief honour was that he was

"Elisha the son of Shaphat, who poured water on the hands of Elijah."

Less, yet greater. For the work of the great ones of this earth is carried on by far inferior instruments, but on a far wider scale, and, it may be, in a far higher spirit. The life of an Elijah is never spent in vain. Even his death has not taken him from us. He struggles, single-handed as it would seem, and without effect; and in the very crisis of the nation's history is suddenly and mysteriously removed. But his work continues; his mantle falls; his teaching spreads; his enemies perish. The Prophet preaches and teaches, the martyr dies and passes away; but other men enter into his labours. By that one impulse of Elijah, Elisha and Elisha's successors, Prophets and sons of Prophets, are raised up by fifties and by hundreds. They must work in their own way. They must not try to retain the spirit of Elijah by repeating his words, or by clothing themselves in his rough mantle, or by living his strange life. What was begun in fire and storm, in solitude and awful visions, must be carried on through winning arts, and healing acts, and gentle words of peaceful and social intercourse; not in the desert of Horeb, or on the top of Carmel, but in the crowded thoroughfares of Samaria, in the gardens of Damascus, by the rushing waters of Jordan. Elisha himself may be as nothing compared with Elijah. His wonders may be forgotten. He dies by the long decay of years; no chariots of fire are there to lighten his last moments, or bear away his soul to heaven. Yet he knows that, though unseen, they are always around him. Once in the city of Dothan, in the ancient pass, where the caravans of the Midianites and the troops of the Syrians stream through into Central Palestine—when he is compassed about with the chariots and horses of the hostile armies, and his servant cries out for fear, Elisha said, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. . . . And, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." It is a vision of which the meaning acquires double force from its connection with the actual history; as if to show by the very same figure, that

the hope which bore Elijah to his triumphal end was equally present with Elisha. Elijah, and those who are as Elijah, are needed, in critical and momentous occasions, to "prepare the way for the Lord." His likeness is John the Baptist: and of those who were born of women before the time of Christendom none were "greater than they." But Elisha, and those who are like Elisha, have a humbler, and yet a wider, and therefore a holier sphere: for their works are not the works of the Baptist, but are the deeds, if not of Christ Himself, at any rate of "the least in His kingdom,"—the gentle, beneficent, "holy man of God, who passeth by us continually."

Jewish Church, Lect. XXXI.

ISAIAH.

EXACTLY contemporary with Micah—it is hard to say whether older or younger—is a still greater Prophet, who stands out at once as the representative of his own age, and yet as a universal teacher of mankind. Whilst the other Prophets of this period are known only to the bypaths of theology, in the quaint texts of remote preachers, Isaiah is a household word everywhere. This is the first point in the history of the kingdom of Judah, where, as in common ecclesiastical history, we are able to measure the periods by the names rather of distinguished teachers than of Kings or Chief Priests. In the earlier stages of the history of Judah there was no Prophet of magnitude equal to Jehoshaphat, or Jehoiada, or Uzziah. But in the period on which we now enter there is no King or Priest of magnitude equal to Isaiah, and he was succeeded by two others, only, if at all, inferior to himself, Jeremiah and Ezekiel. For the first time since Elisha we have a Prophet of whose life and aspect we can be said to have any details. He was statesman as well as Prophet. He lived not in the remote villages of Judah like Micah, or wandering over hill and dale like Elijah and Amos, but in the centre of all political life and activity. His whole thoughts

take the colour of Jerusalem. He is the first Prophet specially attached to the capital and the Court. He was, according to Jewish tradition, the cousin of Uzziah, his father Amos being held to be a younger son of Joash. He wrote Uzziah's life; and his first Prophecies, beginning in the close of that reign, illustrate the reign of Jotham, as well as of the three succeeding sovereigns. His individual and domestic life was a kind of impersonation of the Prophetic office. His wife was a Prophetess. According to a practice which seems to have prevailed throughout his career as through that of his contemporary Hosea, he himself and his children all bear Prophetic names: "Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for a sign and a wonder in Israel from the Lord of hosts." He had a circle of disciples, probably of Prophets, in whom his spirit was long continued. One such, unknown except through his writings, in all probability has, if so be, under the shadow of his name, exercised a still wider influence than Isaiah himself. Legends, apocryphal books, have gathered round him as round another Solomon or another Elijah. Of no other book of the Old Testament, except the Psalter, have the subsequent effects in the world been so marked, or the principles so fruitful of results for the future. In fact, his appearance was a new step in the Prophetic dispensation. The length of his life, the grandeur of his social position, gave a force to what he said, beyond what was possible in the fleeting addresses of the humbler Prophets, who had preceded him. There is a royal air in his attitude, in his movements, in the sweep of his vision, which commands attention. He was at once "great and faithful" in his vision. Nothing escapes him in the events of his time. The other Prophetic writings are worked up by him into his own words. He does not break with the past. He is not ashamed of building on the foundation of those who have gone before him. All that there is of general instruction in Joel, Micah, or Amos, is reproduced in Isaiah. But his style has its own marked peculiarity and novelty. The fierce impassioned addresses of Joel and Nahum, the abrupt strokes, the con-

torted turns of Hosea and Amos, give way to something more of a continuous flow, where stanza succeeds to stanza, and canto to canto, with almost a natural sequence. Full of imagery as is his poetry, it still has a simplicity which was at that time so rare as to provoke the satire of the more popular Prophets. They, pushing to excess the nervous rhetoric of their predecessors, could not bear, as they expressed it, to be treated like children. "Whom shall he teach knowledge, and whom shall he make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts!" Those constant recurrences of the general truths of spiritual religion, majestic in their plainness, seemed to them mere commonplace repetitions;—"precept upon precept, precept upon precept, line upon line, line upon line, here a little, there a little," or as appears still more strongly in the original, "*tsav la-tsav—tsav la-tsav—kav la-kav—kav la-kav—zeïr sham, zeïr sham.*" It is the universal complaint of the shallow inflated rhetoricians of the professedly religious world against original genius and apostolic simplicity, the complaint of the babblers of Ephesus against S. John, the protest of all scholastic and pedantic systems against the freeness and the breadth of a Greater than John or Isaiah. Such divine utterances have always appeared defective, and unimpassioned, and indefinite, in the ears of those who crave for wilder excitement and more elaborate systems, but have no less found, for that very reason, a sure response in the childlike, genuine, natural soul of every age.

Jewish Church, Lect. XXXVII.

JEREMIAH.

In the midst of these adverse influences was a powerful group, the direct inheritors of the traditions of the reign of Josiah. Hilkiah, Shaphan, Maaseiah, and Huldah, indeed, were passed away; but their friends or children still remained; and the families especially of Shaphan and Maaseiah formed a compact society, united by the closest sympathy. The life of the whole

circle was the Prophet Jeremiah, bound up by various ties of kinship or friendship with almost all of them. Even if his father Hilkiah was not the High Priest of that name, yet his own Priestly descent must have brought them into close connection. His uncle Shallum was the husband of the Prophetess Huldah, and his friend Hanameel was his cousin, their son. His constant companion was Baruch, the grandson of Maaseiah, and his most powerful protectors, Ahikim and Gedaliah, were the son and grandson of Shaphan. Born in the priestly city of Anathoth, with the influence of these families round him, it might well be said that he was consecrated to his office even from his earliest days. His father had received his birth with a joy of which the remembrance was long preserved, and which strangely contrasted with the dark career of his after life. The faithful adherence of these companions through good report and evil, his constant appeals to them for help, the unexpected aid which, through their intervention, was brought to his rescue, bring out the fascination which he exercised over them, and the tender sympathy which they received from him, so as, more than any other of the ancient Prophets, to recall the great Apostle, who "had a thousand friends, and loved each as if he had a thousand souls, and died a thousand deaths when he parted from them."

But it might be said of Jeremiah, even more than of S. Paul, that in spite of these numerous friends, for the greater part of his mission he "had no man likeminded with him." From the first moment of his call he was alone, amidst a hostile world. The nation was against him. In the day when he uttered his lament over Josiah, he lost his last hope in the house of Judah. From that hour the charm of the royal line of David was broken; the institution which had of itself sustained the monarchy had lost its own vital power. The nobles were exasperated against him by his fearless rebukes of their oppression and luxury. Most of all, he was hated and cursed—the bitterest trial, in every time—by the two sacred orders to which he himself belonged. He was one of those rare instances in the Jewish history, in which Priest and

Prophet were combined, and by a singularly tragical fate he lived precisely at that age in which both of those great institutions seemed to have reached the utmost point of degradation and corruption; both, after the trials and vicissitudes of centuries, in the last extremity of the nation of which they were the chief supports, broke down and failed. Between the Priesthood and the Prophets there had hitherto been more or less of a conflict; but now that conflict was exchanged for a fatal union—"a wonderful and horrible thing was committed in the land; the Prophets prophesied falsely and the Priests bore rule by their means; and the people loved to have it so," and he who by each of his callings was naturally led to sympathize with both, was the doomed antagonist of both—victim of one of the strongest of human passions, the hatred of Priests against a Priest who attacks his own order, the hatred of Prophets against a Prophet who ventures to have a voice and a will of his own. His own village of Anathoth, occupied by members of the sacred tribe, was for him a nest of conspirators against his life. Of him, first in the Sacred history, was the saying literally fulfilled, "a Prophet hath no honour in his own birthplace."

Jewish Church, Lect. XL.

RECITATION OF BARUCH.

In this deep distress, one faithful friend is by his side, his Elisha, his Timotheus—Baruch, the son of Neriah. In their prison, or their hiding-place, he heard the rumours of the great events which filled the minds and thoughts of the whole people. It was then that the resolution was taken of committing to writing all the scattered prophecies of the last troubled years. Baruch was skilled in the art, and from Jeremiah's dictation, on a roll of parchment, divided into columns, with the ink and reed which, as a scribe, he always carried with him, he wrote down the impassioned warnings which Jeremiah had already spoken, which were intended,

like the newly-discovered Law in Josiah's reign, to warn the Kings and nobles to a sense of their danger. It was determined to seize the occasion of a public fast to make the hazardous experiment. On that day, a wintry day in December, Baruch appeared in the chamber of a friendly noble, Gemariah, the son of Shaphan, which was apparently over the new gateway already mentioned. There from the window or balcony of the chamber, or from the platform or pillar on which the Kings had stood on solemn occasions, he recited the long alternation of lament and invective to the vast congregation, assembled for the national fast. Micaiah, the son of his host, alarmed by what he heard, descended the Temple hill, and communicated it to the Princes who, as usual through these disturbed reigns, were seated in council in the palace, in the apartments of the chief secretary. One of them, Jehudi, the descendant of a noble house, acted apparently as an agent or spokesman of the rest, and was sent to summon Baruch to their presence. He sat down in the attitude of an Eastern teacher, and as he went on his recital struck terror into the hearts of his hearers. They saw his danger; they charged him and his master to conceal themselves, and deposited the sacred scroll in the chamber where they had heard it, whilst they announced to the fierce and lawless King its fearful contents. A third time it was recited—this time not by Baruch, but by the courtier Jehudi—to the King as he sat warming himself over the charcoal brazier, with his princes standing round him. Three or four columns exhausted the royal patience. He seized a knife, such as Eastern scribes wear for the sake of erasures, cut the parchment into strips, and threw it into the brazier till it was burnt to ashes. Those who had heard from their fathers of the effect produced on Josiah by the recital of the warnings of Deuteronomy might well be startled at the contrast. None of those well-known signs of astonishment and grief were seen; neither King nor attendants rent their clothes. It was an outrage long remembered. Baruch, in his hiding-place, was overwhelmed with despair at this failure of his mission. But Jeremiah had now ceased to waver. He bade

his timid disciple take up the pen, and record once more the terrible messages. The country was doomed. It was only individuals who could be saved. But the Divine oracle could not be destroyed in the destruction of its outward framework. It was the new form of the vision of the "Bush burning, but not consumed:" a sacred book, the form in which Divine truths were now first beginning to be known, burnt as sacred books have been burnt again and again, in the persecutions of the fourth or of the sixteenth century, yet multiplied by that very cause; springing from the flames to do their work, living in the voice and life of men, even when their outward letter seemed to be lost. "Then took Jeremiah another roll, and gave it to Baruch the scribe, the son of Neriah, who wrote therein from the mouth of Jeremiah all the words of the book which Jehoiakim, the King of Judah, had burned in the fire, and there were added besides unto them many like words." In this record of the Prophet's feeling, thus emphasised by his own repetition, is contained the germ of the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," the inexhaustible vitality of the written word. This is the first recorded instance of the formation of a Canonical Book, and of the special purpose of its formation. "The Book" now, as often afterwards, was to be the death-blow of the old regal, aristocratic, sacerdotal exclusiveness, as represented in Jehoiakim. The "Scribe," now first rising into importance in the person of Baruch, to supply the defects of the living Prophet, was as the printing-press, in far later ages, supplying the defects of both Prophet and Scribe, and handing on the words of truth which else might have irretrievably perished.

Jewish Church, Lect. XL.

THE SECOND ISAIAH.

One other voice begins to make itself heard as Ezekiel's words die away—a "voice" rather than a living man—the last swan-like song of the Prophets of the monarchy—a voice

sounding in the barren wilderness between the Captivity and the Return, between Babylon and Jerusalem. It is that wonderful strain which by likeness of thought and language, seems a continuation of the great Isaiah, by its connection with the sufferings and the fall of the nation links itself to the fortunes of Jeremiah or of Baruch, and by its mysterious origin and independent character well claims the title of the "Great Unnamed."

Those six-and-twenty chapters of the Book of Isaiah—the most deeply-inspired, the most truly Evangelical of any portion of the Prophetical writings, whatever be their date, and whoever their author—take their stand on the times of the Captivity, and from thence look forward from the summit of the last ridge of the Jewish history into the remotest future, unbroken now by any intervening barrier.

> Both worlds at once they view,
> Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

The "warfare of Jerusalem is already accomplished." "She has received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." "The princes of the sanctuary are profaned." "The holy land is waste and desolate." "Zion is forsaken and forgotten." "The holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a desolation, Jerusalem is a desolation." "The holy and beautiful house wherein their fathers had worshipped is burned up with fire, and all their pleasant things are laid waste." This is the retrospect to which the Prophet looks back. The times not only of Manasseh but of Jehoiachin and Zedekiah are far behind him. The exiles to whom he appeals are already planted in Babylon; to them, and not to any former generation of Israelites, is the consolation addressed, which streams in one continuous flow, uninterrupted by the multiplied incidents which, on the right hand and the left, had broken the course of the earlier Prophetic appeals. From this bondage of the Captivity a new Exodus is to begin for the Chosen People—a new return through the wilderness. But this revival of Isaiah's spirit, this new epoch for Israel, coincides with a new epoch in the history of the

world. The primæval period of mankind is drawing to its close; the ancient gigantic monarchies and religions, known to us only through their mighty conquerors, or their vast monuments, are, as we have seen, passing away; the great catastrophe which is to wind up their long career, the fall of Babylon, is already imminent. And in the place of this giant age is to begin that second period of history, which we term Classical. Its commencement may be fixed almost to a year. It is with the clearest right that the first date of the "Fasti Hellenici," the Grecian annals of our English chronologer, is fixed in the year 560. It is the date of the accession of the two famous potentates in Greece and amongst the Grecian colonists, from whose reign commences our distinct knowledge of Grecian life and literature: Pisistratus at Athens, Crœsus at Sardis. It is the date which coincides with the appearance of the first authentic characters of Roman history in the reign of the Tarquins. From this time forward that Western world of Greece and Rome rises more and more steadily above the horizon, till it occupies the whole view. It was a true insight into the inmost heart of this vast movement, which caused the Prophet to see in it not merely the blessing of his own people, but the union of the distant isles of the Western Sea with the religion hitherto confined to the uplands of Asia. And, further, in the East itself, the time was come, when from beyond the northern mountains the power was to descend which should accomplish this vast catastrophe. To that power—not merely to the quarter of the world, or to the nation, or to the hour, but to the man, did the Prophetic indications of this period point, with a significance worthy of the grandeur of the occasion. One such had arisen—in that same great year, the year 560, just twenty years after the Jewish exile had begun—Koresh or Cyrus, the Persian. On him the expectation of the nations was fixed. Concerning him the question rose whether he would, like the chiefs and princes of former times, be a mere transient conqueror? or would he indeed be the deliverer who should inaugurate the fall of the old and the rise of the new world?

Out of the darkness of suspense came the welcome answer which marked him out as the One Anointed Hero—alike of the Chosen People and of all the nations of the then known world. Amply was that Prophetic intimation justified. To us looking back at the crisis from a distance which enables us to see the whole extent of the new era which he was to open, the fitness of Cyrus for the place which the Prophet assigns to him is full of meaning. The history of the civilised world was entering on an epoch, when the Semitic races were to make way for the Indo-Germanic or Aryan nations, which were thenceforth to sway the fortunes of mankind. With those nations Cyrus, first of Asiatic potentates, was to be brought into close relation. With Greece henceforward the destinies of the Persian monarchy would be inseparably united. Nay, of all the nations of Central Asia, Persia alone was of the same stock as the Greco-Roman and Germanic world. Cyrus, first of the great men whom Scripture records, spoke the tongue not of Palestine or Assyria, but of the races of the West. First, too, of the ancient conquerors, Cyrus is known to us as other than a mere despot and destroyer. It can hardly be without ground that he who, by the Hebrew Prophet, was hailed not merely as a liberator and benefactor of Israel, but as an inaugurator of a reign of Righteousness and Truth, should, in Grecian literature, alone of the barbarian kings, have been represented as the type of a just and gentle Prince. In contact also with Cyrus the Israelite found, for the first time in the heathen world, not a temptation to idolatry, but a protection of that belief in the Unity of God, which now as never before began to take hold of the national mind. Of all the Gentile forms of faith, the religion of the Persians was the most simple and the most spiritual. Their abhorrence of idols[1] was pushed almost to fanaticism. In Egypt, the scattered statues and broken temples still bear witness to the furious zeal of Cambyses. In Greece, the approach of Xerxes to Delphi was the invasion not merely of a hostile army, but of a band of terrible icono-

[1] "They have no images of the gods, no temples, no altars, and consider the use of them a sign of folly."—Herodotus, i. 131. Comp. Rawlinson's *Herodotus*, vol. i. Essay 5.

clasts. And so the advent of Cyrus was now hailed by the Prophet as the doom of the gigantic idols of Babylon, which should totter and fall before his approach.

Such was the outward framework of the prospect which opened before the Prophet's mind. The prospect itself was vaster and wider still. It is the same as that of Ezekiel, but cleared almost entirely from that material imagery of priestly ritual and stately sanctuary, of fierce war and sweeping conquest, with which Ezekiel's visions were so deeply tinged. It expands into the pure and bright anticipations of a reign of Love and Justice, which needs hardly any outward figure to represent it. In the past, not the regal magnificence of David and Solomon, but the patriarchal simplicity of Abraham and the grand Prophetic march of Moses, furnish the grounds of hope. In the foreground of the future stands not the Ruler, or Conqueror, but the "*Servant*" of God, gentle, purified, suffering—whether it be Cyrus whom He had anointed; or Jacob whom He had chosen, His people with whom after all their affliction He was well pleased; or Jeremiah and the Prophetic order, the victim of their country's sins, led as a lamb to the slaughter; or One, more sorrowful, more triumphant, more human, more divine, than any of these, the last and true fulfilment of the most spiritual hopes and the highest aspirations of the Chosen People. In the remoter horizon is the vision of a gradual amelioration of the whole human race, to be accomplished not solely or chiefly by the seed of Israel, but by those outlying nations which were but just beginning to take their place in the world's history. In the strains of triumph which welcome the influx of these Gentile strangers, we recognize the prelude of the part which in the coming fortunes of the Jewish Church is to be played not only by Cyrus, and, if so be, Zoroaster, but by Socrates and Plato, by Alexander and by Cæsar. It has been truly observed that the true elements which Christendom received from the Greek, the Roman, and the Teutonic world were almost as important as those which it received from the Jewish race. Its European, as distinguished from its Asiatic features, form one of the main

characteristics which raise it both above Judaism and Mahometanism. To have recognised and anticipated this truth is the rare privilege of the Evangelical Prophet.

This is the dawn of a new epoch of Jewish and of universal history; full of misgivings and doubts, such as have beset every great revolution in human opinions and institutions. But in the chill of that new dawn, amidst the perplexities of that untried situation, amidst the ruins of those ancient empires, in the eager expectation of those unknown changes —the first words which break the silence, and of which the strains echo through the whole of the next period of the history, and through its endless consequences, are those of the mighty and mysterious Teacher, Prophet and Psalmist both in one: the keynote alike of the revived, transformed Israel, and of the rising world of Asia and Europe, and of the Christendom of a still remoter future :—

Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people.

The comfort is of that enduring kind which is as solid now as when it was first uttered. It is the expectation of constant, though unequal, progress towards perfection; the disappearance of present difficulties before the increasing light and energy of the fresh generations of mankind; the confidence that this continued advance is the cause of God Himself.

The voice of one that crieth in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of the LORD;
Make straight in the desert a highway for our GOD . . .
Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain shall be made low;
And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain : . . .
They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength;
They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
They shall run, and not be weary;
They shall walk, and not faint.

Jewish Church, Lect. XL.

FOUNDATION OF THE SECOND TEMPLE.

In the seventh month of the second year from their Return the foundation of the new Temple was laid. So important seemed to be the step thus gained that the day was celebrated with the first display of the old pomp on which they had yet ventured. The priests blew once more their silver trumpets; the sons of Asaph once more clashed their brazen cymbals. Many of the Psalms which fill the Psalter with joyous strains were doubtless sung or composed on this occasion. One strain especially rang above all—that which runs through the 106th, 107th, 118th, and the 136th Psalms: "O give thanks unto the Eternal; for He is good, and His mercy endureth for ever."

Loud and long were the shouts of the multitude. It was not, indeed, a day of unmingled joy, for amongst the crowd there stood some aged men, who had lived through the great catastrophe of the Captivity; who, in their youth, had seen the magnificent structure of Solomon standing in its unbroken stateliness; and when they compared with that vanished splendour these scanty beginnings they could not refrain from bursting forth into a loud wail of sorrow at the sad contrast. The two strains of feeling from the older and younger generation mingled together in a rivalry of emotion, but the evil omen of the lamentation was drowned in the cry of exultation: and those who stood on the outskirts of the solemnity caught only the impression of the mighty shout that rang afar off—far off, as it seemed, even to the valleys of Samaria.

That mixed expression, however overborne for the moment, well coincided with the actual condition of the Jewish community. It is one of the instructive and pathetic characteristics of this period that we have come down from the great days of the primitive triumph of grand ideas, or the exploits of single heroes, to the complex, pedestrian, motley struggles (if one may so speak) of modern life.

The country was unsettled—robber hordes roved through it—the harvest and the vintage were uncertain. And, yet further, now began the first renewal of that jealousy between

the north and south of Palestine, which for a time had been subdued in the common sense of misfortune; and the feud between Jew and Samaritan, which, under various forms, continued till the close of this period—a jealousy which, if it represents the more tenacious grasp of a purer faith, indicates also the more exclusive and sectarian spirit now shrinking closer and closer into itself.

It is the story again and again repeated in modern times: first, the natural desire of an estranged population—heretical and schismatical as they might be—to partake in a glorious national work; then the rude refusal to admit their co-operation; then the fierce recrimination of the excluded party and the determination to frustrate the good work in which they cannot share. The Protestants of the sixteenth, the Puritans of the seventeenth century may see their demands in the innocent, laudable request of the northern settlers: "Let us build with you, for we seek your God as ye do." The stiff retort of the Church, whether in Italy or England, may fortify itself by the response of the "chief of the fathers of Israel:" "Ye have nothing to do with us to build an house unto our God; but we ourselves together will build unto the God of Israel." Each alike appeals for historic precedent and sanction to the Imperial Government which gave them their position —the one to "Esar-haddon, king of Assyria," the other to "Cyrus, king of Persia," Constantine or Charlemagne, Elizabeth or Cromwell. Each alike continues its appeal before that power, forecasting, even to the letter, the litigations by which Greek, Latin, and Armenian invoke the aid of the Sublime Porte in their disputes over the Holy Places on the very same soil. Each alike, and all their successors, deserve the rebuke which had been anticipated by the Great Prophet of the Captivity, when in his ideal glorification of Jerusalem he described that its walls should be built, not by its own children, but by the sons of strangers, and that its gates should not be rigidly closed, but should be open continually, and be shut neither day nor night.

Jewish Church, Lect. XLIII.

EZRA THE SCRIBE.

THERE is an almost contemporary representation of Ezra which at once places before us his true historical position. It was on the occasion of the great celebration of the Feast of the Tabernacles. The whole people were assembled—not the men only, but the women issuing from their Eastern seclusion; not the old only, but all whose dawning intelligence enabled them to understand at all, were gathered on one of the usual gathering-places outside the city walls. On the summit of the slope of the hill (as the *Bema* rose on the highest tier of the Athenian Pnyx) was raised a huge wooden tower on which stood Ezra with a band of disciples round him. There, on that September morning, just as the sun was rising above Mount Olivet, he unrolled before the eyes of the expectant multitude the huge scroll of the Law, which he had doubtless brought with him from Chaldæa. At that moment the whole multitude rose from the crouching postures in which they were seated, after the manner of the East, over the whole of the open platform. They stood on their feet, and he at the same instant blessed "the Eternal, the great God." Thousands of hands were lifted up from the crowd, in the attitude of prayer, with the loud reverberated cry of *Amen:* and again hands and heads sank down and the whole people lay prostrate on the rocky ground. It was then the early dawn. From that hour the assembly remained in fixed attention till the midday heat dispersed them. The instruction was carried on partly by reading the sacred book, partly by explaining it. Sometimes it was Ezra himself who poured forth a long, passionate summary of their history, sometimes it was the Levites who addressed the people in prayer.

We feel that in this scene a new element of religion has entered on the stage. The Temple has retired for the moment into the background. There is something which stirs the national sentiment yet more deeply, and which is the object of still more profound veneration. It is "the Law." However we explain the gradual growth of the Pentateuch, however we

account for the ignorance of its contents, for the inattention to its precepts, this is the first distinct introduction of the Mosaic law as the rule of the Jewish community. That lofty platform on which Ezra stood might be fitly called "the Seat of Moses." It is from this time that the Jewish nation became one of those whom Mohammed calls "the people of a book." It was but one book amongst the many which Nehemiah had collected, but it was the kernel round which the others grew with an ever-multiplying increase. The Bible, and the reading of the Bible as an instrument of instruction, may be said to have been begun on the sunrise of that day when Ezra unrolled the parchment scroll of the Law. It was a new thought that the Divine Will could be communicated by a dead literature as well as by a living voice. In the impassioned welcome with which this thought was received lay the germs of all the good and evil which were afterwards to be developed out of it: on the one side, the possibility of appeal in each successive age to the primitive, undying document that should rectify the fluctuations of false tradition and fleeting opinion; on the other hand, the temptation to pay to the letters of the sacred book a worship as idolatrous and as profoundly opposed to its spirit as once had been the veneration paid to the sacred trees or the sacred stones of the consecrated groves or hills.

Jewish Church, Lect. XLIV.

SIMON THE JUST.

AMIDST these intrigues and adventures there rises one stately figure, the High Priest,[1] Simon the Just, towering above all who came before him and all who came after him in that

[1] There are two High Priests in this period, both Simons and both sons of Onias. It is a question which of the two was Simon the Just and which of the two was the Simon described in Ecclesiasticus. Derenbourg has conclusively established (47–51) that the Simon of Ecclesiasticus was Simon the Just, and that this Simon was Simon II. That Josephus, who identifies Simon the Just with Simon I., should have been mistaken is no more surprising than his like error in confounding Ahasuerus with Artaxerxes, or transferring Sanballat from the time of Nehemiah to the time of Alexander.

office, from the time of Zerubbabel to the time of the Maccabees. According to one legend it was he who encountered Alexander the Great. According to another he was the last survivor of the members of the Great Synagogue. According to another it was he who warned Ptolemy Philopator—the one exception to the friendly character of the Ptolemæan princes—not to enter the Temple. The expression of his intention had thrown (so it was said) the whole city into consternation. From the densely packed multitude there went up a cry so piercing that it would have seemed as if the very walls and foundations of the city shared in it. In the midst of the tumult was heard the prayer of Simon, invoking the All-seeing God. And then, like a reed broken by the wind, the Egyptian King fell on the pavement[1] and was carried out by his guards.

All the traditions combine in representing Simon as closing the better days of Judaism. Down to his time it was always the right hand of the High Priest that drew the lot of the consecrated goat: after his time the left and right wavered and varied. Down to his time the red thread round the neck of the scapegoat turned white, as a sign that the sins of the people were forgiven: afterwards its change was quite uncertain. The candlestick at the entrance of the Temple burned in his time without fail: afterwards it often went out. Two faggots a day sufficed to keep the flame on the altar alive in his time: afterwards piles of wood were insufficient. In his last year he was said to have foretold his death, from the omen that whereas on all former occasions he was accompanied into the Holy of Holies on the Day of Atonement to the entrance only by an old man clothed in white from head to foot, in that year his companion was attired in black, and followed him as he went in and came out. These were the forms in which the later Jewish belief expressed the sentiment of his transcendent worth, and of the manifold changes which were to follow him. But the more authentic indications convey the same impression.

[1] 3 Macc. i. 28, 29; ii. 1, 21, 24. Comp. 2 Macc. iii. 25. An exactly similar story was related to me by the Imam of the Mosque of Hebron of another Egyptian potentate — Ibrahim Pacha — who was struck down in like manner on attempting to enter the shrine of Isaac.

The very title of "the Just" expressed the feeling, as always, that he stood alone in an untoward age. The description which has come down to us by his contemporaries, in whose judgment he worthily closed the long succession of ancient heroes, is that of a venerable personage, who belonged to a nobler age and would be seen again no more. They remembered his splendid appearance when he came out from behind the sacred curtain of the Holy of Holies into the midst of the people as they crowded the Temple on the Great Fast-day. It was like the morning star bursting from a cloud, or the moon in her fulness. It was like the sunlight striking the golden pinnacles of the Temple, or the rainbow in the stormy cloud. It was as the freshly blown rose, or the lilies clustering by the stream, the olive laden with fruit, or the fir-tree reaching to the sky, with the fragrance as of frankincense, with the refinement as of a golden vessel set with gems. Every gesture was followed with admiration. To the gorgeous robes of his office he gave additional grace by the way he wore them. When he stood among the priests he towered above them like a cedar in a grove of palms. When he poured out the libations or offered the offerings, the blast of the silver trumpets, the loud shout of the people, the harmony of the various voices, the profound prostrations, were all in keeping, and his final benediction was an event in the memory of those who had received it.

On the material fabric of the city and Temple he left his permanent traces in the repairs and fortification and elevation of the walls, in its double cloister, and the brazen plates with which he encased the huge laver of ablutions. The respect which he won from Antiochus the Great procured from him the timber and stone for the work. The precept which survived of his teaching was: "There are three foundations of the world —the Law, the Worship" (and herein consisted his peculiar teaching), "and Benevolence." In accordance with this gentle humanity is the one anecdote handed down of his private thoughts. "I never," he said, "could endure to receive the monastic dedication of the Nazarites. Yet once I made an exception. There came a youth from the south to consecrate

himself. I looked at him—his eyes were beautiful, his air magnificent, his long hair fell clustering in rich curls over his face. 'Why,' I asked him, 'must you shave off these splendid locks?' 'I was a shepherd of my father's flocks,' he replied, 'in my native village. One day, drawing water at the well, I saw with undue complacency my reflection in the water. I should have given way to a wicked inclination and have been lost. I said: "Wicked one, wilt thou be proud of that which does not belong to thee, who art but worms and dust? O God, I will cut off these curls for the honour of heaven."' Then," said Simon, "I embraced his head and exclaimed: 'Would that there were many such Nazarites in Israel!'"

Jewish Church, Lect. XLVII.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

EACH of the five sons succeeded in turn to the chieftainship of the Asmonean family, and each had a separate surname to distinguish him from the many who bore the like names amongst the Jewish people. The eldest, John, was "the Holy" or "the Lucky;" the second, Simon, was "the Burst of Spring," or "the Jewel;" the fourth, Eleazar,[1] was "the Beast-sticker;" the fifth, Jonathan, was "the Cunning." But of all these surnames, whether given in their lifetimes or afterwards from their exploits, the only one which has survived to later times and covered the whole clan with glory, is that of the third brother Judas, who, like Charles "the Martel" of the Moors, and Edward the "Malleus Scotorum," received the name of the "Hammer," *Maccab*[2]—possibly connected with the name

[1] One tradition represented the origin of the insurrection to have been an outrage on Eleazar's wife, Hannah, the beautiful daughter of John. On their wedding-day, the seventeenth of the month Elul, she was seized by a Syrian officer. The bridegroom killed him on the spot (Raphall, i. 241). May it not have been from this that Eleazar's surname was first derived?

[2] This derivation of *Maccabi* is the one adopted by Ewald, Herzfeld, and Hitzig. Another, which rests on no authority, is that it is formed from the initials of the Hebrew words, *Who is like unto thee, Jehovah?* Another is that of Dr. Curtiss (Leipsic), to the effect that the original spelling of the word is *Machabee*, as in Jerome (*Prolog. Galeat*, p. xxviii.), and that, if so, it is derived from *chabah*, "to extinguish," and that it was applied to Judas as "the extinguisher" of the Pagan worship.

of the ancestor of the family *Asmon*—possibly also commemorated in the original Hebrew name of the book which described his fame—"The Avenging Rod of the Prince of the Sons of God."

He it was whom Mattathias in his last moments recommended as the military leader—"as mighty and strong from his youth up. Let him be your captain and fight the battle of the people." At once he took the vacant place. At once he became the Jewish ideal of "The Happy Warrior." There was "a cheerfulness" diffused through the whole army when he appeared. His countrymen delighted to remember the stately appearance, as of an ancient giant, when he fastened on his breastplate, or tightened his military sash around him, or waved his protecting sword—a sword itself renowned both in history and legend—over the camp of his faithful followers. They listened with delight for the loud cheer, the roar as of a young lion—the race not yet extinct in the Jordan valley—with which he scented out the Israelite renegades, chasing them into their recesses, and smoking or burning them out. They exulted in his victory over the three, "the many," kings. But the lasting honour which they pathetically regarded as the climax of all was that with a true chivalry "he received such as were ready to perish."

Three decisive victories in the first two years of the campaign secured his fame and his success. The first was against the Syrian general Apollonius, apparently near Samaria. The trophy which Judas retained of the battle was the sword of the distinguished general, which he carried, as David did that of the Philistine giant, to the end of his life. The second was in the mountains near his native place, and on the spot already ennobled by the overthrow of the Canaanite kings by Joshua in the Pass of Bethhoron.

The third and most decisive struggle brings before us in a lively form the various elements of the war. The king was absent on an expedition into Persia, but no less than three generals, Ptolemy, Nicanor, and Gorgias, are mentioned by name under Lysias, the Governor of the whole Syrian province,

and the young Antiochus, the heir of the throne. Their head-quarters were at Emmaus, "the hot baths" in the Philistine plain; and the interest of the merchants in the seaport towns of Philistia was engaged by the hope of the sale of the Israelite insurgents for slaves. In this crisis Judas led his scanty host over the mountains to the ridge of Mizpeh, the spot where Alexander had met Jaddua, where, after the Chaldæan capture of Jerusalem, the pilgrims had come to wail over the holy city. It was a mournful scene. They could see from that high, rocky platform the deserted streets, the walls and gates closed as if of a besieged town, the silent precincts of the Temple, the Greek garrison in the fortress. Before that distant presence of the holy place, to which they could gain no nearer access, the mourners come wrapt in tatters of black hair-cloth, with ashes on their heads. They spread out the copies of the Law, on which the Greeks had painted in mockery the pictures of heathen deities. They waved the sacerdotal vestments, for which there was now no use. They showed the animals and the vegetables due for firstfruits and tithes. They passed in long procession the Nazarites with their flowing tresses, who were unable to dedicate themselves in the sanctuary. And at the close of this sorrowful ceremony there was a blast of trumpets, and the army was sifted of its timid or pre-engaged members. To the gallant remainder Judas addressed his stirring harangue. He reminded them of their ancient and their recent deliverances amongst those same hills and vales—in ancient days of the overthrow of Sennacherib—in recent days of the battle in which the comparative prowess of the Israelite and the Macedonian troops was tested by an encounter with the Celtic invaders of Asia, in which the Jews turned the fortunes of the day when the Greeks fled. The army was placed in four parts under himself and his three brothers Simon, John, and Jonathan, whilst the fifth, Eleazar, was commissioned to recite "the Holy Book" and to proclaim his own name as the watchword—Eleazar, "the help of God." After these preparations, Judas descended from the hills by night, and, leaving his

empty camp as a prey to Gorgias, the commander of the garrison at Jerusalem, suddenly attacked the forces of Nicanor at Emmaus. Once more was heard the well-known trumpet-blast of the Israelite host, and a complete rout followed. Nothing could stand the enthusiastic ardour of the insurgents, slightly armed as they were. It was a Friday afternoon, and Judas gave the command to halt from pursuing the flying enemy. From the ridge of the mountain which overlooked the plain, the Grecian army saw the columns of smoke rising from the plains, which announced that their countrymen's camp had been stormed. The Sabbath, on whose eve the battle closed, had now set in; and as the gorgeous spoils of gold, and silver, and blue silk, and Tyrian purple were spread out, they sang the hundred and thirty-sixth Psalm—the national anthem, it may be called, of the Jewish race, which enumerates the examples of the never-ending goodness of God. It would hardly have been in keeping with the national character if this day had passed without some terrible vengeance. One of the subordinate officers was caught and slain. Callisthenes, who had set fire to the gateways of the Temple, they forced into a village hut and there burned him alive.

Yet another victory was needed to secure their entrance into Jerusalem. It was won in the course of the next year over Lysias himself, in the immediate vicinity of the capital, at Beth-zur—"the House of the Rock"—a fort which commanded the Idumæan border, possibly represented by the lonely tower which now overhangs the stony passes on the way to Hebron. From that moment they were masters of Jerusalem.

Jewish Church, Lect. XLVIII.

THE ESSENES, AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.

We first turn to the neighbourhood of the capital. It is one of the peculiarities of the Herodian age that the valley of the Jordan then leaped into vast prominence. The palaces, the

baths, the racecourses, of the forests and gardens of Jericho became the resort of the fashionable world of that time. But side by side with these sprang up, as in gipsy encampments, a host of ascetics. In those wild jungles, or in the maze of verdure which clings to the spring of Engedi, and clusters on the little platform by the shores of the Dead Sea, screened from the upper world behind the rocky barrier of the crags which overhang that mysterious lake, swarmed the Essenian hermits. It is true that in every town in Palestine some of them were to be found. They were not entirely separated from the movement of the capital. There was a gate in the city which bore their name as if from their frequenting it. More than once we hear of their appearances in the Temple. Menahem, the Essene, in his playful manner, had foretold Herod's greatness when yet an innocent child, and, remaining faithful to him in his later years, was raised by him to the second place in the Sanhedrin, in the room of Shammai, next to the illustrious Hillel. But, as in Egypt their chief haunt was by the shores of the Lake Mareotis, so in Judæa their main home was the insulated oasis beneath the haunts of the wild goats. Their form of religion, in many respects, was merely Pharisaism in excess. Their chief rites were Pharisaic ordinances raised to a higher level. The common meals, which the Pharisees established in imitation of the solemn banquets of the Priests after the Temple sacrifices, were elevated by the Essenians to be an essential part of their worship. But, whereas the Pharisees, though not Priests, yet often frequented the Temple ceremonies, the Essenians, in their isolation, were constrained to invent a ritual for themselves—a ritual so simple that it almost escaped observation at the time, yet so expressive that its near likeness has, in altered forms, not only survived the magnificent worship of Jerusalem, but become the centre of ceremonials yet more gorgeous. For the first time, the common meal without a sacrifice, became a religious ordinance, in which the loaves of bread were arranged by the baker, and the blessing asked and the repast transacted with such solemnity that their little

dining-halls seemed for the moment to be transformed into the appearance of a consecrated enclosure.

"The Pharisees," said their Sadducaic rivals, "want to clean the face of the sun." And so to the Essenes cleanliness was not only next to godliness, but, as regards worship, we may almost say that it was godliness. The badges of initiation were the apron or towel for wiping themselves after the bath, the hatchet for digging holes to put away filth. Some Churches in later days have insisted on the absolute necessity of immersion once in a life. But not only did the Essenes go through the bath on their first admission, but day by day the same cleansing process was undergone; day by day it was held unlawful even to name the name of God without the preliminary baptism; day by day fresh white clothes were put on; day by day, after the slightest occasion, they bathed again. Down to the minutest points cleanliness was the one sacramental sign. The primitive Christians had their daily Communion; the Essenes had their daily Baptism. In the deep bed of the neighbouring Jordan, in the warm springs and the crystal streams of Engedi, in the rivulets and the tanks of Jericho, they had ample opportunities for this purification which in the dry hills and streets of Jerusalem they would have lacked.

When from these outward signs of the society we descend to its inner life, the difficulty of tracing its affinities is increased. In this respect "the Essene is the great enigma of Hebrew history." On the one hand, it is no wonder that the solution of the enigma should have been sought in the conclusion that the early Christians concerning whom the Jewish historian is strangely silent, and the Essenes concerning whom the Evangelists are no less strangely silent, were one and the same. The community of property, the abstinence from oaths, the repugnance to sacrificial ordinances, the purity of life, which enkindled the admiration alike of the prosaic Josephus and the poetic Philo, have one, and one only counterpart, in the coming generation. On the other hand, their rigid Sabbatarianism, their monastic celibacy, their seclusion from social

life, their worship of the rising sun, point to influences wholly unlike those which guided the first growth of the Christian society. But thus much seems clear. A community whose observances, if exaggerated, were so simple, and whose moral standard, if eccentric, was so elevated, must have drawn to the outskirts of their body individuals, even classes of men that would not have been numbered amongst them. Sometimes it will be a Hermit who attaches to his side for three years the future historian and soldier of the age; dressed in a matting of palm leaves or the like, eating whatever fruits he picked up in the woods; like them a constant bather both by night and day. At another time it will be a young Priest, who shall look like one possessed by a ghost or demon, who from his boyhood has lived in these wild thickets, seated in his hut or amidst the waving canes of the Jordan; with his shaggy locks loose-flowing round his head (if his Nazarite vow had been duly performed); like the dervishes of modern days, clothed only in a rough blanket of camel's hair fastened round his bare limbs with a girdle of skin; who shall undertake to be the universal Bather or Baptizer of the district; who shall catch for that purifying plunge the tax collectors from Jericho, and the learned Scribes or Levites travelling thither from Jerusalem, or the soldiers marching down the Jordan valley, as once with Pompey before, to some skirmish with the Nabathæan Arabs. In the spots chosen for his haunts, in his scanty fare, in his frequent abstinence, in his long-sustained ejaculations of prayer, in his insistence on personal ablution, Johanan, or John, the son of Zechariah, is closely allied with the Essenian fraternity. Yet, on the other hand, his career breathed the spirit not of the Essenian seers, but of the prophetic force of older days, which seemed to show that Elijah had started again into life, or that Jeremiah, who had visited Judas Maccabæus in his dreams, was once more on the soil of his beloved Palestine, or that the voice which announced the return of the Exiles was once more sounding in the solitudes of the Jordan. The grandeur of his mission lay in the keen discernment with which he seized hold of the one ordinance

which had, as it were, been engendered by the full-flowing stream of the "Descending river," to bring before his countrymen the truth, ever old, yet ever new, that the cleanness, the whiteness of the human heart is the only fitting preparation for the Divine presence. He took advantage of that leap into the river or the reservoir to call upon one and all to spring into a new life, to wash off the stains upon their honour and their consciences, which choked up the pores of their moral texture and impeded the influx of the new truths with which the air around them was shortly to be impregnated. He proclaimed the one indispensable condition of all spiritual religion, that the regeneration of the human spirit was to be accomplished, not by ceremonies or opinions, not by succession or descent, but by moral uprightness. The substitution of the wholesome, invigorating, simple process of the bath, in which the head and body and limbs should be submerged in the rushing river, for the sanguinary, costly gifts of the sacrificial slaughter-house, was a living representation in a single act of the whole prophetic teaching of the supremacy of Duty. This startling note of the universal need for the creation of a new morality, for a "transformation of the mind," struck a chord which had not vibrated clearly since the days of Malachi. And of this the nearest contemporary likeness was in the Essenian maxim, "The approach to Duty is as a battle-field," and in the three Essenian virtues, "Love of God, love of goodness, and love of man." Wherever any souls were penetrated with the sense of this truth, as the paramount definition of their religious calling, there a vast stride was made beyond the actual religions of the ancient world, and towards the ideal of all of them.

Jewish Church, Lect. L.

THE PRIESTHOOD UNDER HEROD.

We turn first to the Capital and to the Temple. On that splendid theatre it was still the ancient actors that seemed to walk. It is true that the succession of the High Priesthood, which the Asmonean family had broken, was never repaired. The obscure Hananel from Babylon, the still obscurer Jesus or Joshua the son of Phabi, and finally the two sons of Boethus from Alexandria, were the nominees of Herod for the vacant office. But the sacred functions went on undisturbed through the revolutions which had overturned the order of those who performed them. Every morning before the break of day the captain or chief officer of the Temple guard opened the door of the court, where the priests "in residence" for the week had slept for the night, and the procession of ten passed round the court in white robes and bare feet to kill the morning sacrifice. As the first rays of the rising sun struck upon the golden lamp above the porch, the trumpets sounded; and those of the priests who had drawn the lot entered the Temple for the offering of incense. That was the moment, if any, for any preternatural visitation to the priests. Then they came out, and, having slain the lamb on the altar, they pronounced the benediction, the only relic of the sacerdotal office which has continued in the Jewish Church to our own time. On greater days the solemnities were increased, but the general plan was the same; and it was this worship, with its sacrificial shambles and its minute mechanism, that furnished the chief material for the theological discussions and ecclesiastical regulations of the Jewish Church of that period. The High Priest was still to be kept from falling asleep on the eve of the great fast, by pinching him and by reading to him what were thought the most appropriate parts of the Bible—Job, Ezra, the Chronicles, and Daniel. Five times over in the course of that day had he to take off and put on his eight articles of pontifical dress, and on each occasion, behind a curtain put up for that purpose between him and the people, he plunged into the great swimming-

bath or pool, which, if he was old and infirm, was heated for him. He then dressed himself in his gilded garments—goat's-hair gilt—to penetrate into the innermost sanctuary and sprinkle the blood, like holy water, round the pavement, eight times, checking his movements, like the officer who laid on the stripes of an offender, by numbering them. When he came out he was thrice to utter the benediction, when all were hushed in deep stillness to catch the awful Name—which then only in each year of an Israelite's life could be heard—pronounced in that silence so distinctly that, in the exaggerated Rabbinical traditions, its sound was believed to reach as far as Jericho. On the night of that same day the young maidens, dressed in white, went out and danced in the vineyards near the city, and the young men came and chose their brides. On all the nights of the ensuing festival the trained devotees, like the dervishes of Constantinople, whirled round the Temple court in their mystic dance, brandishing their torches, whilst the Levites and priests stood on the fifteen steps singing the Psalms of Degrees, and blowing with all their might the sacred horns. It was this, combined with the festoons and bowers erected throughout the courts, which gave to the Greeks the impression that the Jews, like themselves, had a Dionysiac festival.

The ceremony of the scapegoat still continued, though it had all the appearance of a ritual in its last stage of decadence. The terrified creature was conveyed from the Temple to Olivet on a raised bridge, to avoid the jeers of the irreverent pilgrims of Alexandria—who used to pluck the poor animal's long flakes of hair with the rude cries of "Get along and away with you!" Then he was handed on from keeper to keeper by short stages over hill and valley. At each hut where he rested, an obsequious guide said to him, "Here is your food, here is your drink." The last in this strange succession led him to a precipice above the fortress of Dok, and hurled him down, and the signal was sent back to Jerusalem that the deed was accomplished, by the waving of handkerchiefs all along the rocky road.

Jewish Church, Lect. L.

THE PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES.

A PHENOMENON of the most fatal importance for the history of Palestine, and also of the most universal significance for the history of the coming Church, was the appearance of religious parties and of party-spirit under the name of Pharisee, Sadducee, and Essene, first appearing under Jonathan, developed under John Hyrcanus, leading to fierce civil war under Alexander Jannæus, and playing the chief part in the tremendous drama which marks the consummation of this period. Of the origin of the first of these three famous names there can be no doubt. The idea, which had never been altogether absent from the Jewish nation, and which its peculiar local situation had fortified and justified, of "a people dwelling alone;" which had taken new force and fire under the stern reforms of Ezra and Nehemiah; which sprang into preternatural vigour in the Maccabæan struggle, had now reached that point at which lofty aspirations petrify into hard dogmatic form, at which patriots become partisans and saints are turned into fanatics, and the holiest names are perverted into bywords and catchwords. There was one designation of this tendency which had preceded that of "Pharisee," in the time of Judas Maccabæus, and which already showed at once the strength and the weakness of the cause. It was that of the *Chasidim* or, as in the Greek translation, *Assideans*, "the Pious." It was they who furnished the nucleus of the insurgents under Mattathias; it was they whose obstinate foolhardiness vexed the great soul, whose narrow selfishness cost the life, of Judas. With him all notice of the party passes from sight, but to reappear under his descendants in the "Pharisee," or "Separatist"—the school or section of the nation, which sometimes seemed almost to absorb the nation itself, and which placed its whole pride and privilege in its isolation from intercourse with the Gentile world. The name of Pharisee, which has acquired so sinister a sound to modern Christian ears, has been bandied to and fro by various parties to describe the

characteristics of their opponents. Sometimes, as in the mouth of Milton, it has been applied "to the scarlet Prelates, insolent to maintain traditions." Sometimes, as with a playful critic amongst our modern poets, it has been applied to "our British Dissenters." In these contradictory comparisons there is a common element of truth in regard to the rigid separation from the outside world and the claims to superior sanctity, which have sometimes marked alike the pretensions of the hierarchy and of Puritanism. It may also be said that in their constant antagonism to the established priesthood and government of Palestine, the Pharisees, whilst "Conformists" to every particular of the law, were "Nonconformists" in their relation to the more moderate principles of the Asmonean dynasty. But these imperfect analogies fail to exhaust their position. They were more than a sect. They were emphatically the popular party, which had the ear of the Jewish public, whose statements won an easier hearing than was granted to any words that came from the lips of King or Priest. "They were the true children of the age. They were 'the religious world.'" It was a matter both of principle and policy to multiply the external signs by which they were distinguished from the Gentile world or from those of their own countrymen who approached towards it. They styled themselves "the sages" or "the associates." Tassels on their dress; scrolls and small leather boxes fastened on forehead, head, and neck, inscribed with texts of the law; long prayers offered as they stood in public places; rigorous abstinence; constant immersions; these were the sacramental badges by which they hedged themselves round. And in order to clothe these and all like peculiarities of practice and doctrine with a divine authority, there now entered into their teaching that strange fiction of which the first appearance is in the reign of John Hyrcanus—that all such modern peculiarities as had either silently grown up or been adopted for the defence of their system were part of an oral tradition which had been handed down from Moses to the Great Synagogue and thence to themselves. The maintenance of

this hypothesis—entirely without foundation, but produced as the basis alike of usages the most trivial, such as the minute regulations for observing the Sabbath and the mode of killing their food, or doctrines the most sublime, though not taught in the Pentateuch, such as the immortality of the soul—would be almost unaccountable, were it not that analogous fables have been adopted in the Christian Church, with almost as little evidence. It is hardly more surprising than the belief that all the systems of Church government, Episcopates, Patriarchates, Presbyterian Synods, or Congregational Unions, were part of the original scheme of the Founder of Christianity, and handed down either by oral traditions or by obscure intimations, and then, as in the case of the Roman Patriarchate, embodied at a later period in official documents. The growths of the two fictions illustrate each other. Each has borne on its back a medley of truth and falsehood, institutions good and bad, which have been alternately a gain and a loss to the religious systems based upon it. In each case the best wisdom is to face the intrinsic value or worthlessness of the conclusions, and not to invest the heterogeneous mixture with an equal importance such as it could only have if the ground on which it rests were as true as it is in each case palpably false.

The name of the second section into which the Jewish community was now divided is wrapped in doubt. There is a tradition that the name of "Sadducee" was derived from Zadok, a disciple of Antigonus of Socho. But the statement is not earlier than the seventh century after the Christian era, and the person seems too obscure to have originated so widespread a title. It has been also ingeniously conjectured that the name, as belonging to the whole priestly class, is derived from the famous High Priest of the time of Solomon. But of this there is no trace either in history or tradition. It is more probable that, as the Pharisees derived their name from the virtue of Isolation (*pharishah*) from the Gentile world on which they most prided themselves, so the Sadducees derived theirs from their own especial virtue of Righteousness (*zadikah*),

that is, the fulfilment of the law, with which, as its guardians and representatives of the law, they were specially concerned. The Sadducees—whatever be the derivation of the word—were less of a sect than of a class. It is probable that, if the Pharisees represented or were represented by the Scribes or Rabbis, the Sadducees were the official leaders of the nation, and that their strength was in the Priests, whose chief during this period had so often been the head of the State. They were satisfied with the Law, as it appeared in the written code, without adopting the oral tradition on which the Pharisees laid so much stress. They were contented with the reputation of being "just" (as their name implied)—that is to say, of fulfilling the necessary requirements of the law, without aspiring to the reputation of "sanctity;" that is, of increasing the minute distinctions between themselves and their Gentile neighbours. Their view of human conduct was that it was within the control of a man's own will, and was not overruled by the mere decrees of fate. Their view of the future existence was that, as in the Mosaic law, a veil was drawn across it, and that, according to the saying of Antigonus of Socho, men were not to be influenced by the hope of future reward and punishment.

Jewish Church, Lect. XLIX.

THE RISE OF CHRISTIANITY.

FULL of instruction as the previous stages of Jewish history may have been, they can never equal the interest of the events that shall fill the next seventy years. And those events are not the less attractive because they are overlooked alike by the Jewish and the Gentile historians, and are contained only in the impressive simplicity of fragmentary records which the authorities of the Jewish Church and of the Roman Empire disdain to mention. We do not venture to anticipate the coming time. But no account of the reign of Herod can be complete which

does not tell that the next generation delighted to recount how, within sight of his palace and sepulchre on the high, rocky platform of the Herodium, in the very year when his blood-stained career was drawing to an end, was silently born (to use no other terms than those which almost all, of every creed and nation, would acknowledge) the Last and Greatest Prophet of the Jewish Church, the First and Greatest Prophet of the races of the future.

The Roman statesmen, the Grecian philosophers, the Jewish rabbis looked for nothing beyond the immediate horizon; but the Sibylline mystics at Alexandria, the poets at Rome, the peasants in Syria, were wound up to the expectation of "some beginning of a new order of the ages," some hero "who from Palestine should govern the habitable world," some cause in which "the East should once more wax strong." [1]

Such an epoch was at hand, but unlike anything that either Greek or Jew of that time had conceived; a new hero, but unlike any character that in that age either Jew or Greek expected.

What was that new birth of time? What was to be the remedy for the superstition, infidelity, casuistry, ambition, impurity, misery of the age? Not a conqueror—not a philosopher—not a Pharisee—not a Sadducee—not a mere wonder-working magician—not an ascetic—not a vast hierarchical organisation—not a philosophical system or elaborate creed—but an innocent Child, an humble and inquiring Boy, a Man, "who knew what was in man;" full of sorrows, yet full also of enjoyment; gracious to the weak, stern to the insincere; "who went about doing good," and "who spake as never man spake"—a homely, social, yet solitary Being, in whose transcendent goodness and truthfulness there was revealed a new image of the Divine nature, a new idea of human destiny—a Teacher, apart from the generation from which He sprang, yet specially suited to the needs of that generation—a fulfilment of a longing expectation, yet a fulfilment in a sense the reverse of that which was expected—

[1] Virgil, *Eclog.* iv.; Tac. *Hist.* v. 13; Suet. *Vesp.* 4; Jos. *B. J.* vi. 5 1.

Israelite, Oriental by race, but Greek in the wide penetration of His sympathy, Roman in the majesty of His authority.

The world was, as it were, taken by surprise. All His teaching abounded in surprises. But His own coming, His own self, was the greatest surprise of all; and yet, when we reflect upon it, we feel as if we ought not to have looked for anything else.

It was the arrival of an event which was but imperfectly understood at the time, which has been but imperfectly understood since; which was therefore not exhausted then, and is not exhausted now. The factious disputings of Pharisee and Sadducee, the wild fanaticism of the Zealots, the eccentricities of the Essenes, the worldliness of the Priests, the formalities of the Scribes, the cruelty, the profligacy, the domineering, hard-hearted ambition of the Roman world, the effete rhetoric of the Greek world, found their proper level in the presence of an influence which ran counter to them all. Not immediately, but gradually, at least in the forms then worn, all these things died away—surviving, indeed, for ages, but surviving as things long ago doomed—doomed not by direct attack or contradictious denial, but by the entrance of a larger affection, of a fresh object, of a grander spirit. The various, pre-existing elements of good, even if for the moment they received a shock from the apparition of this new power, even if some graces died to revive no more, yet, on the whole, took courage, were reanimated and enriched. The ancient world, although sitting in the cold shade of death, was instinct at that time with a latent heat and light, which admitted a spiritual revolution, such as, either earlier or later, would have been, humanly speaking, impossible. In the Jewish Church the scattered sayings of the better Sadducees and the better Pharisees were waiting to be rescued from their obscurity and vivified by a new purpose. In the Gentile world the philosophy of Socrates and Plato—diluted, indeed, and distorted, but rendered popular through the East by the Schools of Alexandria—was reaching forward to some higher manifestation of truth. The researches of Grecian science, the influence of

Roman law, though the coming religion long refused to admit them, and was by them long disdained, were ready to be received into it, and at length in a large measure were assimilated by it. The unexampled peace under Augustus Cæsar, the unity of the civilised world under his sceptre, gave a framework into which a new faith could spread without hindrance and without violence. The strong and growing belief in immortality, the intense apprehension of the burden of evil, needed only a new spirit to quicken them into a higher and deeper life. If ever there was a religion which maintained a continuity with ancient materials or parallel phenomena, it was that which avowedly came not to destroy, but to fulfil, the glories of Judaism; not to exclude, but to comprehend, the aspirations of all the races of mankind.

In the Book of Daniel, succeeding to the wild shapes of winged lion, and ravenous bear, and flying leopard, and furious monster, followed the serene and peaceful vision of a figure, not clothed with fluttering pinions, or armed with clenching paws and iron teeth, but only with the gentle, reasonable, upward human countenance—wrapped in a veil of cloud, and receiving the pledge of an empire which should be indestructible, because it would be inward and moral, not external or physical. "I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like a son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given to him dominion and glory, and a kingdom, that all peoples, nations, and languages should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." The scene conveys the same moral as that in the vision of Elijah at Horeb. The Eternal was not in the wind, the earthquake, or the fire, but in the still small voice of the solitary conscience. The Eternal was not with the lion, the bear, and the leopard, but with the moral qualities by which, amidst all his manifold weaknesses, the man is raised above the most striking manifestations of the fierceness and strength of the brute creation. That vision, as it first appeared,

was, not without ground, supposed to signify the lofty yet gentle character of the Maccabæan hero who, as the representative of the Holy People, overbore with his scanty and imperfect resources the efforts of the Syrian oppressor. But in the interval between Antiochus and Herod it had taken a wider range. The same expressions had been used in the Book of Enoch to represent the Chosen Deliverer, who should judge the whole human race, and, in the times to which we are approaching, there was One who certainly applied them to himself; and whose empire over the intellect and affections of mankind has not passed away.

Jewish Church, Lect. L.

THE APOSTLES.

It was not only that the religion which the Apostles preached was new, but that their very appearance was also new in itself; not only that they were "full welling fountain-heads of change," but that, when we have tracked these changes up to their source, we find ourselves on a level hitherto unknown to us—on a mountain-ridge which not only overtops, but countersects all those other ranges which determine the configuration of the moral surface of the world. It was not by intellectual power like the philosophers of Greece, nor by arms and statesmanship like the conquerors of Rome, nor by the influence of a sacerdotal order like the priestly castes of India or of Egypt, nor even by the patriotic zeal and unshaken endurance of their own Jewish ancestors, that the supremacy of the Apostles was established. It was by the transforming energy of simple goodness, devoted with a childlike faith through a whole life to the service of God and man. Paul indeed, in one sense, stands apart from the others; but even in him the change effected by his conversion was so powerful, the intellectual was so completely merged in the moral greatness of his character, that he is only an apparent exception. And of

the other two[1] I will only say that one main cause of our difficulty in entering into their writings lies in the difficulty of realising to ourselves the style and language of men suddenly called from the lowest and most uneducated stations to speak on the loftiest subjects which can exercise the mind of man. They stand the first and greatest in that long-protracted warfare, in which the weak things of the world have confounded the things that were mighty; in which the palace of Nero gave way before the unlettered slaves who herded in the Roman catacombs; in which the kings and philosophers of Europe have been instructed by the peasant from the plough, the workshop, and the mine.

Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age, Serm. I.

[1] S. Peter and S. John.

PART II.

GLIMPSES INTO ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

THE FIRST CENTURY ENDS.

We stand, at the close of the first century, like travellers on a mountain ridge, when the river which they have followed through the hills is about to burst forth into the wide plain. It is the very likeness of that world-famous view from the range of the Lebanon over the forest and city of Damascus. The stream has hitherto flowed in its narrow channel, its course marked by the contrast which its green strip of vegetation presents to the desert mountains through which it descends. The further we advance the more remarkable does the contrast become; the mountains more bare, the river-bed more rich and green. At last its channel is contracted to the utmost limits; the cliffs on each side almost close it in; it breaks through and over a wide extent, far as the eye can reach, it scatters a flood of vegetation and life, in the midst of which rise the towers and domes of the great city, the earliest and the latest type of human grandeur and civilisation.

Such is the view, backwards and forwards, and beneath our feet, which Ecclesiastical History presents to us, as we rest on the grave of the last Apostle and look over the

coming ages of our course. The Church of God is no longer confined within the limits of a single nation. The life and the truth, concentrated up to this point within the narrow and unbending character of the Semitic race, have been enlarged into the broad, fluctuating, boundless destinies of the sons of Japheth. The thin stream expands and loses itself more and more in the vast field of the history of the world. The Christian Church is merely another name for Christendom; and Christendom soon becomes merely another name for the most civilised, the most powerful, the most important nations of the modern habitable world.

Eastern Church, Introd.

PRIMITIVE BAPTISM.

WHAT was Baptism in the Apostolic age? It coincided with a vast religious change both of individuals and of nations. Multitudes of men and women were seized with one common impulse, and abandoned, under the irresistible conviction of a day, an hour, a moment, their former habits, friends, associates, to be enrolled in a new society under the banner of a new faith. That new society was intended to be a society of "brothers;" bound by ties closer than any earthly brotherhood—filled with life and energy such as fall to the lot of none but the most ardent enthusiasts, yet tempered by a moderation and a wisdom such as enthusiasts have rarely possessed. It was, moreover, a society swayed by the presence of men whose words even now cause the heart to burn, and by the recent recollections of One whom "not seeing they loved with love unspeakable." Into this society they passed by an act as natural as it was expressive. The plunge into the bath of purification, long known among the Jewish nation as the symbol of a change of life, had been revived with a fresh energy by the Essenes, and it received a definite signification and impulse from the austere Prophet who derived his name from the ordinance. This rite was retained as the pledge of

entrance into a new and universal communion. In that early age the scene of the transaction was either some deep wayside spring or well, as for the Ethiopian, or some rushing river, as the Jordan, or some vast reservoir, as at Jericho or Jerusalem, whither, as to the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, the whole population resorted for swimming or washing.

The earliest scene of the immersion was in the Jordan. That rushing river, the one river of Palestine, found at last its fit purpose. Although no details are given of the external parts of the ceremony, a lively notion may be formed of the transaction by the scene which now takes place at the bathing of the pilgrims at Easter. Their approach to the spot is by night. Above is the bright Paschal moon, before them moves a bright flare of torches, on each side huge watchfires break the darkness of the night and act as beacons for the successive descents of the road. The sun breaks over the eastern hills as the head of the cavalcade reaches the brink of the Jordan. The Sacred River rushes through its thicket of tamarisk, poplar, willow, and agnus-castus, with rapid eddies, and of a turbid yellow colour, like the Tiber at Rome, and about as broad. They dismount, and set to work to perform their bath; most on the open space, some further up amongst the thickets; some plunging in naked; most, however, with white dresses, which they bring with them, and which, having been so used, are kept for their winding-sheets. Most of the bathers keep within the shelter of the bank, where the water is about four feet in depth, though with a bottom of very deep mud. The Coptic pilgrims are curiously distinguished from the rest by the boldness with which they dart into the main current, striking the water after their fashion alternately with their two arms, and playing with the eddies, which hurry them down and across as if they were in the cataracts of their own Nile; crashing through the thick boughs of the jungle which, on the eastern bank of the stream, intercepts their progress, and then recrossing the river higher up, where they can wade, assisted by long poles which they have cut from the opposite thickets. It is remarkable, considering the mixed assemblage

of men and women in such a scene, that there is so little appearance of levity or indecorum. A primitive domestic character pervades in a singular form the whole transaction. The families which have come on their single mule or camel now bathe together, with the utmost gravity; the father receiving from the mother the infant, which has been brought to receive the one immersion which will suffice for the rest of its life, and thus, by a curious economy of resources, save it from the expense and danger of a future pilgrimage in after-years. In about two hours the shores are cleared; with the same quiet they remount their camels and horses, and, before the noonday heat has set in, are again encamped on the upper plain of Jericho. Once more they may be seen. At the dead of night, the drum again wakes them for their homeward march. The torches again go before; behind follows the vast multitude, mounted, passing in profound silence over that silent plain—so silent that, but for the tinkling of the drum, its departure would hardly be perceptible. The troops stay on the ground to the end, to guard the rear, and when the last roll of the drum announces that the last soldier is gone, the whole plain returns again to its perfect solitude.

Christian Institutions, Chap. I.

THE PRIMITIVE EUCHARIST.

It is proposed to give an account of the primitive institution of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—unquestionably the greatest religious ordinance of the world, whether as regards its almost universal adoption in the civilised world, or the passions which it has enkindled, or the opposition which it has evoked.

Unlike many of the records of the Gospel story, which from the variety and contradiction of the narratives, and from the question as to the date and authorship of the Gospels, are involved in difficulty, the narrative of the Institution of the

Lord's Supper is preserved to us on the whole with singular uniformity in the first three Gospels. More than this, it is preserved to us almost in the same form in S. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, and in that case in one of the few writings of the New Testament of which the authority has never been questioned at all, one which belongs to a date long anterior to any of the Gospels, and which is therefore at once the earliest and the most authentic part of the Gospel history. What S. Paul tells us about the Last Supper is a fragment of the Gospel history which all critics and scholars will at once admit. "The Supper was universally believed by all Christians to have been instituted or founded by Jesus."[1] There is nothing startling, nothing difficult to accept in the account, no miraculous portents, no doctrine difficult of apprehension; but it contains many of the best characteristics of our Lord's discourses—His deep affection to His disciples—His parabolical mode of expression—His desire to be remembered after He was gone—His mixture of festivity with serious earnestness. It contains also by implication the story of his arrival in Jerusalem, of His betrayal, and of His death. We have enough in this to build upon. No one doubts it. Every one may construct from it a Christianity sufficient for his belief and for his conduct.

By dwelling on the original form we pass out of the mist of modern controversy to a better, simpler, higher atmosphere. It is said that a great genius in France, when on the point of receiving a first communion in the years which followed the first Revolution, was overwhelmed by the distracting and perplexing thoughts suggested by all the doubts which raged on the subject, but was restored to calm by fixing the mind on the one original scene from which the Christian Eucharist has sprung. Let us do the same. Let us go back to that one occasion, out of which, all are agreed, both its unity and its differences arose.

It was not, as with us, in the early morning or at noonday, but in the evening, shortly after sunset—not on the first day of

[1] Strauss's *Life of Jesus*.

the week, nor the seventh, but on the fifth, or Thursday—that the Master and His disciples met together. The remembrance of the day of the week has now entirely perished except in the Passion Week. It was revived in the time of Calvin, who proposed in recollection of it to have the chief Christian festival and day of rest transferred from Sunday to Thursday. But this proposal was never carried out, and the day now remains unremembered. The remembrance of the hour still lingers in the name when we call it the Lord's *Supper;* and still more in its German title, the Holy *Evening Meal.* For such it was. It was the evening feast, of which every Jewish household partook on the night, as it might be, before or after the Passover. They were collected together, the Master and His twelve disciples, in one of the large upper rooms above the open court of the inn or caravanserai to which they had been guided. The couches or mats were spread round the room, as in all Eastern houses, and on those the guests lay reclined, three on each couch, according to the custom derived from the universal usage of the Greek or Roman world. The ancient Jewish usage of eating the Passover standing had given way, that they might lie like kings, with the ease becoming free men, and a symbolical meaning was then given to what was in fact a mere social fashion.

There they lay, the Lord in the midst, next to him the beloved disciple, and next to him the eldest, Peter. Of the position of the others we know nothing. There stood on the table in front of the guests, one, two, perhaps four, cups or rather bowls. There is at Genoa a bowl which professes to be the original chalice; a mere fancy, no doubt, but probably representing the original shape. The bowl was filled with wine mixed with water. The wine of old times was always mixed with water; no one ever thought of taking it without, just as now no one would think of taking syrup or lemon-juice without water. Beside the cup was one or more of the large thin Passover cakes of unleavened bread, such as may still at the Paschal season be seen in all Jewish houses. It is this of which the outward form has been preserved in the

thin round wafer used in the Roman Catholic and Lutheran Churches. It was the recollection of the unleavened bread of the Israelites when they left Egypt. As the wine was mixed with water, so the bread was probably served up with fish. The two always went together. We see examples of this in the earlier meals in the Gospel, and so doubtless it was in this last. Close beside this cake was another recollection of the Passover—a thick sop, which was supposed to be like the Egyptian clay, and in which the fragments of the Paschal cake were dipped. Round this table, leaning on each other's breasts, reclining on those couches, were the twelve disciples and their Master. From mouth to mouth passed to and fro the eager inquiry and the startled look when they heard that one of them should betray Him.[1] Across the table and from side to side were shot the earnest questions from Peter, from Jude, from Thomas, from Philip. In each face might have been traced the character of each, receiving a different impression from what he saw and heard; and in the midst of all, the majestic sorrowful countenance of the Master of the Feast, as He drew towards Him the several cups and the thin transparent cake, and pronounced over each the Jewish blessing with those few words which have become immortal.

Christian Institutions, Chap. II.

OPENING OF THE COUNCIL OF NICÆA.

THE meetings of the representatives, which had up to this time been in the church, or gymnasium, or in separate localities, were henceforth to be solemnised in the Imperial residence itself. It is with reluctance that later controversialists, accustomed to the idea of a Council meeting only within consecrated walls, will admit of this transference. But

[1] In this respect the picture of the Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci gives a true impression. The moment represented is that in which, as a bombshell, the declaration that one of them should betray Him has fallen among the Apostles. It is not a picture of the Last Supper, so much as the expression of the various emotions called forth by that announcement.

the fact is undoubted, and is in accordance not only with the paramount importance of the Emperor on this occasion, but with the precedent already established in the little Council in the Lateran Palace at Rome, and afterwards confirmed by the two Councils held in the vaulted room called the "Trullus" in the palace at Constantinople. Tradition points out the spot, marked by a few broken columns, at the south-west angle of the walls, close by the shores of the lake. A solitary plane[1] tree grows on the ruins. The chamber prepared for their reception was a large oblong hall, in the centre of the palace—the largest that it contained. Benches were ranged along the walls on each side for those of lower dignity, and seats, or chairs, for those of higher; along these were ranged the 300 prelates, perhaps with their assistant deacons and presbyters. In the centre of the room, on a seat or throne, was placed a copy of the Holy Gospels,[2] as the nearest approach to the presence of Christ Himself. Every eye was fixed on one small vacant stall or throne, carved in wood, richly gilt, such as was usually[3] occupied by the sovereign at the Circus or Hippodrome—now placed in the upper end of the hall, between the two ranges of seats. The long-sustained disputations, the eager recriminations, were at last hushed into a deep silence. Not a voice broke the stillness of that expectation which precedes the coming of a long wished-for, unknown spectacle, the onward march of a distant procession.[4] Presently a stir was heard,—first one, then another, and then a third, of the officers of the court dropped in. Then the column widened. But still the wonted array of shields and spears[5] was absent. The heathen guards were not to enter the great Christian assembly which had, as it were, consecrated the place where it sate. Only those courtiers who were con-

[1] I was informed by the Bishop of Nicæa, whom I saw at Constantinople in 1862, that this tree is supposed to stand on the site of the throne.

[2] Westcott on the Canon, 496. This at least was the custom of the later Councils, as of Ephesus. (Ib. 175.) See Suicer, Εὐαγγέλιον, p. 1227; and so it is in the picture at Nicæa.

[3] Eus. V. C. iii. 10; κάθισμα. See Dufresne *in voce*.

[4] Ibid. iii. 10: προόδου. The word always used for the Imperial processions. Dufresne *in voce*.

[5] The appearance of a single guard (speculator) at the Council of Tyre was the subject of much remark. (Ath. Apol. c. Arian. 8.)

verted to the Christian faith were allowed to herald the approach of their master. At last a signal from without—probably a torch raised by the "cursor," or avant-courier—announced that the Emperor was close at hand. The whole assembly rose and stood on their feet; and then for the first time set their admiring gaze on Constantine, the Conqueror, the August, the Great. He entered. His towering stature, his strong-built frame, his broad shoulders, his handsome features, were worthy of his grand position. There was a brightness in his look and a mingled expression of fierceness and gentleness in his lion-like eye which well became one who, as Augustus before him, had fancied, and perhaps still fancied, himself to be the favourite of the Sun-god Apollo. The Bishops were further struck by the dazzling, perhaps barbaric, magnificence of his dress. Always careful of his appearance, he was so on this occasion in an eminent degree. His long hair, false or real, was crowned with the imperial diadem of pearls. His purple or scarlet robe blazed with precious stones and gold embroidery. He was shod no doubt in the scarlet shoes then confined to the Emperors, now perpetuated in the Pope and Cardinals. Many of the Bishops had probably never seen any greater functionary than a remote provincial magistrate, and gazing at his splendid figure as he passed up the hall between their ranks—remembering too what he had done for their faith and for their Church—we may well believe that the simple and the worldly both looked upon him as though he were an angel of God, descended straight from Heaven.[1] Yet the awe was not exclusively on their side. However imperfect may have been Constantine's religion, yet there can be little doubt that, as far as it went, it was devout even to superstition. It was a solemn moment for him to find himself for the first time in the midst of the representatives of the great community of which he had so recently professed himself a sincere adherent. Whatever

[1] Eus. V. C. iii. 10. That this feeling was not peculiar to Eusebius, may be gathered from the expressions collected by Dr. Newman in his learned note on Athanasius's Tracts, i. 59. In the picture in the Iberian convent at Athos, the Sacred Dove hovers over the head (not of the Bishops, but) of the Emperor.

sacredness had before in his eyes attached to flamens and augurs, now in a still higher degree he transferred to the venerable men who stood before him, and whose very looks, whose very disfigurements, bore witness to the earnestness and energy of their young and vigorous faith. The colour rushed to the Emperor's cheeks. We cannot forget how far more innocent and ingenuous was this first Imperial blush, than that which became memorable, ages afterwards, in the great Council of the Latin Church—the "*blush of Sigismund*," observed at Constance, remembered at Worms. It was the genuine expression of Constantine's excitement and emotion. As he advanced up the hall he cast his eyes down, his steps faltered, and when he reached the throne allotted to him, he stood motionless, till the Bishops beckoned to him to be seated. He then sat down, and they followed his example.

Eastern Church, Lect. IV.

DIVERSITY OF CHARACTERS AT THE COUNCIL OF NICÆA.

But it was the diversity of the persons, and the strongly marked characters dividing each from each, which, more than any mere display of numbers, constituted their peculiar interest. In the conventional pictures of the Council, such, for example, as that which still exists at Nicæa, the figures are almost indistinguishable from each other, with the exception of the small knot of Arians, who are represented as grouped together in the centre, bearing the marks of their discomfiture in their looks of extreme disgust, and the sign of their heresy in the coal-black colour of their complexions. But this was far from being the true aspect of the assembly as it was first seen, before the theological differences had been fully developed, and whilst the natural differences were the most prominent. Eusebius, himself an eye-witness, as he enumerates the various characters from various countries, of various age and position,

thus collected, compares the scene either with the diverse nations assembled at Pentecost, or with a garland of flowers gathered in season, of all manner of colours, woven together as a peace-offering after the tranquillisation of the Empire; or with a mystic dance, in which every actor performs a part of his own, to complete a sacred ceremony. There were present the learned and the illiterate, courtiers and peasants, old and young, aged Bishops on the verge of the grave, beardless deacons just entering on their office; and it was an assembly in which the difference between age and youth was of more than ordinary significance; for it coincided with a marked transition in the history of the world. The new generation had been brought up in peace and quiet. They could just remember the joy diffused through the Christian communities by the edict of toleration published in their boyhood; but they had themselves suffered nothing. Not so the older, and by far the larger part of the assembly. They had lived through the last and worst of the persecutions, and they now came like a regiment out of some frightful siege or battle, decimated and mutilated by the tortures or the hardships they had undergone. There must have been some of the aged inhabitants of Nicæa who remembered the death of the two martyrs, Tryphon and Respicius, who, in the reign of Decius, had been dragged through the streets of the city, bleeding from their wounds, in the depth of winter. There must have been some who retained from their grandfathers the recollection of that still earlier and more celebrated persecution in Bithynia, recorded by Pliny in his letters to Trajan. Most of the older members must have lost a friend or a brother. Many still bore the marks of their sufferings. Some uncovered their sides and backs to show the wounds inflicted by the instruments of torture. On others were the traces of that peculiar cruelty which distinguished the last persecution, the loss of a right eye, or the searing of the sinews of the leg, to prevent their escape from working in the mines. Both at the time and afterwards, it was on their character as an army of confessors and martyrs, quite as much as on their character

as an Œcumenical Council, that their authority reposed. In this respect no other Council could approach them, and, in the whole proceedings of the assembly, the voice of an old confessor was received almost as an oracle.

Eastern Church, Lect. III.

ATHANASIUS AND ARIUS AT NICÆA.

But close beside the Pope Alexander is a small insignificant young man, of hardly twenty-five years of age, of lively manners and speech, and of bright serene countenance. Though he is but the Deacon, the chief Deacon, or Archdeacon, of Alexander, he has closely riveted the attention of the assembly by the vehemence of his arguments. He is already taking the words out of the Bishop's mouth, and briefly acting in reality the part he had before, as a child, acted in name, and that, in a few months, he will be called to act both in name and in reality. In some of the conventional pictures of the Council his humble rank as a Deacon does not allow of his appearance. But his activity and prominence behind the scenes made enemies for him there, who will never leave him through life. Any one who has read his passionate invectives afterwards may form some notion of what he was when in the thick of his youthful battles. That small insignificant Deacon is the great Athanasius.

Next after the Pope and Deacon of Alexandria we must turn to one of its most important Presbyters—the parish priest of its principal church, which bore the name of Baucalis, and marked the first beginnings of what we should call a parochial system.[1] In appearance he is the very opposite of Athanasius. He is sixty years of age, very tall and

[1] It was the earliest church in Alexandria. It contained the tomb of S. Mark, and in it took place the election of the patriarch. It stood near the seashore, on a spot which derived its name (Boucalia) from the pasturage of cattle. (Neale's Hist. of the Alex. Church, i. 7, 9.) It stood on the shores of the present harbour. The mosque which was built from its remains, and which bore the name of "the Thousand Pillars," was pulled down by the late Viceroy of Egypt. I saw the last traces of it in 1862.

thin, and apparently unable to support his stature; he has an odd way of contorting and twisting himself, which his enemies compare to the wrigglings of a snake.[1] He would be handsome but for the emaciation and deadly pallor of his face, and a downcast look, imparted by a weakness of eyesight. At times his veins throb and swell, and his limbs tremble, as if suffering from some violent internal complaint,—the same, perhaps, that will terminate one day in his sudden and dreadful death. There is a wild look about him, which at first sight is startling. His dress and demeanour are those of a rigid ascetic. He wears a long coat with short sleeves,[2] and a scarf of only half size, such as was the mark of an austere life; and his hair hangs in a tangled mass over his head. He is usually silent, but at times breaks out into fierce excitement, such as will give the impression of madness. Yet, with all this, there is a sweetness in his voice, and a winning, earnest manner, which fascinate those who come across him. Amongst the religious ladies of Alexandria he is said to have had from the first a following of not less than seven hundred. This strange, captivating, moon-struck giant is the heretic Arius, or, as his adversaries called him, the madman of Ares, or Mars.[3] Close beside him was a group of his countrymen, of whom we know little, except their fidelity to him, through good report and evil: Saras, like himself a presbyter, from the Libyan province; Euzoius, a deacon of Egypt; Achillas, a reader; Theonas, Bishop of Marmarica in the Cyrenaica; and Secundus, Bishop of Ptolemais, in the Delta.

Eastern Church, Lect. III.

[1] This description is put together from the two different, but not irreconcilable, accounts given in Epiphanius (lxix. 3), and in the letter ascribed to Constantine in Gelasius, iii. 1. (Mansi, ii. 930.)

[2] The monks wore no sleeves, to indicate that their hands were not to be employed in injury. Soz. H. E. iii. 14.

[3] Ἀρειμάνης, in later Greek, was a phrase for *war frenzy*.

SPYRIDION OF CYPRUS AND NICOLAS OF MYRA.

AND now come two, who in the common pictures of the Council always appear together, of whom the one probably left the deepest impression on his contemporaries, and the other, if he were present at all, on the subsequent traditions of the Council. From the island of Cyprus there arrived the simple shepherd Spyridion, a shepherd both before and after his elevation to the episcopate. Strange stories were told by his fellow-islanders to the historian Socrates of the thieves who were miraculously caught in attempting to steal his sheep, and of Spyridion's good-humoured reply when he found them in the morning, and gave them a ram that they might not have sat up all night for nothing. Another tale, exactly similar to the fantastic Mussulman legends which hang about the sacred places of Jerusalem, told how he had gained an answer from his dead daughter Irene to tell where a certain deposit was hidden. Two less marvellous but more instructive stories bring out the simplicity of his character. He rebuked a celebrated preacher at Cyprus for altering in a quotation from the Gospels the homely word for "bed" into "couch."—"What! are you better than He who said 'bed,'[1] that you are ashamed to use His words?" On occasion of a wayworn traveller coming to him in Lent, finding no other food in the house, he presented him with salted pork; and when the stranger declined, saying that he could not as a Christian break his fast—"So much the less reason," he said, "have you for scruple; to the pure, all things are pure."

A characteristic legend attaches to the account of his journey to the Council. It was his usual practice to travel on foot. But on this occasion the length of the journey, as well as the dignity of his office, induced him to ride, in company with his deacon, on two mules, a white and a chestnut. One night, on his arrival at a caravanserai where

[1] κράββατον altered into σκίμπουν. Soz. i. 11.

a cavalcade of Orthodox bishops were already assembled, the mules were turned out to pasture, whilst he retired to his devotions. The bishops had conceived an alarm lest the cause of Orthodoxy should suffer in the Council by the ignorance or awkwardness of the Shepherd of Cyprus when opposed to the subtleties of the Alexandrian heretic. Accordingly, taking advantage of this encounter, they determined to throw a decisive impediment in his way. They cut off the heads of his two mules, and then, as is the custom in Oriental travelling, started on their journey before sunrise. Spyridion also rose, but was met by his terrified deacon, announcing the unexpected disaster. On arriving at the spot, the saint bade the deacon attach the heads to the dead bodies. He did so, and, at a sign from the Bishop, the two mules with their restored heads shook themselves as if from a deep sleep, and started to their feet. Spyridion and the deacon mounted, and soon overtook the travellers. As the day broke, the prelates and the deacon were alike astonished at seeing that he, performing the annexation in the dark and in haste, had fixed the heads on the wrong shoulders; so that the white mule had now a chestnut head, and the chestnut mule had the head of its white companion. Thus the miracle was doubly attested, the bishops doubly discomfited, and the simplicity of Spyridion doubly exemplified.[1]

Many more stories might be told of him, but (to use the words of an ancient writer who has related some of them) "from the claws you can make out the lion." Of all the Nicene fathers, it may yet be said that in a certain curious sense he is the only one who has survived the decay of time. After resting for many years in his native Cyprus, his body was transferred to Constantinople, where it remained till a short time before the fall of the Empire. It was thence conveyed to Corfu, where it[2] is still preserved. Hence, by a

[1] Another version of this legend ascribes the decapitation to the Arians. But the more usual version is that here given. I heard it both in Mount Athos and at Corfu, and it is told at length in an Italian MS. Life of S. Spyridion, communicated to me by the kindness of a friend in Corfu.

[2] It was brought by the great family of the Bulgaris, who are said to be descendants of his sister.

strange resuscitation of fame, he has become the patron saint, one might almost say the Divinity, of the Ionian Islands. Twice a year in solemn procession he is carried round the streets of Corfu. Hundreds of Corfiotes bear his name, now abridged into the familiar diminutive of "Spiro." The superstitious veneration entertained for the old saint is a constant source of quarrel between the English residents and the native Ionians. But the historian may be pardoned for gazing with a momentary interest on the dead hands, now black and withered, that subscribed the Creed of Nicæa.

Still more famous (and still more apocryphal, at least in his attendance at Nicæa) is Nicolas, Bishop of Myra. Not mentioned by a single ancient historian, he yet figures in the traditional pictures of the Council, as the foremost figure of all. Type as he is of universal benevolence to sailors, to thieves, to the victims of thieves, to children,—known by his broad red face, and flowing white hair,—the traditions of the East always represent him as standing in the midst of the assembly, and suddenly roused by righteous indignation to assail the heretic Arius with a tremendous box on the ear.

Eastern Church, Lect. III.

THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE.

The Emperor Constantine is one of the few to whom has been awarded the name of "Great." Though this was deserved rather by what he did, than by what he was;—though he was great, not among the first characters of the world, but among the second; great like Philip, not like Alexander; great like Augustus, not like Cæsar; great with the elevation of Charlemagne or Elizabeth, not with the genius or passion of Cromwell or of Luther;—yet this gives us a stronger sense of what the position was which could of itself confer such undoubted grandeur on a character less than the highest. "It is one of the most tragical facts of all history,"

says Mr. Mill, "that Constantine, rather than Marcus Aurelius, was the first Christian Emperor. It is a bitter thought how different the Christianity of the world might have been, had it been adopted as the religion of the empire under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius, instead of those of Constantine." The whole history of the fourth century should be read in the light of that sad reflection, because it serves both to hold up to us the ideal of what the Christian Church and Christian theology might have been, and to remind us of what, under the existing conditions, it must have been, and actually was.

But although Constantine was not Marcus Aurelius, nor S. Louis, nor Gustavus Adolphus, yet there is a profound interest in his imperfect complex character, which renders it peculiarly interesting as a subject of theological study. Over its virtues and vices the Pagans and Christians quarrelled during his lifetime. "You may believe safely," says the candid Fleury, "whatever Eusebius the Bishop has said in his blame, or Zosimus the heathen in his praise." The Orthodox and the heretics have each claimed him; and a great writer in our own time, though in one of his least remarkable works, has even gone so far as to avow that the services of Constantine to the Church ought to have closed the door against all censures of his character, had not his patronage of heresy restored to us the right of freedom of speech. In the estimate of his character the Greek and Latin Churches have each a stake. The Eastern Church, regarding him as especially her own, has canonised him as a saint, "equal to the Apostles." The Latin, at least the modern Latin, Church prides itself on superior discernment. Yet she also has, as we shall see, a dark corner in the story of Constantine; and, if the Eastern Church were to recriminate, there would be no difficulty in finding parallel blots in the founder of Western (as Constantine was of Eastern) Christendom—the "beatified," though not "canonised," Charlemagne.

Nor is his life without a special connection with the history of our own Church. To English students I cannot forbear recalling that he was, if not our fellow-countryman by

birth, yet unquestionably proclaimed Emperor in the Prætorium at York. He probably never visited our shores again. Yet the remembrance of that early connection long continued. It shaped itself into the legend of his British birth, of which, within the walls of York, the scene is still shown. His father's tomb was pointed out in York till the suppression of the monasteries. His mother's name lives still in the numerous British churches dedicated to her. London Wall was ascribed to him. One argument pleaded by the English ecclesiastics for precedence in the Council of Constance and Basle was that Constantine had been a born Englishman.

I have already described him as he appeared in the Council of Nicæa.[1] Handsome, tall, stout, broad-shouldered, he was a high specimen of one of the coarse military chiefs of the declining Empire. When Eusebius first saw him, as a young man, on a journey through Palestine before his accession, all were struck by the sturdy health and vigour of his frame; and Eusebius perpetually recurs to it, and maintains that it lasted till the end of his life. In his later days his red complexion and somewhat bloated appearance gave countenance to the belief that he had been affected with leprosy. His eye was remarkable for a brightness, almost a glare, which reminded his courtiers of that of a lion. He had a contemptuous habit of throwing back his head, which, by bringing out the full proportions of his thick neck, procured for him the nickname of *Trachala*. His voice was remarkable for its gentleness and softness. In dress and outward demeanour the military commander was almost lost in the vanity and affectation of Oriental splendour. The spear of the soldier was almost always in his hand, and on his head he always wore a small helmet. But the helmet was studded with jewels, and it was bound round with the Oriental diadem, which he, first of the Emperors, made a practice of wearing on all occasions. His robe was remarkable for its unusual magnificence. It was always of the Imperial purple or scarlet, and was made of silk, richly embroidered with pearls and flowers worked in

[1] See page 126.

gold. He was especially devoted to the care of his hair, ultimately adopting wigs of false hair of various colours, and in such profusion as to make a marked feature on his coins. First of the Emperors, since Hadrian, he wore a short beard.

He was not a great man, but he was by no means an ordinary man. Calculating and shrewd as he was, yet his worldly views were penetrated by a vein of religious sentiment, almost of Oriental superstition. He had a wide view of his difficult position as the ruler of a divided Empire and divided Church. He had a short dry humour which stamps his sayings with an unmistakable authenticity, and gives us an insight into the cynical contempt of mankind which he is said to have combined, by a curious yet not uncommon union, with an inordinate love of praise. He had a presence of mind which was never thrown off its guard. He had the capacity of throwing himself, with almost fanatical energy, into whatever cause came before him for the moment. One instance, at least, he showed of consummate foresight and genius.

We have seen from his dress, and we see also from his language, that he was not without the wretched affectation which disfigured the demeanour of the later Emperors. Against one great old Roman vice, that of voracious gluttony, he struggled, but struggled in vain. The Christian accounts all speak of his continence. Julian alone insinuates the contrary. It was only as despotic power and Eastern manners made inroads into the original self-control of his character that he was betrayed into that disregard of human life, in his nearest and dearest relationships, which, from the same causes, darkened the declining years of the Grecian Alexander and the English Henry.

Eastern Church, Lect. VI.

DEATH OF CONSTANTINE.

THERE is no act of the life of Constantine so deeply instructive as his death.

It was Easter, in the year 337. In the Church of the Apostles at Constantinople he had passed the night, with more than his usual devotion, in preparation for his Persian expedition. An illness supervened; he went to Helenopolis to try the mineral waters in the neighbourhood. The illness increased; a sinister suspicion of poison stole through the palace. He felt that it was mortal, and now at last he determined on taking the step, long delayed, but not yet impossible, of admission to the Christian Church.

Incredible as it may seem to our notions, he who had five and twenty years ago been convinced of the Christian faith; he who had opened the first General Council of the Church; he who had called himself a Bishop of Bishops; he who had joined in the deepest discussions of theology; he who had preached to rapt audiences; he who had established Christianity as the religion of the Empire; he who had been considered by Christian bishops an inspired oracle and apostle of Christian wisdom, was himself not yet received into the Christian Church. He was not yet baptised; he had not even been received as a catechumen. A death-bed baptism was to the half-converted Christians of that age what a death-bed communion often is to those of our own. In later ages, it was endeavoured to antedate the baptism of the Emperor by ten or twenty years. But at that time it was too common to attract any special notice. Good and bad motives alike conduced to the same end, and of all of these Constantine was a complete example. He, like many of his countrymen united, after his conversion, a sincere belief in Christianity with a lingering attachment to Paganism. He, like some even of the noblest characters in the Christian Church, regarded baptism, much as the Pagans regarded the lustrations and purifications of their own

religion, as a complete obliteration and expiation of all former sins; and therefore, partly from a superstitious dread, partly from the prudential desire, not peculiar to that or any age, "of making the best of both worlds," he would naturally defer the ceremony to the moment when it would include the largest amount of the past and leave the smallest amount of the future. To him, as to all Christians of those times, baptism still preserved much of its original significance, which it has inevitably lost in the course of ages. It was still regarded as the solemn passage from one state of life to another; from the darkness and profligacy of the heathen world to the light and the purity of the Christian society; a step taken not as the natural accompaniment of birth and education, but as a serious pledge of conviction and of profession. The baptism of infants, no doubt, prevailed, just as the communion of infants prevailed also. But each of the sacraments must often have been deferred to a time when the candidates could give their whole minds to the subject. If, even a century later, such men as Ambrose and Augustine, born in Christian families, and with a general belief in the main truths of Christianity, were still unbaptised, the one in his thirty-fourth, the other in his thirty-second year, we may be sure that the practice was sufficiently common in the far more unsettled age of Constantine, to awake no scruple in him, and to provoke no censure from his ecclesiastical advisers.

The whole event is related in the utmost detail. In the Church at Helenopolis, in a kneeling posture of devotion, unusual in the East at that time, he was admitted to be a catechumen by the imposition of hands. He then moved to a palace in the suburb of Nicomedia, and then calling the Bishops around him, amongst whom the celebrated Arian, Eusebius, was chief, announced that once he had hoped to receive the purification of baptism, after our Saviour's example, in the streams of the Jordan; but God's will seemed to be that it should be here, and he therefore requested to receive the rite without delay. "And so," says his biographer, "alone

of Roman Emperors from the beginning of time, was Constantine consecrated to be a witness of Christ in the second birth of baptism." The Imperial purple was at last removed; he was clothed instead in robes of dazzling whiteness; his couch was covered with white also: in the white robes of baptism, on a white death-bed, he lay, in expectation of his end. If the strict doctrine of Athanasius were pressed, Constantine even at this moment failed of his wishes; for his baptism was from the hands of an Arian Bishop, which, according to Athanasius, was no baptism at all. But these theories are happily never pressed home to individuals. Constantine's baptism has always been considered as valid both in the East and West. The Arian baptism and the "Orthodox" canonisation must be left to neutralise each other. One act he is said to have performed on his death-bed, which raises him above the sphere of both parties. In spite of the opposition of Eusebius, he ordered the recall of the exiled Athanasius; and thus, as Theodoret observes, illustrated in his last hours the sacred but often forgotten duty of turning one of our two ears to hear the side of the accused party. The Arian influence, though it was enough to make him content with Arian consolations and Arian sacraments, was not enough to make him refuse justice at that supreme moment to the oppressed chief of the opposite party.

His own delight at the accomplishment of the ceremony was excessive; and when the officers of his army entered the chamber of death, with bitter lamentations, to make their last farewell, he bade them rejoice in his speedy departure heavenwards. He gave his will into the custody of the Arian chaplain Eustocius, who had consoled the last hours of his sister Constantia, with orders that it should be given to his son Constantius. At noon on the Feast of Pentecost, the 22nd of May, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the thirty-first of his reign, he expired. A wild wail of grief arose from the army and the people, on hearing that Constantine was dead. The body was laid out in a coffin of gold, and carried by a procession of the whole army, headed by his son

Constans, to Constantinople. For three months it lay there in state in the palace, lights burning round, and guards watching. During all this time the Empire was without a head. Constans, the youngest son, was there alone. The two elder sons had not arrived. He was still "Augustus." All went on as though he were yet alive. One dark shadow from the great tragedy of his life reached to his last end, and beyond it. It is said that the Bishop of Nicomedia, to whom the Emperor's will had been confided by Eustocius, alarmed at its contents, immediately placed it for security in the dead man's hand, wrapped in the vestments of death. There it lay till Constantius arrived, and read his father's dying bequest. It was believed to express the Emperor's conviction that he had been poisoned by his brothers and their children, and to call on Constantius to avenge his death. That bequest was obeyed by the massacre of six out of the surviving princes of the Imperial family. Two alone escaped. With such a mingling of light and darkness did Constantine close his career.

When the tidings reached Rome, the old metropolis steadily ignored the revolution that had passed over the world in the person of the deceased Emperor. He was regarded but as one in the series of the Cæsars. He was enrolled, like his predecessors, as a matter of course, amongst the gods of the heathen Olympus. Incense was offered before his statue. A picture of his apotheosis was prepared. Festivals were celebrated in his honour.

But in his own Christian city of Constantinople he had himself arranged the altered celebration of his death. Not amongst the gods and heroes of heathenism, but amongst those who now seemed to him the nearest approach to them, the Christian Apostles, his lot was to be cast. He had prepared for his mausoleum a church, sometimes, like that which he had founded at Rome, called "the Church of S. Peter," but more usually "the Church of the Apostles," or by a name truly indicating the mixture of Pagan and Christian ideas which led to its erection, the "*Heroön.*" Twelve pillars

commemorated them, six on each side, and between them was his own tomb. He could not be "Divus;" he would be "Isapostolos" (equal to the Apostles). This is the title by which he is canonised, and this title expresses the precise point of transition from the old to the new religion.

Thither the body was borne. Constantius was now present; and as it reached the church the Prince (for he too was still an unbaptised catechumen) withdrew with the Pagan guards, and left the Imperial corpse alone, as it lay aloft in the centre of the church in its sarcophagus of porphyry.[1] Prayers were offered for his soul; he was placed amongst the Apostles; and he formally received the names which he had borne in life, and which then became so purely personal that they descended to his sons, "Victor, Maximus, Augustus."

"If any one doubts what I have said of him," says Theodoret, "let him look at what is still done at his sepulchre and his statue." Lights were burned before him; prayers were offered up to him; miracles believed to be wrought by him. So passionate was the attachment of the people of Constantinople to the tomb of their founder, that the attempt to remove it for safety to another church whilst its own was being repaired, provoked a sanguinary riot.

The church became the burial-place of the Byzantine Emperors.[2] There they all lay in Imperial state till in the fourth crusade the coffins were rifled and the bodies cast out.[3] The church itself remained till the capture of the city by Mahomet II., on whom its ancient associations had still so much power that, though he destroyed it, he built close upon its site the magnificent mosque which bears his name, and in which he himself is buried, the founder of the second series of Byzantine sovereigns, as Constantine had been of the first.

[1] Cedrenus, i. 519. Chrysostom (Hom. 26 on 2 Cor.) says that the coffin was in the vestibule, to show his inferiority to the Apostles.

[2] The bodies of S. Andrew and S. Timotheus and S. Luke were transported thither to increase its sanctity. Philost. iii. 2.

[3] Theod. i. 34. A sarcophagus, called "of Constantine," still remains in the Museum in the Seraglio.

So passed away the first Christian Emperor, the first Defender of the Faith—the first Imperial patron of the Papal see, and of the whole Eastern Church,—the first founder of the Holy Places,—Pagan and Christian, orthodox and heretical, liberal and fanatical, not to be imitated or admired, but much to be remembered, and deeply to be studied.

Eastern Church, Lect. VI.

CHILDHOOD OF ATHANASIUS.

His first appearance is in a well-known story, which, though doubted in later times from its supposed incongruity with the dignity of a great saint, has every indication of truth.[1] Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, was entertaining his clergy in a tower or lofty house overlooking the expanse of sea beside the westernmost of the two Alexandrian harbours. He observed a group of children playing on the edge of the shore,[2] and was struck by the grave appearance of their game. His attendant clergy went, at his orders, to catch the boys and bring them before the Bishop, who taxed them with having played at religious ceremonies. At first, like boys caught at a mischievous game, they denied; but, at last, confessed that they had been imitating the sacrament of baptism; that one of them had been selected to perform the part of Bishop, and that he had duly dipped them in the sea, with all the proper questions and addresses. When Alexander found that these forms had been observed, he determined that the baptism was valid; he himself added the consecrating oil of confirmation; and was so much struck with the knowledge and gravity of the boy-bishop that he took him under his charge. This little boy was Athanasius; already showing the

[1] The chronological difficulty of the day on which the event occurred is not material.

[2] The mention of the Patriarchal residence (which was at Baucalis (see p. 93),) and of the beach (which excludes the great harbour, completely occupied as it then was with quays and colonnades), fixes the scene of this incident to the present harbour, called "Eunostus" in ancient times.

union of seriousness and sport which we shall see in his after life. That childish game is an epitome of the ecclesiastical feelings of his time and of his country. The children playing on the shore, the old man looking at them with interest; these, indeed, are incidents which belong to every age of the world. But only in the earlier centuries could have been found the immersion of the baptised, the necessity of a Bishop to perform the ceremony, the mixture of freedom and superstition which could regard as serious a ceremony so lightly performed. In the Coptic Church is retained the best likeness of this Eastern reverence for the sacred acts of children. A child still draws the lots in the Patriarchal elections. The almost infantine Deacons still carry on the larger part of its innocent childlike worship.

Eastern Church, Lect. VII.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER IN ATHANASIUS.

Amongst the traits which may be especially selected, as bringing one part of his character before us, and also as being too much overlooked in the popular notions of him, the first is the remarkable quickness and humour of his address.

Take his clever retort to Constantius, who, at the instigation of his Arian persecutors, had asked him to open a church for the Arians at Alexandria. "I will grant a church to the heretics at Alexandria, as soon as you grant a church to the Orthodox at Antioch." It is just the one retort, obvious indeed, but unanswerable, that may always be made to an intolerant faction. They always shrink from the test.

Take again the well-sustained and pointed irony of the scene in the Council of Tyre, where he produces the man whom he is accused of having murdered, and whose right hand he is supposed to have cut off. The muffled figure is introduced; he shows the face first, and asks all round: "Is this Arsenius, whom I murdered?" He draws out from behind the cloak, first one hand, and then the other: "Let

no one now ask for a third; for two hands, and two only, has every human being received from the Creator of all things." It has been often said that a man who can provoke or enjoy a laugh is sure to succeed with his fellow-creatures. We cannot doubt that such was Athanasius.

Not less efficacious is the power of making use of a laugh or a jest, instead of serious arguments. The grave Epiphanius ventured one day to ask Athanasius what he thought of the opinions of his dangerous supporter, the heretic Marcellus. Athanasius returned no answer; but a significant smile broke out over his whole countenance. Epiphanius had sufficient humour to perceive that this meant "Marcellus has had a narrow escape."

So, again, when he was asked his opinion on the common practice of death-bed baptisms, he replied with an apologue which admitted of no rejoinder. "An angel once said to my great predecessor: 'Peter [the bishop of the see before Alexander], why do you send me these sacks [these wind-bags] carefully sealed up, with nothing whatever inside?'"

Another trait makes itself felt in the widespread belief entertained that he was the great magician of his age. It was founded no doubt on his rapid mysterious movements, his presence of mind, his prophetic anticipations; to which must be added a humorous pleasure in playing with the fears and superstitions which these qualities engendered.

The Emperor Constantine is entering Constantinople in state. A small figure darts across his path in the middle of the square, and stops his horse. The Emperor, thunder-struck, tries to pass on; he cannot guess who the petitioner can be. It is Athanasius, who comes to insist on justice, when thought to be leagues away before the Council of Tyre.

The Alexandrian Church is dismayed by the accession of Julian. But Athanasius is unmoved; he looks into the future; he sees through the hollowness of the reaction. "It is but a little cloud," he says, "that will soon pass away."

He is pursued by his enemies up the Nile. They meet a

boat descending the stream. They hail it with a shout so familiar to Egyptian travellers on the great river: "Where is Athanasius?" "Not very far off," is the answer. The wind carries on the pursuers; the current carries down the pursued. It was Athanasius, who, hearing of their approach, took advantage of a bend in the stream, to turn, and meet, and mislead, and escape them thus.

He is passing through one of the squares of Alexandria. The heathen mob are standing around; a crow flies over his head. They, partly in jest, partly in earnest, ask him to tell them what its croaking meant. He laughs in his sleeve, and answers: "Do you not hear? It says *Cras*, *Cras*, which is in Latin 'to-morrow,' which means that *to-morrow* something untoward will befall you: for *to-morrow* your Pagan festival will be suppressed by an Imperial decree." So it came to pass, and few would care to ask how he really had gained the information.

Of all these incidents the secret springs are to us sufficiently clear; his ubiquitous activity, his innumerable sources of knowledge, his acute observation. But whilst to his friends they seemed to imply supernatural aid, to his enemies they suggested suspicions of the blackest witchcraft. When the murdered man with both his hands was produced alive, there were those who maintained that it was an optical illusion, caused by the glamour which Athanasius had cast over the Council. Even an enlightened Pagan was convinced that his knowledge of the future was derived from arts of divination, and from the auguries of birds. And this belief of the Pagans and heretics has curiously forced itself back into the Church. Whatever may be thought of the real origin of the legend of S. George the martyr of Cappadocia, there can be no doubt that it has been incorporated with an Arian legend of the Arian George, Bishop of Alexandria, murdered by the Alexandrian mob; and that from this union has sprung the story in its present popular form. In this story, the contest of S. George is for the Empress Alexandra (in whom we can hardly fail to see the type of the Alexandrian Church), and his enemy

is the magician Athanasius. As time rolls on, and the legend grows in dimensions, George becomes the champion on his steed, rescuing the Egyptian princess, and Athanasius the wizard sinks into the prostrate dragon; and, in the popular representations of the story, still acted by Christmas mummers in the North of England, the transformation is into a lower form still; and the only image which Cheshire peasants have seen of Athanasius is the quaint and questionable figure who appears under the name and in the guise of Beelzebub. It is the last expiring trace of the revenge of the Arians on their great adversary.

Eastern Church, Lect. VII.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

We cannot understand who Augustine was, or why he came, without understanding something of the whole state of Europe at that time. It was, we must remember, hardly more than a hundred years since the Roman Empire had been destroyed, and every country was like a seething caldron, just settling itself after the invasion of the wild barbarians who had burst in upon the civilised world, and trampled down the proud fabric, which had so long sheltered the arts of peace, and the security of law. One of these countries was our own. The fierce Saxon tribes, by whomsoever led, were to the Romans in Britain what the Goths had been in Italy, what the Vandals had been in Africa, what the Franks had been in France; and under them England had again become a savage nation, cut off from the rest of the world, almost as much as it had been before the landing of Julius Cæsar. In this great convulsion it was natural that the civilisation and religion of the old world should keep the firmest hold on the country and the city which had so long been its chief seat. That country, as we all know, was Italy, and that city was Rome. And it is to Rome that we must now transport ourselves, if we wish to know how and from whence it was that Augustine came—

by what means, under God, our fathers received the light of the Gospel.

In the general crash of all the civil institutions of the Empire, when the last of the Cæsars had been put down, when the Roman armies were no longer able to maintain their hold on the world, it was natural that the Christian clergy of Rome, with the Bishop at their head, should have been invested with a new and unusual importance. They retained the only sparks of religious or of civilised life, which the wild German tribes had not destroyed, and they accordingly remained still erect amidst the ruins of almost all besides.

It is to one of these clergy, to one of these Bishops of Rome, that we have now to be introduced; and if, in the story we are about to hear,[1] it shall appear that we derived the greatest of all the blessings we now enjoy from one who filled the office of Pope of Rome, it will not be without its advantage, for two good reasons: First, because, according to the old proverb, every one, even the Pope, must have his due—and it is as ungenerous to deny him the gratitude which he really deserves, as it is unwise to give him the honour to which he has no claim; and, secondly, because it is useful to see how different were all the circumstances which formed our relations to him then and now; how, although bearing the same name, yet in reality the position of the man and the office, his duties towards Christendom, and the duties of Christendom towards him, were as different from what they are now, as almost any two things are one from the other.

It is then on Gregory the Great that we are to fix our attention. At the time we are first to meet him, he was not yet Pope. He was still a monk in the great monastery of S. Andrew, which he had himself founded, and which still exists on the Cælian Mount at Rome, standing conspicuous amongst the Seven Hills—marked by its crown of pines—rising immediately behind the vast walls of the Colosseum, which we may still see, and which Gregory must have seen every day that he looked from his convent windows.

[1] The well-known story, omitted here, of Gregory and the English slave-boys.

This is not the place to discuss at length the good and evil of his extraordinary character, or the position which he occupied in European history, almost as the founder of Western Christendom. I will now only touch on those points which are necessary to make us understand what he did for us and our fathers. He was remarkable amongst his contemporaries for his benevolence and tenderness of heart. Many proofs of it are given in the stories which are told about him. The long marble table is still shown at Rome where he used to feed twelve beggars every day. There is a legend that on one occasion a thirteenth appeared among them, an unbidden guest—an angel, whom he had thus entertained unawares. There is also a true story, which tells the same lesson—that he was so much grieved on hearing of the death of a poor man, who, in some great scarcity in Rome, had been starved to death, that he inflicted on himself the severest punishment, as if he had been responsible for it. He also showed his active charity in one of those seasons which give opportunity to all faithful pastors, and all good men, for showing what they are really made of, during one of the great pestilences which ravaged Rome immediately before his elevation to the pontificate. All travellers who have been at Rome will remember the famous legend, describing how, as he approached at the head of a procession, chanting the Litany, to the great mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian, he saw in a vision the Destroying Angel on the top of the tower sheathing his sword; and from this vision, the tower, when it afterwards was turned into the Papal fortress, derived the name of the Castle of S. Angelo. Nor was his charity confined to this world. His heart yearned towards those old pagan heroes or sages who had been gathered to their fathers without hearing of the name of Christ. He could not bear to think, with the belief that prevailed at that time, that they had been consigned to destruction. One especially there was, of whom he was constantly reminded in his walks through Rome—the great Emperor Trajan, whose statue he always saw rising above him at the top of the tall column which stood in the

market-place, called from him the Forum of Trajan. It is said, that he was so impressed with the thought of the justice and goodness of this heathen sovereign, that he earnestly prayed in S. Peter's Church, that God would even now give him grace to know the name of Christ and be converted. And it is believed, that from the veneration which he entertained for Trajan's memory, this column remained when all around it was shattered to pieces; and so it still remains, a monument both of the goodness of Trajan, and the true Christian charity of Gregory. Lastly, like many, perhaps like most remarkable men, he took a deep interest in children. He instructed the choristers of his convent himself in those famous chants which bear his name. The book from which he taught them, the couch on which he reclined during the lesson, even the rod with which he kept the boys in order, were long preserved at Rome; and in memory of this part of his life, a children's festival was held on his day as late as the seventeenth century.

Historical Memorials of Canterbury.

INTERVIEW OF ETHELBERT AND AUGUSTINE.

ETHELBERT was, like all the Saxons, a heathen; but Bertha, like all the rest of the French royal family from Clovis downwards, was a Christian. She had her Christian chaplain with her, Luidhard, a French bishop, and a little chapel outside the town,[1] which had once been used as a place of British Christian worship, was given up to her use. That little chapel, "on the east of the city," as Bede tells us, stood on the gentle slope now occupied by the venerable Church of S. Martin. The present church, old as it is, is of far later date, but it unquestionably retains in its walls some of the Roman bricks and Roman cement of Bertha's chapel; and its name may perhaps have been derived from Bertha's use. Of all the great Christian saints of whom she had heard in France before she came to England, the most famous was S. Martin

[1] Canterbury.

of Tours, and thus the name which is now so familiar to us that we hardly think of asking why the church is so called, may possibly be a memorial of the recollections which the French princess still cherished of her own native country in a land of strangers.

To her it would be no new thought that possibly she might be the means of converting her husband. Her own great ancestor, Clovis, had become a Christian through the influence of his wife Clotilda, and many other instances had occurred in like manner elsewhere. It is no new story; it is the same that has often been enacted in humbler spheres—of a careless or unbelieving husband converted by a believing wife. But it is a striking sight to see planted in the very beginning of our history, with the most important consequences to the whole world, the same fact which every one must have especially witnessed in the domestic history of families, high and low, throughout the land.

It is probable that Ethelbert had heard enough from Bertha to dispose him favourably towards the new religion; and Gregory's letters show that it was the tidings of this predisposition which had induced him to send Augustine. But Ethelbert's conduct on hearing that the strangers were actually arrived was still hesitating. He would not suffer them to come to Canterbury; they were to remain in the Isle of Thanet with the Stour flowing between himself and them; and he also stipulated that on no account should they hold their first interview under a roof—it must be in the open air, for fear of the charms and spells which he feared they might exercise over him. It was exactly the savage's notion of religion, that it exercises influence, not by moral and spiritual, but by magical means. This was the first feeling; this it was that caused the meeting to be held, not at Canterbury, but in the Isle of Thanet, in the wide open space—possibly at Ebbe's Fleet—possibly, according to another account, under an ancient oak on the high upland ground in the centre of the island, then dotted with woods which have long since vanished.

The meeting must have been remarkable. The Saxon king, "the Son of the Ash-tree," with his wild soldiers round, seated on the bare ground on one side—on the other side, with a huge silver cross borne before him (crucifixes were not yet introduced), and beside it a large picture of Christ painted and gilded, after the fashion of those times, on an upright board, came up from the shore Augustine and his companions, chanting, as they advanced, a solemn Litany, for themselves and for those to whom they came. He, as we are told, was a man of almost gigantic stature, head and shoulders taller than any one else; with him were Lawrence, who afterwards succeeded him as Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter, who became first Abbot of S. Augustine's. They and their companions, amounting altogether to forty, sat down at the king's command, and the interview began.

Neither, we must remember, could understand the other's language. Augustine could not understand a word of Anglo-Saxon, and Ethelbert, we may be tolerably sure, could not speak a word of Latin. But the priests whom Augustine had brought from France, as knowing both German and Latin, now stepped forward as interpreters; and thus the dialogue which followed was carried on, much as all communications are carried on in the East,—Augustine first delivering his message, which the dragoman, as they would say in the East, explained to the king.[1]

The king heard it all attentively, and then gave this most characteristic answer, bearing upon it a stamp of truth which it is impossible to doubt: "*Your words are fair, and your promises—but because they are new and doubtful, I cannot give my assent to them and leave the customs which I have so long observed, with the whole Anglo-Saxon race. But because you have come hither as strangers from a long distance, and as I seem to myself to have seen clearly, that what you yourselves believed to be true and good, you wish to impart to us, we do not wish to molest you; nay, rather we are anxious to receive you hospitably, and*

[1] Exchange English travellers for Roman missionaries, Arab sheikhs for Saxon chiefs, and the well-known interviews, on the way to Petra, give us some notion of this celebrated dialogue.

to give you all that is needed for your support, nor do we hinder you from joining all whom you can to the faith of your religion."

Such an answer, simple as it was, really seems to contain the seeds of all that is excellent in the English character—exactly what a king should have said on such an occasion—exactly what, under the influence of Christianity, has grown up into all our best institutions. There is the natural dislike to change, which Englishmen still retain; there is the willingness at the same time to listen favourably to anything which comes recommended by the energy and self-devotion of those who urge it; there is, lastly, the spirit of moderation and toleration, and the desire to see fair play, which is one of our best gifts, and which, I hope, we shall never lose. We may, indeed, well be thankful, not only that we had an Augustine to convert us, but that we had an Ethelbert for our king.

Historical Memorials of Canterbury.

COLUMBA IN IRELAND.

ONE specimen of the ancient Irish Church will suffice for a thousand. If the effect of Dr. Todd's learned labours on S. Patrick is to envelop him in a thicker mist of doubt than ever, it must be acknowledged that Dr. Reeves' investigations and Montalembert's description of S. Columba have made us feel that in him we have before us an undoubted man of flesh and blood, an unquestionable Irishman! indeed, the very impersonation of the vindictive fierceness, the passionate curses for which Irish saints have been celebrated, from the character given of them by Giraldus Cambrensis down to the curse of the Dublin chapter on the Earls of Kildare, and yet further still of the Orange Lodges on those who refuse to drink their toast. His real name was fitly taken from the wild fox (Crimthan) of the Irish hills, but, in a kind of grim irony, was exchanged for that of the dove (Columba). He was of gigantic stature; he had a voice that could be heard for more than a mile; his features were frightfully harsh, but with large soft grey eyes. He had

all the passion for instruction still characteristic of his countrymen, which in that early age showed itself in the desire of copying manuscripts. On old Langharad, the recluse of Ossory, whose bare legs were clothed with a thick covering of white hair, who refused to Columba the request to examine his works, he discharged the curse that his writings might become for ever illegible. From his master Finnian he contrived to steal by night a copy of his most valuable psalter. For this breach of copyright he was prosecuted by Finnian, who had detected him by looking through the keyhole. King Diarmid, the founder of the learned sanctuary of Clonmacnoise, was not an unsuitable judge in such a lawsuit. At Tara he pronounced the famous decree, "To every cow its calf; to every book its booklet." By this judgment the copy was awarded to the owner of the original manuscript. But Columba refused to restore it. The whole tribe of the O'Donnells took part in the war. The contested copy became the "Fighting Psalter"—the palladium of the O'Donnell tribe. It was borne on the breast of their priest into the thick of the battle. It still remains in Dublin, a monument of the Irish Church of that militant age. The fierce battle of Culdrevny was the result; and in the horror excited by the torrents of blood that were shed, Columba was ordered to expiate his crime by crossing the seas to Scotland. In all this the Apostle of Scotland was but the ancestor of the wild faction-fighting peasant and priest of the present day.

Essays on Church and State, Essay IX.

COLUMBA AT IONA.

THE natural features and the Celtic names still preserved in Iona give us the complete framework of the earliest authentic history of Scottish Christianity. We can trace Columba's arrival and sojourn here almost step by step. The northern coast of Ireland and the western coast of Caledonia were to the dwellers on either side almost as one country—both were regarded as the land of the Scots. From the promontories of

Antrim the Scottish shores are completely visible. When Columba left his native glens in Donegal, and his dear familiar oak groves of Derry, a banished, excommunicated man, these shores were to him the natural outlet of his zeal. He was to leave his own island; but whilst he sought the nearest sphere of his future labours, it must also be one which placed him beyond the temptation of returning home. In the Hebridean group, the first which he reached was that formed by Jura with its three craggy "Paps," and the two islands now called, we can hardly doubt, from himself and his companion, Colonsay[1] and Oransay. But from Colonsay Ireland was still visible. He could not trust himself within view of it. He, with his twelve companions, in their frail coracle, embarked once more. They pushed on across the open sea. In front there rose a pyramidal hill, which seemed to beckon them on. It was Dun-I, "the hill of I, or Hy." At the south end of the island there is a bay deep withdrawn behind a group of rocky islets that stand out above the waves. Between these rocks Columba drove his coracle, and found himself on a beach of the pure white sand, which is the glory of the shores of Iona, sprinkled with the green serpentine pebbles which pilgrims and travellers have long carried off as trophies. This is still called the Port of the Coracle,[2] and beneath the long low mound, slightly fenced around with cairns and stones, sixty feet long, is said to lie buried the original bark. Overhanging this bay is a rocky hill, which Columba climbed, and looked once more westward. Ireland was now invisible; he felt himself secure. From this point, which was henceforth to be called "the Hill with the Back turned on Ireland," he descended into the island which he was to make his own. He advanced across the low hills which part the Bay of the Coracle from the long plain which looks towards the Isle of Mull. Whatever may have led him in the first instance to Iona, it was the peculiarity

[1] The parallel with *Oransay* seems decisive as to the explanation, and though Colonsay is called "Coloso" by Adamnan, this can only be from the attempt to Latinize it.

[2] *Pert-a-hurrach*, the Gaelic modification of "currach" in composition. When Johnson and Boswell came to the spot, they were perplexed by finding, as they thought, the English word *wherry* in *Port-a-wherry*. Boswell's *Johnson*, iii. 34.

of this plain which fixed his continuance there. He was in an island—removed from the immediate danger of attack from the savage Highland tribes—but still sufficiently within reach of the mainland (for such the Isle of Mull may, comparatively speaking, be called) to communicate with its inhabitants, and to receive provisions and communications from them. The strait is so narrow that the human voice could be heard across; and one of the most frequent incidents in his life is that signals came of some expected or unexpected guest from the opposite shore. "Some one is coming over who will upset my ink-bottle;" and so it proved. Every trace of the actual habitations of Columba has perished; but so unchanged are the natural features of the place that we can fix, if not the very spot on which he pitched his little hut, yet the close neighbourhood of it. It was in all probability, the low knoll immediately above the humble inn of the modern village. There is a glen on the west of the island, over whose rocky walls hangs, in vast tresses, the ivy which was used to weave together the walls of the huts, built of the branches of thorn and briar which grow not far off. In this glen, and in others of like kind, Columba would retire at times from his little community to still deeper solitude. One of them is still called the Glen of the Temple, and leads to the corn plain on the other side of the island, still, as in Columba's time, bearing the name of Machar or "Sandy Plain;" out of the midst of this rise two green hills. It is curious that to these and not to the towering peak of Dun-I, is attached the legend which invests the island with its most peculiar sanctity. Columba, in one of the retreats of which we have spoken, withdrew into this plain, forbidding any of his disciples to follow him. One of them, more curious than the rest, climbed a rocky point which runs out into the plain, and from thence reported that he saw Columba on the larger of the two hills holding converse with the angels. After the lapse of a thousand years that eminence is still called the "Knoll of the Angels,"[1] the same name which was given to it

[1] Cnoc Angel. It is also called [the Great Hill of the Fairies, as the smaller hill is called the Little Hill of the Fairies. The story is told in *Adamnan*, iii. 16 (Reeves, 257).

from this association within a hundred years of its supposed occurrence. Nearer to the habitation of the saint cluster the local recollections of his last days. Winding along the slope of the shore, on which the little settlement was established, came the old white pony, which received his parting affectionate caresses on the eve of his death. The scene of this event is in all probability marked by the one cross which remains standing in Iona, commonly called the cross of Maclean. Immediately above the settlement rises a singularly marked and prominent knoll, which commands the whole Strait of Mull. This hill, still called the Tor Ab—the Hill of the Abbot—the first to whom that venerable name was given, is, we cannot doubt, the little hill—"the Monticellus," which Columba, now enfeebled with age, climbed on the day before his death, and foretold its future fame.

The Church of Scotland, Lect. I.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

We know the Confessor well from the descriptions preserved by his contemporaries. His appearance was such as no one could forget. It was almost that of an Albino. His full-flushed rose-red cheeks strangely contrasted with the milky whiteness of his waving hair and beard. His eyes were always fixed on the ground. There was a kind of magical charm in his thin white hands and his long transparent fingers, which not unnaturally led to the belief that there resided in them a healing power of stroking away the diseases of his subjects. His manners presented a singular mixture of gravity and levity. Usually affable and gentle, so as to make even a refusal look like an acceptance, he burst forth at times into a fury which showed that the old Berserker rage was not dead within him. "By God and His mother, I will give you just such another turn if ever it come in my way!" was the utterance of what was thought by his biographers a

mild expression of his noble indignation against a peasant who interfered with the pleasure of his chace. Austere as were his habits—old even as a child—he startled his courtiers sometimes by a sudden smile or a peal of laughter, for which they or he could only account by some mysterious vision.[1] He cared for little but his devotional exercises and hunting. He would spend hours in church, and then, as soon as he was set free, would be off to the woods for days together, flying his hawks and cheering on his hounds.

With his gentle piety was blended a strange hardness towards those to whom he was most bound. He was harsh to his mother. His alienation from his wife, even in that fantastic age, was thought extremely questionable. His good faith was not unimpeachable. "There was nothing," it was said, "that he would not promise from the exigency of the time. He pledged his faith on both sides, and confirmed by oath anything that was demanded of him." On the other hand, a childish kindliness towards the poor and suffering made them look upon him as their natural protector. The unreasoning benevolence which, in a modern French romance, appears as an extravagance of an unworldly bishop, was literally ascribed to the Confessor in a popular legend, of which the representation was depicted on the tapestries that once hung round the Choir, and may still be seen in one of the compartments of the screen of his shrine.[2] The King was reposing after the labours of the day. His chamberlain, Hugolin, had opened the chest of the royal monies to pay the servants of the palace. The scullion crept in to avail himself, as he supposed, of the King's sleep, and carried off the remains of the treasure. At his third entrance Edward started up, and warned him to fly before the return of Hugolin ("He will not leave you even a half-penny"); and to the remon-

[1] As when he saw in a trance the shipwreck of the King of Denmark (*Oxford Life*, 244; *Cambridge Life*, 1342), or the movements of the Seven Sleepers. See pp. 27, 28.

[2] The legends which are here cited are not found in the contemporary life of the Confessor in the eleventh century, and therefore cannot be trusted for the accuracy of their facts or their language, but only as representing the feeling of the next generation. The screen is of the fifteenth century, but it faithfully preserves these records of the twelfth. Nothing shows the rapidity of the growth of these legends more than the fact that out of the fourteen subjects thus represented, so few are actually historical.

strances of Hugolin answered, "The thief hath more need of it than we—enough treasure hath King Edward!"

Another peculiar combination marks his place equally in the history of England and in the foundation of the Abbey. He was the last of the Saxons—that is, the last of those concerned in the long struggle against the Danes. As time went on, the national feeling transfigured him almost into a Saxon Arthur. In him was personified all the hatred with which the Anglo-Saxon Christians regarded the Pagan Norsemen. His exile to escape from their tyranny raised him at once to the rank of "Confessor," as Edmund the East Angle, by his death in battle with them, had been in like manner raised to the rank of "Martyr." A curious legend represents that, on entering his treasury, he saw a black demon dancing on the casks [1] which contained the gold extracted from his subjects to pay the obnoxious tax to the Danes, and how in consequence the Danegelt was for ever abolished.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. I.

MURDER OF BECKET.

It was Tuesday, the 29th of December. Tuesday, his friends remarked, had always been a significant day in Becket's life. On a Tuesday he was born and baptized—on a Tuesday he had fled from Northampton—on a Tuesday he had left England on his exile—on a Tuesday he had received warning of his martyrdom in a vision at Pontigny—on a Tuesday he had returned from that exile—it was now on a Tuesday that the fatal hour came—and (as the next generation observed) it was on a Tuesday that his enemy King Henry was buried—on a Tuesday that the martyr's relics were translated—and Tuesday was long after-

[1] *Cambridge Life*, 940–961. The casks are represented in the frieze of the screen. This long continued to be the mode of keeping money, as appears from the story of Wolsey and the Jester. For the abolition of the Danegelt see *Cambridge Life*, 922, 1884; *Oxford Life*, 302.

wards regarded as the week-day especially consecrated to the saint, with whose fortunes it had thus been so strangely interwoven. Other omens were remarked. A soldier who was in the plot whispered to one of the cellarmen of the Priory that the Archbishop would not see the evening of Tuesday. Becket only smiled. A citizen of Canterbury, Reginald by name, had told him that there were several in England who were bent on his death; to which he answered, with tears, that he knew he should not be killed out of church. He himself had told several persons in France, that he was convinced he should not outlive the year, and in two days the year would be ended.

Whether these evil auguries weighed upon his mind, or whether his attendants afterwards ascribed to his words a more serious meaning than they really bore, the day opened with gloomy forebodings. Before the break of dawn, the Archbishop startled the clergy of his bed-chamber by asking whether it would be possible for any one to escape to Sandwich before daylight, and on being answered in the affirmative, added, "Let any one escape who wishes." That morning he attended mass in the cathedral; then passed a long time in the chapter-house, confessing to two of the monks, and receiving, as seems to have been his custom, three scourgings. Then came the usual banquet in the great hall of the Palace at three in the afternoon. He was observed to drink more than usual, and his cupbearer, in a whisper, reminded him of it. "He who has much blood to shed," answered Becket, "must drink much."

The dinner was now over; the concluding hymn or "grace" was finished; and Becket had retired to his private room, where he sat on his bed, talking to his friends; whilst the servants according to the practice which is still preserved in our old collegiate establishments, remained in the hall making their meal of the broken meat which was left. The floor of the hall was strewn with fresh hay and straw, to accommodate with clean places those who could not find room on the benches; and the crowd of beggars and poor, who

daily received their food from the Archbishop, had gone into the outer yard, and were lingering before their final dispersion. It was at this moment that the four knights dismounted in the court before the hall; the doors were all open, and they passed through the crowd without opposition. Either to avert suspicion or from deference to the feeling of the time, which forbade the entrance of armed men into the peaceful precincts of the cathedral, they left their weapons behind, and their coats of mail were concealed by the usual cloak and gown, the dress of ordinary life. One attendant, Radulf, an archer, followed them. They were generally known as courtiers; and the servants invited them to partake of the remains of the feast. They declined, and were pressing on, when, at the foot of the staircase leading from the hall to the Archbishop's room, they were met by William Fitz-Nigel, the seneschal, who had just parted from the Primate with a permission to leave his service, and join the King in France. When he saw the knights, whom he immediately recognised, he ran forward and gave them the usual kiss of salutation, and at their request ushered them to the room where Becket sate. "My lord," he said, "here are four knights from King Henry, wishing to speak to you." "Let them come in," said Becket. It must have been a solemn moment, even for those rough men, when they first found themselves in the presence of the Archbishop. Three of them—Hugh de Moreville, Reginald Fitzurse, and William de Tracy—had known him long before in the days of his splendour as Chancellor and favourite of the King. He was still in the vigour of strength, though in his fifty-third year; his countenance, if we may judge of it from the accounts at the close of the day, still retained its majestic and striking aspect; his eyes were large and piercing, and always glancing to and fro; and his tall figure, though really spare and thin, had a portly look from the number of wrappings which he wore beneath his ordinary clothes. Round about him sate or lay on the floor the clergy of his household—amongst them, his faithful counsellor John of Salisbury, William Fitzstephen his chaplain, and Edward

grim a Saxon monk of Cambridge, who had arrived but a few days before on a visit.

When the four knights appeared, Becket, without looking at them, pointedly continued his conversation with the monk who sate next him, and on whose shoulder he was leaning. They, on their part, entered without a word, beyond a greeting exchanged in a whisper to the attendant who stood near the door, and then marched straight to where the Archbishop sate, and placed themselves on the floor at his feet, among the clergy who were reclining around. Radulf the archer sate behind them on the boards. Becket now turned round for the first time, and gazed steadfastly on each in silence, which he at last broke by saluting Tracy by name. The conspirators continued to look minutely at each other, till Fitzurse, who throughout took the lead, replied, with a scornful expression, "God help you!" Becket's face grew crimson, and he glanced round at their countenances, which seemed to gather fire from Fitzurse's speech. Fitzurse again broke forth, "We have a message from the King over the water—tell us whether you will hear it in private, or in the hearing of all." "As you wish," said the Archbishop. "Nay, as *you* wish," said Fitzurse. "Nay, as *you* wish," said Becket. The monks at the Archbishop's intimation withdrew into an adjoining room; but the doorkeeper ran up and kept the door ajar, that they might see from the outside what was going on. Fitzurse had hardly begun his message, when Becket, suddenly struck with a consciousness of his danger, exclaimed, "This must not be told in secret," and ordered the doorkeeper to recall the monks. For a few seconds the knights were left alone with Becket; and the thought occurred to them, as they afterwards confessed, of killing him with the cross-staff which lay at his feet—the only weapon within their reach. The monks hurried back, and Fitzurse, apparently calmed by their presence, resumed his statement of the complaints of the King. These complaints, which are given by various chroniclers in very different words, were three in number. "The King over the water commands you to perform your duty to the King on this

side the water, instead of taking away his crown." "Rather than take away his crown," replied Becket, "I would give him three or four crowns." "You have excited disturbances in the kingdom, and the King requires you to answer for them at his court." "Never," said the Archbishop, "shall the sea again come between me and my church, unless I am dragged thence by the feet!" "You have excommunicated the bishops, and you must absolve them." "It was not I," replied Becket, "but the Pope, and you must go to him for absolution." He then appealed, in language which is variously reported, to the promises of the King at their interview in the preceding July. Fitzurse burst forth, "What is it you say? You charge the King with treachery." "Reginald, Reginald," said Becket, "I do no such thing; but I appeal to the archbishops, bishops, and great people, five hundred and more, who heard it, and you were present yourself, Sir Reginald." "I was not," said Reginald; "I never saw nor heard anything of the kind." "You were," said Becket, "I saw you." The knights, irritated by contradiction, swore again and again, "by God's wounds," that they had borne with him long enough. John of Salisbury, the prudent counsellor of the Archbishop, who perceived that matters were advancing to extremities, whispered, "My lord, speak privately to them about this." "No," said Becket; "they make proposals and demands which I cannot and ought not to admit."

He, in his turn, complained of the insults he had received. First came the grand grievances of the preceding week. "They have attacked my servants, they have cut off my sumpter-mule's tail, they have carried off the casks of wine that were the King's own gift." It was now that Hugh de Moreville, the gentlest of the four, put in a milder answer: "Why did you not complain to the King of these outrages? Why do you take upon yourself to punish them by your own authority?" The Archbishop turned round sharply upon him; "Hugh, how proudly you lift up your head! When the rights of the Church are violated, I shall wait for no man's permission to avenge them. I will give to the King

ne things that are the King's; but to God the things that re God's. It is my business, and I alone will see to it." For the first time in the interview the Archbishop had assumed an attitude of defiance; the fury of the knights broke at once through the bonds which had partially restrained it, and displayed itself openly in those impassioned gestures which are now confined to the half-civilised nations of the south and east, but which seem to have been natural to all classes of mediæval Europe. Their eyes flashed fire: they sprang upon their feet, and rushing close up to him gnashed their teeth, twisted their long gloves, and wildly threw their arms above their heads. Fitzurse exclaimed, "You threaten us, you threaten us! Are you going to excommunicate us all?" One of the others added, "As I hope for God's mercy, he shall not do that; he has excommunicated too many already." The Archbishop also sprang from his couch, in a state of strong excitement. "You threaten me," he said, "in vain; were all the swords in England hanging over my head, you could not terrify me from my obedience to God, and my lord the Pope. Foot to foot shall you find me in the battle of the Lord. Once I gave way. I returned to my obedience to the Pope, and will never more desert it. And besides, you know what there is between you and me; I wonder the more that you should thus threaten the Archbishop in his own house." He alluded to the fealty sworn to him while Chancellor by Moreville, Fitzurse, and Tracy, which touched the tenderest nerve of the feudal character. "There is nothing," they rejoined, with an anger which they doubtless felt to be just and loyal, "there is nothing between you and us which can be against the King."

Roused by the sudden burst of passion on both sides, many of the servants and clergy, with a few soldiers of the household, hastened into the room, and ranged themselves round the Archbishop. Fitzurse turned to them and said, "You who are on the King's side, and bound to him by your allegiance, stand off!" They remained motionless, and Fitzurse called to them a second time, "Guard him; prevent him

from escaping." The Archbishop said, "I shall not escape." On this the knights caught hold of their old acquaintance, William Fitz-Nigel, who had entered with the rest, and hurried him with them, saying, "Come with us." He called out to Becket; "You see what they are doing with me?" "I see," replied Becket; "this is their hour, and the power of darkness." As they stood at the door, they exclaimed, "It is you who threaten;" and in a deep undertone they added some menace, and enjoined on the servants obedience to their orders. With the quickness of hearing for which he was remarkable, he caught the words of their defiance, and darted after them to the door, entreating them to release Fitz-Nigel; then he implored Moreville, as more courteous than the others, to return and repeat their message; and lastly, in despair and indignation, he struck his neck repeatedly with his hand, and said, "Here, here you will find me."

The knights, deaf to his solicitations, kept their course, seizing, as they went, another soldier, Radulf Morin, and passed through the hall and court, crying, "To arms! to arms!" A few of their companions had already taken post within the great gateway, to prevent the gate being shut; the rest, at the shout, poured in from the house where they were stationed hard by, with the watchword, "King's men! King's men!" (Réaux! Réaux!) The gate was instantly closed, to cut off communication with the town; the Archbishop's porter was removed, and in front of the wicket, which was left open, William Fitz-Nigel, who seems suddenly to have turned against his master, and Simon of Croil, a soldier attached to the household of Clarembald, kept guard on horseback. The knights threw off their cloaks and gowns under a large sycamore in the garden,[1] appeared in their armour, and girt on their swords. Fitzurse armed himself in the porch, with the assistance of Robert Tibia, trencherman of the Archbishop. Osbert and Algar, two of the servants, seeing their approach,

[1] Fitzstephen, 298. The porch of the hall, built, doubtless, on the plan of the one here mentioned by Archbishop Langton about fifty years later, still in part remains, incorporated in one of the modern houses now occupying the site of the Palace. There is a similar porch, in a more complete state, the only fragment of a similar hall, adjoining the Palace at Norwich.

shut and barred the door of the hall, and the knights in vain endeavoured to force it open. But Robert de Broc, who had known the palace during the time of its occupation by his uncle Randolf, called out, "Follow me, good sirs, I will show you another way!" and got into the orchard behind the kitchen. There was a staircase leading thence to the ante-chamber between the hall and the Archbishop's bedroom. The wooden steps were under repair, and the carpenters had gone to their dinner, leaving their tools on the stairs. Fitz-urse seized an axe, and the others hatchets, and thus armed they mounted the staircase to the ante-chamber, broke through an oriel-window which looked out on the garden, entered the hall from the inside, attacked and wounded the servants who were guarding it, and opened the door to the assailants. The Archbishop's room was still barred and inaccessible.

Meanwhile Becket, who resumed his calmness as soon as the knights had retired, reseated himself on his couch, and John of Salisbury again urged moderate counsels, in words which show that the estimate of the Archbishop in his life-time justifies the impression of his vehement and unreason-able temper which has prevailed in later times, though entirely lost during the centuries which elapsed between his death and the Reformation. "It is wonderful, my lord, that you never take any one's advice; it always has been, and always is your custom, to do and say what seems good to yourself alone." "What would you have me do, Dan John?" said Becket. "You ought to have taken counsel with your friends, knowing as you do that these men only seek occasion to kill you." "I am prepared to die," said Becket. "We are sinners," said John, "and not yet prepared for death; and I see no one who wishes to die without cause except you." The Archbishop answered, "Let God's will be done." "Would to God it might end well!" sighed John in despair. The dialogue was interrupted by one of the monks rushing in to announce that the knights were arming. "Let them arm," said Becket. But in a few minutes the violent assault on the door of the hall, and the crash of a wooden partition in the passage from

the orchard, announced that danger was close at hand. The monks, with that extraordinary timidity which they always seem to have displayed, instantly fled, leaving only a small body of his intimate friends or faithful attendants. They united in entreating him to take refuge in the cathedral. "No," he said; "fear not; all monks are cowards." On this some sprang upon him, and endeavoured to drag him there by main force; others urged that it was now five o'clock, that vespers were beginning, and that his duty called him to attend the service. Partly forced, partly persuaded by the argument,[1] partly feeling that his doom called him thither, he rose and moved; but, seeing that his cross-staff was not, as usual, borne before him, he stopped and called for it. He remembered, perhaps, the memorable day at the Council of Northampton, when he had himself borne the cross through the royal Hall, to the dismay and fury of his opponents. His ordinary cross-bearer, Alexander Llewellyn, had left him for France, two days before, and the cross-staff was, therefore, borne by one of his clerks, Henry of Auxerre. They first attempted to pass along the usual passage to the cathedral, through the orchard, to the western front of the church. But both court and orchard being by this time thronged with armed men, they turned through a room which conducted to a private door that was rarely used, and which led from the palace to the cloisters of the monastery. One of the monks ran before to force it, for the key was lost. Suddenly the door flew open as if of itself, and in the confusion of the moment, when none had leisure or inclination to ask how so opportune a deliverance occurred, it was natural for the story to arise which is related, with one exception,[2] in all the narratives of the period—that the bolt came off as though it

[1] Fitzstephen, 299. He had dreamed, or anticipated, that he should be killed in church, and had communicated his apprehensions to the abbots of Pontigny and Val-Luisant (Benedict, 65), and, as we have seen, to a citizen of Canterbury on the eve of this day.

[2] Benedict, 64. It is curious that a similar miracle was thought to have occurred on his leaving the royal castle at Northampton. He found the gate locked and barred. One of his servants caught sight of a bundle of keys hanging aloft, seized it, and with wonderful quickness (*quod quasi miraculum quibusdam visum est*), picked out the right key from the tangled mass, and opened the door (Roger, 142). The cellarman, Richard, was the one who had received intimation of the danger, and who would therefore be on the watch. See Willis's *Conventual Buildings of Christ Church*, p. 116.

had merely been fastened on by glue, and left their passage free. This one exception is the account by Benedict, then a monk of the monastery, and afterwards abbot of Peterborough, and his version, compared with that of all the other historians, is an instructive commentary on a thousand fables of a similar kind. Two cellarmen, he says, of the monastery, Richard and William, whose lodgings were in that part of the building, hearing the tumult and clash of arms, flew to the cloister, drew back the bolt from the other side, and opened the door to the party from the palace. Benedict knew nothing of the seeming miracle, as his brethren were ignorant of the timely interference of the cellarmen. But both miracle and explanation would at the moment be alike disregarded. Every monk in that terrified band had but a single thought—to reach the church with their master in safety. The whole march was a struggle between the obstinate attempt of the Primate to preserve his dignity, and the frantic eagerness of his attendants to gain the sanctuary. As they urged him forward, he coloured and paused, and repeatedly asked them what they feared. The instant they had passed through the door which led to the cloister, the subordinates flew to bar it behind them, which he as peremptorily forbade. For a few steps he walked firmly on, with the cross-bearer and the monks before him; halting once, and looking over his right shoulder, either to see whether the gate was locked, or else if his enemies were pursuing. Then the same ecclesiastic who had hastened forward to break open the door, called out, "Seize him, and carry him!" Vehemently he resisted, but in vain. Some pulled him from before, others pushed from behind; half carried, half drawn, he was borne along the northern and eastern cloister, crying out, "Let me go, do not drag me!" Thrice they were delayed, even in that short passage, for thrice he broke loose from them—twice in the cloister itself, and once in the chapter-house, which opened out of its eastern side.[1] At last they reached the door of the lower

[1] Roger, 166. It is from this mention of the chapter-house, which occupied the same relative position as the present one, that we ascertain the sides of the cloister by which Becket came.

north transept of the cathedral, and here was presented a new scene.

The vespers had already begun, and the monks were singing the service in the choir, when two boys rushed up the nave, announcing, more by their terrified gestures than by their words, that the soldiers were bursting into the palace and monastery. Instantly the service was thrown into the utmost confusion; part remained at prayer—part fled into the numerous hiding-places the vast fabric affords; and part went down the steps of the choir into the transept to meet the little band at the door. "Come in, come in!" exclaimed one of them; "come in, and let us die together!" The Archbishop continued to stand outside, and said, "Go and finish the service. So long as you keep in the entrance, I shall not come in." They fell back a few paces, and he stepped within the door; but, finding the whole place thronged with people, he paused on the threshold and asked, "What is it that these people fear?" One general answer broke forth, "The armed men in the cloister." As he turned and said, "I shall go out to them," he heard the clash of arms behind. The knights had just forced their way into the cloister, and were now (as would appear from their being thus seen through the open door) advancing along its southern side. They were in mail, which covered their faces up to their eyes, and carried their swords drawn. With them was Hugh of Horsea, surnamed Mauclerc, a subdeacon, chaplain of Robert de Broc. Three had hatchets. Fitzurse, with the axe he had taken from the carpenters, was foremost, shouting as he came, "Here, here, king's men!" Immediately behind him followed Robert Fitzranulph, with three other knights, whose names are not preserved; and a motley group—some their own followers, some from the town—with weapons, though not in armour, brought up the rear. At this sight, so unwonted in the peaceful cloisters of Canterbury, not probably beheld since the time when the monastery had been sacked by the Danes, the monks within, regardless of all remonstrances, shut the door of the cathedral, and proceeded to barricade it with iron bars.

A loud knocking was heard from the terrified band without, who, having vainly endeavoured to prevent the entrance of the knights into the cloister, now rushed before them to take refuge in the church. Becket, who had stepped some paces into the cathedral, but was resisting the solicitations of those immediately about him to move up into the choir for safety, darted back, calling aloud as he went, "Away, you cowards! By virtue of your obedience I command you not to shut the door—the church must not be turned into a castle." With his own hands he thrust them away from the door, opened it himself, and catching hold of the excluded monks, dragged them into the building, exclaiming, "Come in, come in—faster, faster!"

At this moment the ecclesiastics who had hitherto clung round him fled in every direction; some to the altars in the numerous side chapels, some to the secret chambers with which the walls and roof of the cathedral are filled. One of them has had the rashness to leave on record his own excessive terror. Even John of Salisbury, his tried and faithful counsellor, escaped with the rest. Three only remained—Robert, canon of Merton, his old instructor; William Fitzstephen (if we may believe his own account), his lively and worldly-minded chaplain; and Edward Grim, the Saxon monk. William, one of the monks of Canterbury, who has recorded his impressions of the scene, confesses that he fled with the rest. He was not ready to confront martyrdom, and, with clasped hands, ran as fast as he could up the steps. Two hiding-places had been specially pointed out to the Archbishop. One was the venerable crypt of the church, with its many dark recesses and chapels, to which a door then as now opened immediately from the spot where he stood; the other was the chapel of S. Blaise in the roof, itself communicating by a gallery with the triforium of the cathedral, to which there was a ready access through a staircase cut in the thickness of the wall at the corner of the transept. But he positively refused. One last resource remained to the staunch companions who stood by him. They urged him to

ascend to the choir, and hurried him, still resisting, up one of the two flights of steps which led thither. They no doubt considered that the greater sacredness of that portion of the church would form their best protection. Becket seems to have given way, as in leaving the palace, from the thought flashing across his mind that he would die at his post. He would go (such at least was the impression left on their minds) to the high altar, and perish in the Patriarchal Chair, in which he and all his predecessors from time immemorial had been enthroned. But this was not to be.

What has taken long to describe must have been compressed in action within a few minutes. The knights who had been checked for a moment by the sight of the closed door, on seeing it unexpectedly thrown open, rushed into the church. It was, we must remember, about five o'clock in a winter evening; the shades of night were gathering, and were deepened into a still darker gloom within the high and massive walls of the vast cathedral, which was only illuminated here and there by the solitary lamps burning before the altars. The twilight, lengthening from the shortest day a fortnight before, was but just sufficient to reveal the outline of objects. The transept in which the knights found themselves is the same as that which—though with considerable changes in its arrangements — is still known by its ancient name of "The Martyrdom." Two staircases led from it, one from the east to the northern aisle, one on the west to the entrance of the choir. At its south-west corner, where it joined the nave, was the little chapel and altar of the Virgin, the especial patroness of the Archbishop. Its eastern apse was formed by two chapels, raised one above the other; the upper in the roof, containing the relics of S. Blaise, the first martyr whose bones had been brought into the church, and which gave to the chapel a peculiar sanctity; the lower containing the altar of S. Benedict, under whose rule from the time of Dunstan the monastery had been placed. Before and around this altar were the tombs of four Saxon and two Norman archbishops.

In the centre of the transept was a pillar, supporting a gallery leading to the chapel of S. Blaise, and hung at great festivals with curtains and draperies. Such was the outward aspect, and such the associations, of the scene which now, perhaps, opened for the first time on the four soldiers. But the darkness, coupled with the eagerness to find their victim, would have prevented them from noticing anything more than its prominent features. At the moment of their entrance the central pillar exactly intercepted their view of the Archbishop ascending (as would appear from this circumstance) the eastern staircase. Fitzurse, with his drawn sword in one hand, and the carpenter's axe in the other, sprang in first, and turned at once to the right of the pillar. The other three went round it to the left. In the dim twilight they could just discern a group of figures mounting the steps. One of the knights called out to them, "Stay!" Another, "Where is Thomas Becket, traitor to the King?" No answer was returned. None could have been expected by any who remembered the indignant silence with which Becket had swept by when the same word had been applied by Randulf of Broc at Northampton. Fitzurse rushed forward, and, stumbling against one of the monks, on the lower step, still not able to distinguish clearly in the darkness, exclaimed, "Where is the Archbishop?" Instantly the answer came—"Reginald, here I am, no traitor, but the Archbishop and Priest of God; what do you wish?"—and from the fourth step, which he had reached in his ascent, with a slight motion of his head—noticed apparently as his peculiar manner in moments of excitement — Becket descended to the transept. Attired, we are told, in his white rochet, with a cloak and hood thrown over his shoulders, he thus suddenly confronted his assailants. Fitzurse sprang back two or three paces, and Becket passing by him took up his station between the central pillar and the massive wall which still forms the south-west corner of what was then the chapel of S. Benedict. Here they gathered round him, with the cry, "Absolve

the bishops whom you have excommunicated." "I cannot do other than I have done," he replied, and turning to Fitzurse, he added, "Reginald, you have received many favours at my hands; why do you come into my church armed?" Fitzurse planted the axe against his breast, and returned for answer, "You shall die—I will tear out your heart!" Another, perhaps in kindness, striking him between the shoulders with the flat of his sword, exclaimed, "Fly; you are a dead man!" "I am ready to die," replied the Primate, "for God and the Church; but I warn you, I curse you in the name of God Almighty, if you do not let my men escape."

The well-known horror which in that age was felt at an act of sacrilege, together with the sight of the crowds who were rushing in from the town through the nave, turned their efforts for the next few moments to carrying him out of the church. Fitzurse threw down the axe, and tried to drag him out by the collar of his long cloak, calling, "Come with us—you are our prisoner!" "I will not fly, you detestable fellow!" was Becket's reply, roused to his usual vehemence, and wrenching the cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. The three knights, to whom was now added Hugh Mauclerc, chaplain of Robert de Broc, struggled violently to put him on Tracy's shoulders. Becket set his back against the pillar, and resisted with all his might, whilst Grim, vehemently remonstrating, threw his arms around him to aid his efforts. In the scuffle Becket fastened upon Tracy, shook him by his coat of mail, and exerting his great strength, flung him down on the pavement. It was hopeless to carry on the attempt to remove him. And in the final struggle which now began, Fitzurse, as before, took the lead. But, as he approached with his drawn sword, the sight of him kindled afresh the Archbishop's anger, now heated by the fray; the spirit of the chancellor rose within him, and with a coarse[1] epithet, not calculated to turn away

[1] "Lenonem appellans," Roger, 167; Grim, 66. It is this part of the narrative that was so ingeniously, and, it must be confessed, not altogether without justice, selected as the ground of the official account of Becket's death, published by

his adversary's wrath, he exclaimed, "You profligate wretch, you are my man—you have done me fealty—you ought not to touch me!" Fitzurse, glowing all over with rage, retorted—"I owe you no fealty or homage, contrary to my fealty to the King," and waving the sword over his head, cried, "Strike, strike!" ("Ferez, ferez!"), but merely dashed off his cap. The Archbishop covered his eyes with his joined hands, bent his neck, and said, "I commend my cause and the cause of the Church to God, to S. Denys the martyr of France, to S. Alfege, and to the saints of the Church." Meanwhile Tracy, who, since his fall, had thrown off his hauberk to move more easily, sprang forward, and struck a more decided blow. Grim, who up to this moment had his arm round Becket, threw it up, wrapped in a cloak, to intercept the blade, Becket exclaiming, "Spare this defence." The sword lighted on the arm of the monk, which fell wounded or broken; and he fled disabled to the nearest altar, probably that of S. Benedict within the chapel. It is a proof of the confusion of the scene, that Grim, the receiver of the blow, as well as most of the narrators, believed it to have been dealt by Fitzurse, while Tracy, who is known to have been the man from his subsequent boast, believed that the monk whom he had wounded was John of Salisbury. The spent force of the stroke descended on Becket's head, grazed the crown, and finally rested on his left shoulder, cutting through the clothes and skin. The next blow, whether struck by Tracy or Fitzurse, was only with the flat of the sword, and again on the bleeding head, which Becket drew back as if stunned, and then raised his clasped hands above it. The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain, he said, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" At the third blow, which was also from Tracy, he sank on his knees—his arms falling—but his hands still joined as if in prayer. With his face turned towards the altar of S. Benedict,

King Henry VIII., and representing him as having fallen in a scuffle with the knights, in which he and they were equally aggressors. The violence of Becket's language was well known. His usual name for Geoffry Riddell, *Archdeacon* of Canterbury, was *Arch-devil*. Anselm, the king's brother, he called a "catamite and bastard."

he murmured in a low voice, which might just have been caught by the wounded Grim, who was crouching close by, and who alone reports the words—"For the name of Jesus, and the defence of the Church, I am willing to die." Without moving hand or foot, he fell flat on his face as he spoke, in front of the corner wall of the chapel, and with such dignity that his mantle, which extended from head to foot, was not disarranged. In this posture he received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow, accompanied with the exclamation (in allusion to a quarrel of Becket with Prince William), "Take this for love of my lord William, brother of the King." The stroke was aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head—which, it was remarked, was of unusual size—was severed from the skull, and the sword snapt in two on the marble pavement. The fracture of the murderous weapon was reported by one of the eye-witnesses as a presage of the ultimate discomfiture of the Archbishop's enemies. Hugh of Horsea, the subdeacon who had joined them as they entered the church, taunted by the others with having taken no share in the deed, planted his foot on the neck of the corpse, thrust his sword into the ghastly wound, and scattered the brains over the pavement. "Let us go—let us go!" he said in conclusion. "The traitor is dead; he will rise no more!"

Historical Memorials of Canterbury.

CONVERSION OF VLADIMIR.

THE one seed of energy and activity that had been in the ninth century scattered over Europe had also fallen upon Russia. The Norman race, which played so important a part in the civil and religious history of the West, as the allies or protectors of the Papal See, and as the founders of new dynasties in France, in Italy, in Sicily, and in England, had also established themselves on the throne of Russia in the

family of Ruric. It is to his descendant Vladimir that the Russian Church looks back as its founder. In the conversion of each of the European nations there is a kind of foretaste or reflection of the national character and religion, which gives to the study of them an interest over and above their intrinsic importance. The conversations of Ethelbert with Augustine, and of Clovis with Remigius, present peculiar elements characteristic respectively of the French and English people. This is eminently the case with the conversion of Vladimir. And the account has further these two special advantages. First, though not actually by an eye-witness, it is yet by a narrator within the next generation, and is thus given with a detail which may serve to illustrate all like events. Nowhere else shall we see so clearly the mixture of craft and simplicity, of rough barbarian sense and wild superstition; of savage force bowing down before the mere display of a civilised religion. We may be grieved, as we read, that through such weak and trivial means such great results should be brought about; but every such case is a repetition on a gigantic scale, and in a various sense, of the parable of the grain of mustard seed. Secondly, the story of the conversion of Vladimir gives us an opportunity, such as we rarely possess, of a general survey of the whole of Christendom, from a contemporary point of view. He, in this position won for him by his ancestors or himself, had become the object of attention to the different forms of religion then prevailing in the world. He is approached by each in turn. He approaches each in turn. We have, if not the very words in which he and they described their mutual impressions, yet at least the words in which one who lived almost within their generation thought it likely that they would have spoken.

Let us, as nearly as possible, follow the narrative of Nestor, and apply as we proceed the remarks which I have just made.

Whatever beginnings of the Christian faith had already been imparted to Russia here and there had made but little permanent impression. Adelbert, the great Western

missionary of this period, attacked the Sclavonic Pagans, not in Russia, but in the Isle of Rugen, on the extreme point of which a heathen temple remained till the twelfth century. Oskold and Dir may have been terrified into baptism by a storm at Constantinople; Olga may have been attracted to it by a sense of policy; but her grandson Vladimir was a ferocious prince, as much distinguished by his zeal for the rude idolatry of his countrymen as for his savage crimes.

To him, we are told, midway between the 6000th and 7000th year of the world according to the ancient Eastern era, in the year 986 according to the Christian era of the West, there came envoys from the different religions of the then known world.

First came the Bulgarian Mussulmans from the Volga. "Wise and prudent prince as thou art, thou knowest neither law nor religion. Believe in ours, and honour Mahomet."—"In what does your religion consist?" asked Vladimir. "We believe in God," they replied, "but we believe also in what the Prophet teaches. Be circumcised, abstain from pork, drink no wine; and after death choose out of seventy beautiful wives the most beautiful." Vladimir listened to them for the last reason. But that which he did not like was circumcision, the abstinence from pork, and above all the prohibition of drinking. "Drinking is the great delight of Russians," he said; "we cannot live without it."

Next came the representatives of Western Christendom. The question whence they came, or were thought to come, wavers in the story. From the Pope? From Germany? From the sect then widely known, now almost forgotten, premature Protestants, the Paulicians? "The Pope," they said, "begs us to tell you, your country is like ours, but not your religion. Ours is the right. We fear God, who made the heaven and earth, the stars and the moon, and every living creature, whilst thy Gods are of wood."—"What does your law command?" asked Vladimir. "We fast," they said, "to the best of our power; and when any one eats or drinks, he does it in honour of God, as we have been told by our master,

S. Paul." "Go home!" said Vladimir; "our fathers did not believe in your religion, nor receive it from the Pope."

Next, on being informed of this, came some Jews (who lived among the Khozars). "We have heard say that the Mahometans and the Christians have tried to persuade thee to adopt their belief. The Christians believe in Him whom we have crucified. We believe in one God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."—"In what does your law consist?" asked Vladimir. "Our law requires circumcision, prohibits pork and hare, and enjoins the observance of Saturday."—"Where then is your country?" "At Jerusalem."—"What is Jerusalem?" "God was wroth with our forefathers; He dispersed us for our sins throughout the world, and our country has fallen into the hands of Christians."—"What," said Vladimir, "you wish to teach others—you whom God has rejected and dispersed? If God had loved you and your law He would never have scattered you abroad; do you wish, perhaps, that we should suffer the same?"

In each of these answers we detect the characteristic temper of the Russian—his love of drinking, his tenacity of ancestral customs, his belief in the Divine right of success.

Another agency now appears on the scene. It is not a nameless barbarian, as before. It is, so the chronicler tells us, "a philosopher from Greece." The glory of Grecian culture still hung about its ancient seats, and the fittest harbinger of Christian truth, even in dealing with the savage Vladimir, was thought to be a Greek; not a priest or a missionary, but a philosopher.

"We have heard," said he, "that the Mahometans have sent to lead you to adopt their belief. Their religion and their practices are abominations in the face of heaven and earth, and judgment will fall upon them, as of old on 'Sodom and Gomorrah. This is what they do who call Mahomet a prophet."

This calls forth the first moral spark that we have seen in Vladimir's mind. He spat upon the ground and said, "This is shameful."

"We have also heard," said the philosopher, "that messengers have come from Rome to teach you. Their belief differs somewhat from ours. They celebrate the mass with unleavened bread, therefore they have not the true religion." Such was the point on which the two greatest Churches of the world had been torn asunder, and into which Vladimir did not further inquire. He then took up the word himself and said: "I have also had Jews here who said that the Germans and Greeks believe on Him whom we crucified." The philosopher assented. "Why was He crucified?" asked Vladimir. "If you will listen," replied the philosopher, "I will tell you all from the beginning." "With pleasure," replied Vladimir. And the philosopher then proceeded to relate all the Divine acts and deeds from the beginning of the world; the whole course, we may say, of ecclesiastical history, coming to a characteristic close in the Seventh General Council. He then defined the true faith, and spoke of the future reward of the just and punishment of the impious, and at the same time showed to Vladimir a tablet on which was painted the scene of the Last Judgment. Then, showing him on the right the just, who, filled with joy, were entering into Paradise, he made him remark on the left the sinners who were going into hell. Vladimir, as he looked at the picture, heaved a sigh and said, "Happy are those who are on the right; woe to the sinners who are on the left." "If you wish," said the philosopher, "to enter with the just who are on the right, consent to be baptized." Vladimir reflected profoundly, and said, "I will wait yet a little while." For he wished first to be instructed about each religion. But he loaded the philosopher with presents and sent him away.

Vladimir in the next year sent for the nobles and elders, and told them of the different interviews. "You know, O Prince," they said, "that no one talks evil of his religion, but that all, on the contrary, praise their own. If you wish to know the exact truth, you have wise men; send them to examine the faith of each and the manner of their worship."

We need not follow them throughout their journey. They

reported that the Mussulmans prayed with their heads covered, and that their stench was insupportable; and that the German and Roman churches had no ornaments nor beauty, though better than the Mussulman mosques.

But the nobles insisted that the decision should not be made without knowing first what was the Greek religion; and accordingly the envoys proceeded to the city which they call Tzarogorod. In that barbarous name we recognise "the city of the Czar," or "King," the great Constantinople.[1] What it was at that period, the splendour of its ceremonial, both of Church and state, even in the most minute detail, is known to us from the nearly contemporary account of the German embassy from Otho. Basil Porphyrogenitus[2] was on the throne with his brother Constantine; and his words, in giving orders to the Patriarch to prepare for a magnificent reception of the strangers, indicate more than many treatises the importance he attached to the outward show of the ceremonial of the Church, as his grandfather had to the outward show of the ceremonial of the court. "Let them see," he said, "the glory of our God." The service was that of a high festival, either of S. John Chrysostom, or of the Death of the Virgin.

It was in the church—magnificent even now in its fallen state, then all gorgeous with gold and mosaics—of S. Sophia. Even had they been as far as Rome itself, they would have seen nothing equal to it. S. Peter's, as it now is, was far in the future. Cologne Cathedral was not yet born. The boast of Justinian was still the masterpiece of Christian architecture.

The Russian envoys were placed in a convenient position. The incense smoked, the chants resounded, the Patriarch was in his most splendid vestments. One incident is preserved in a Byzantine annalist which the Russian chronicler has omitted. "The Russians were struck," he says, "by the mul-

[1] According to the fragment of the Byzantine Chronicles in Karamsin (i. 393), they went also "to the Patriarch of Rome, who is called the Pope," and returned with the hope of persuading Vladimir to join the Latin Church. The ground on which the nobles desired to hear of the Greek religion was "that Constantinople was more illustrious than Rome." Compare a (spurious) letter by Vladimir's physician. Ibid. 354.

[2] Karamsin, i. 392. Also called "Bulgaroctonus," from his savage conquest of the Bulgarians. See, for his reign of fifty years, Finlay's *Byzantine Empire*, bk. ii. c. ii. § 2.

titude of lights and the chanting of the hymns; but what most filled them with astonishment was the appearance of the deacons and sub-deacons issuing from the sanctuary, with torches in their hands;" and, as we happen to know from an earlier source,[1] with white linen wings on their shoulders, at whose presence the people fell on their knees and cried, "Kyrie Eleison!" The Russians took their guides by the hand, and said: "All that we have seen is awful and majestic, but this is supernatural. We have seen young men with wings, in dazzling robes, who, without touching the ground, chanted in the air, Holy! holy! holy! and this is what has most surprised us." The guides replied (and the Byzantine historian repeats it without changing the tone of his narrative, even in the slightest degree): "What! do you not know that angels come down from heaven to mingle in our services?" "You are right," said the simple-minded Russians; "we want no further proof; send us home again."

It is a striking instance of the effect produced on a barbarous people by the union of religious awe and outward magnificence, and the dexterity with which the Byzantine courtiers turned the credulity of the Russian envoys to account illustrates the origin of many of the miracles of the middle ages; not wholly fraud, nor wholly invention, but a union of the two; a symbolical ceremony taken for a supernatural occurrence, and the mistake fostered, not by deliberate imposture, but by the difficulty of resisting the immense temptation to deception which such mistakes afforded. A like confusion supports to this day the supposed miracle of the Holy Fire at Jerusalem.

Eastern Church, Lect. IX.

[1] Quoted in Bunsen's *Christianity and Mankind*, vii. 45. The same tendency to impose upon foreigners appears in the account of Luitprand's embassy, when he was received with the roaring of golden lions and the warbling of golden birds (Gibbon, c. 53).

THE POPE.

THE Pope is a representative of Christian antiquity. In this respect he is a perfect museum of ecclesiastical curiosities —a mass, if we wish so to regard him, of latent Primitive Protestantism. In him, from the high dignity and tenaciously conservative tendencies of the office, customs endured which everywhere else perished.

The public entrance of that great personage into one of the Roman Churches, at the time when such processions were allowed by ecclesiastical authority, can never be forgotten. Borne aloft above the surface of the crowd—seen from head to foot—the peacock fans waving behind him—the movement of the hand alone indicating that it is a living person and not a waxen figure—he completely represented the identification of the person with the institution; he gave the impression that there alone was an office which carried the mind back to the times, as Lord Macaulay says, when tigers and camelopards bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre.

1. Take his ordinary dress. He always appears in a white gown. He is, according to a well-known Roman proverb, "the White Pope," in contradistinction to the more formidable "Black Pope," the General of the order of the Jesuits, who wears a black robe. This white dress is the white frock of the early Christians, such as we see in the oldest mosaics, before the difference between lay and clerical costume had sprung up; not the "surplice" of the Church of England, nor the "white linen robe" of the Jewish priest, but the common classical dress of all ranks in Roman society. To this common white garb the early Christians adhered with more than usual tenacity, partly to indicate their cheerful, festive character, as distinct from mourners, who went in black, partly to mark their repudiation of the peculiar black dress of the philosophical sects with which they were often confounded. The Pope thus carries on the recollection of an age when there was no visible distinction between the clergy and the laity;

he shows, at any rate, in his own person, the often repeated but often forgotten fact, that all ecclesiastical costumes have originated in the common dress of the time, and been merely perpetuated in the clergy, or in this case in the head of the clergy, from their longer adherence to ancient habits.

2. Take his postures. At the reception of the Holy Communion, whilst others kneel, his proper attitude is that of sitting; and, although it has been altered of late years, he still so stands as to give the appearance of sitting. It is possible that this may have been continued out of deference to his superior dignity; but it is generally believed, and it is very probable, that in that attitude he preserves the tradition of the primitive posture of the early Christians, who partook of the Holy Supper in the usual attitude of guests at a meal—recumbent or sitting, as the case might be. This has now been exchanged throughout a large part of Christendom, for a more devotional attitude—in the East for standing, in the West for kneeling. The Pope still retains in part or in whole the posture of the first Apostles; and in this he is followed by the Presbyterians of Scotland and the Nonconformists of England, who endeavour by this act to return to that which, in the Pope himself, has never been entirely abandoned. It brings before us the ancient days when the Sacrament was still a supper, when the communicants were still guests, when the altar was still a table.

3. This leads us to another custom retained in the Pope from the same early time. The Pope, when he celebrates mass in his own cathedral of S. John Lateran, celebrates it, not on a structure of marble or stone, such as elsewhere constitutes the altars of Roman Catholic churches, but on a wooden plank, said to be part of the table on which S. Peter in the house of Pudens consecrated the first communion in Rome. This primitive wooden table—the mark of the original social character of the Lord's Supper—has been preserved throughout the East; and in most Protestant Churches, including the Church of England, it was restored at the Re-

formation. But it is interesting to find this indisputable proof of its antiquity and catholicity preserved in the very heart of the see of Rome. Some persons have been taught to regard stone altars as identical with Popery; some to regard them as necessary for Christian worship. The Pope, by this usage of the old wooden table, equally contradicts both. The change from wood to stone was occasioned in the first instance, not by the substitution of the idea of an altar for a table, but by the substitution of a tomb, containing the relics of a martyr, for both altar and table.

4. Again, when the Pope celebrates mass, he places himself, not with his back to the people, nor at the north end, nor at the north-west side, of the table, but behind it with his back to the wall, and facing the congregation. This is the exact reverse of the position of the Roman Catholic clergy generally, and of those who would wish especially to imitate them. It much more nearly resembles the position of Presbyterian and Nonconformist ministers at the time of the Holy Communion, when they stand at one side of the table, facing the congregation, who are on the other side. It was the almost necessary consequence of the arrangement of the original Basilica, where the altar stood not at the east end, but in the middle of the building, the central point between clergy and laity. It agrees with the position in the original institution as represented in pictures of the Last Supper. In part it agrees with the position which was common in the Church of England for the first hundred years after the Reformation, and till after the Restoration, and is still directly enjoined in the rubrics of the English Prayer Book. The position of a Presbyterian minister at the time of the celebration of the Lord's Supper, either as he stands in the pulpit, or when descending he takes his place behind the table, with his elders around him, precisely resembles the attitude of an early Christian bishop surrounded by his presbyters.

Here again Protestantism, or, if we prefer to call it so, primitive Christianity, appears in the Pope, when it has perished on all sides of him.

5. Another peculiarity of the Pope's celebration of mass gives us a glimpse into a phase of the early Church which is highly instructive. The Gospel and Epistle are read both in Greek and in Latin. This is a vestige doubtless of the early condition of the first Roman Church, which, as Dean Milman has well pointed out, was not an Italian, but a Greek community—the community to which, as being Greek and Oriental, S. Paul wrote not in Latin, but in Greek; the community of which the first teachers, Clement and Hermas, wrote not in Latin, but in Greek. It preserves the curious and instructive fact that the chief of Latin Christendom was originally not an "Italian priest," but an alien; a Greek in language, an Oriental in race. It gives us an insight into the foreign elements out of which the early Western Churches everywhere were formed. It is in fact a remnant of a state of things not later than the third century. Before that time the sacred language of the Roman Church was Greek. After that time, Greek gave way to Latin, and by the fifth century the Roman Clergy were not even able to understand the tongue which to their forefathers in the faith had been sacred and liturgical whilst the language of the "Vulgate" and the "Canon of the Mass" was still profane.

6. Again, in the Pope's private chapel and on all occasions when the Pope himself officiates, there is a total absence of instrumental music. This, too, is a continuation of the barbaric simplicity of the early Christian service. The Roman Catholic ritual, as well as that of the Protestant Churches of Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland, and England, have joined in defying this venerable precedent. In two branches only of the Church outside the Pope's chapel it still lingers; namely, in the worship of the Eastern Churches and some of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland. At Moscow and at Glasgow still there are places where the sound of an organ would be regarded as a blast from the Seven Hills. But, in fact, the Pope himself is on this point a Greek and a Presbyterian, and in this refusal of the accompaniments of the sublime arts of modern music, is at one with those who have thrown

off his allegiance and protests against the practice of those who have accepted it.

7. Again, alone of all great ecclesiastics of his Church, he has no crosier, except a small temporary silver one at ordinations. The simple reason of this is, that being borne aloft on the shoulders of his guards, and thus not being obliged to walk like other ecclesiastics, he has no need of a walking-stick. This at once reveals the origin of the formidable crosier—not the symbol of the priesthood against the State, not even the crook of the pastor over his flock, but simply the walking-stick, the staff of the old man, of the presbyter, such as appears in the ancient drama of Greece and Rome, and in the famous riddle of Œdipus. It puts in a vivid form the saying of Pius VII. to a scrupulous Protestant, "Surely the blessing of an old man will do you no harm." The crosier was the symbol of old age, and of nothing besides.[1]

These instances might be multiplied: but they are sufficient to show the interest of the subject. They show how we find agreements and differences where we least expect them;—how innocent and insignificant are some of the ceremonies to which we attach most importance; how totally different was the primitive state, even of the Roman Church, from that which now prevails both in Roman Catholic and Protestant countries. They are lessons of charity and of wisdom—of caution and of forbearance. In these respects the Pope has acted merely as the shoal which, like the island in his own Tiber, has arrested the straws of former ages, as they floated down the stream of time.

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[1] This absence of the crosier has naturally given birth to a brood of false symbolical explanations such as have encompassed all these simple observances. One legend is, that the Pope lost the crosier because S. Peter sent his staff to raise from the dead a disciple at Trèves. This disciple afterwards became Bishop of Trèves; and the Pope therefore, when he enters the diocese of Trèves, is believed on that occasion to carry the crosier. (S. Thomas Aquinas, *Opp.* vol. xiii. 42.) Another explanation is, that the curve of the crook indicates a restraint of the episcopal power, and that as the Pope has no restraint, therefore he has no crook. (Ibid.)

THE POPE IN DIFFERENT LIGHTS.

ONE remaining fact, however, also is certain, that there is no personage in the world whose office provokes such widely different sentiments as that of the Pope. It was said that Pius IX. had two sides to his face—one malignant, the other benevolent; once, and once only, the malignant side appeared in a photograph, which was immediately suppressed by the police. Whether this is true or not, it is no unapt likeness of the opposite physiognomy which the Papal office presents to the two sides of the Christian world. To the one, he appears as the Vicar of Christ, to the other as Antichrist; to the one as the chief minister and representative of the Holy and the Just, to the other as His chief enemy. Nor is this diversity of aspect divided exactly according to the division of the ancient and modern Churches. There have been members of the Roman Church, like Petrarch, who have seen in the Papal city a likeness of Babylon, as clearly as Luther or Knox. There have been Protestants like Arnold and Guizot, who have recognised in certain phases of the Papacy a beneficence of action and a loftiness of design, as clearly as Bossuet and De Maistre. Nay even to the same mind, at the same time, the office has alternately presented both aspects, as it did to Dante. And again, the Pope, who, to most Protestants, appears as the representative of all that is retrograde, dogmatic, and superstitious, appears in the eyes of the Eastern Church as the first Rationalist, the first Reformer, the first founder of private judgment and endless schism.

This diversity of sentiment is certainly not the least instructive of the characteristics of the Papal office. Many causes may have contributed towards it, but the main and simple cause is this, that the Papal office, like many human institutions, is a mixture of much good and much evil; stained with many crimes, adorned with many virtues; with many peculiar temptations, with many precious opportunities; to

be judged calmly, dispassionately, charitably, thoughtfully by all who come across it. So judged, its past history will become more intelligible and more edifying; so judging, we may perhaps arrive, hereafter, at some forecast of what may be its Future in the present and coming movements of the world.

It once chanced that an English traveller, in a long evening spent on the heights of Monte Casino, was conversing with one of the charming inmates of the ancient home of S. Benedict, who was himself, like most of his order in Italy, opposed to the temporal power of the Pope. The Protestant Englishman ventured to ask the liberal-minded Catholic—"How do you forecast the possibility of the accomplishment of your wishes in the face of the steadfast opposition of the reigning Pontiff and the long traditional policy of the Roman Court?" He replied, "I console myself by looking back at the history of the Papacy. I remember that S. Peter came to Rome a humble fisherman, without power, without learning, with no weapon but simple faith and his life in his hand. I remember next that when the barbarians came in, and the European monarchies were founded, there came a man as unlike to S. Peter as can possibly be conceived—of boundless ambition, of iron will—Hildebrand, who alone was able to cope with the difficulties of his situation. Then came the Renaissance, classic arts, pagan literature; and there arose in the midst of them Leo X., as their natural patron, as unlike to Hildebrand as Hildebrand to S. Peter. Then came the shock of the Reformation, the panic, the alarm, the reaction; the Muses were banished, the classic luxury was abolished, and the very reverse of Leo X. appeared in the austere Puritan, Pius V. And now we have Pius IX. . . . And in twenty or a hundred years we may have a new Pope, as unlike to Pius IX. as Pius IX. is unlike to Pius V., as Pius V. was unlike to Leo X., as Leo X. was unlike to Hildebrand, as all were unlike to S. Peter; and on this I rest my hope of the ultimate conciliation of Rome and Italy, of Catholicism and freedom."

Such, or nearly such, was the consolation administered to himself by the genial historian of Monte Casino; and such, taken with a wider range, is the consolation which we may minister to ourselves in viewing the changes of an institution which, with all its failings, cannot but command a large share of religious and philanthropic interest. It is always within the bounds of hope, that a single individual, fully equal to the emergency, who should by chance or Providence find himself in that (or any like) exalted seat, might work wonders—wonders which, humanly speaking, could not be worked, even by a man of equal powers, in a situation less commanding. There is a mediæval tale which has even some foundation in fact,[1] that a certain Pope was once accused before a General Council on the charge of heresy. He was condemned to be burned; but it was found that the sentence could not be legally carried into execution but with the consent of the Pope himself. The assembled Fathers went to the Pope—*venerunt ad Papam*—and presented their humble petition—*et dixerunt, O Papa, judica te cremari;* and the Pope was moved to pity for the inextricable dilemma in which the Fathers were placed. He consented to their prayer. He pronounced judgment on himself—*et dixit, Judico me cremari;* and his sentence was carried into effect—*et crematus est*—and then in reverential gratitude for so heroic an act of self-denial he was canonised—*et postea veneratus pro sancto.* Such, although with a more cheerful issue, might be the solution of the entanglements of the Church by some future Pope. We have but to imagine a man of ordinary courage, common sense, honesty, and discernment—a man who should have the grace to perceive that the highest honour which he could confer on the highest seat in the Christian hierarchy, and the highest service he could render to the Christian religion, would be from that lofty eminence to speak out to the whole world the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Such an one, regarding

[1] The tale is founded on the deposition of Gregory V. In the real story the Council was not a General, but a Provincial Council; the Pope's crime was not heresy, but simony; the sentence pronounced was not death, but deposition.

only the facts of history, but in the plenitude of authority which he would have inherited, and "speaking *ex cathedrâ*, in discharge of his office of pastor and doctor of all Christians," might solemnly pronounce that he, his predecessors, and his successors, were fallible, personally and officially, and might err, as they have erred again and again, both in faith and morals. By so doing he would not have contradicted the decree of infallibility, more than that decree contradicts the decrees of previous councils and the declarations of previous Popes. By so doing he would incur insult, obloquy, perhaps death. But like the legendary Pope of whom we have spoken, he would have deserved the crown of sanctity, for he would have shown that quality which above all others belongs to saints in the true sense of the word. He would have risen above the temptations of his situation, his order, his office; he would have relieved the Catholic Church from that which its truest friends feel to be an intolerable incubus, and restored it to light and freedom.

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SECULAR ORIGIN OF ECCLESIASTICAL VESTMENTS.

It may be remarked that this historical inquiry has a twofold interest. First, the condition of the early Church, which is indicated in this matter of dress, is but one of a hundred similar examples of the secular and social origin of many usages which are now regarded as purely ecclesiastical, and yet more, of the close connection, or rather identity, of common and religious, of lay and clerical life, which it has been the effort of fifteen centuries to rend asunder. Among the treasures which King Edward III. presented to Westminster Abbey were "the vestments in which S. Peter was wont to celebrate mass." What those mediæval relics were we know not, but what the

actual vestment of S. Peter was we know perfectly well—it was a "fisher's coat[1] cast about his naked body." In like manner, the Church of Rome itself is not so far wrong when it exhibits in S. John Lateran the altar at which S. Peter fulfilled—if he ever did fulfil—the same functions. It is not a stone or marble monument, but a rough wooden table, such as would have been used at any common meal. And the churches in which, we do not say S. Peter, for there were no churches in his time, but the Bishops of the third and fourth centuries officiated, are not copies of Jewish or Pagan temples, but of town-halls and courts of justice. And the posture in which they officiated was not that of the modern Roman priest, with his back to the people, but that of the ancient Roman prætor, facing the people for whose sake he was there. And the Latin language, now regarded as consecrated to religious purposes, was but the vulgar dialect of the Italian peasants. And the Eucharist itself was the daily social meal, in which the only sacrifice offered was the natural thanksgiving, offered not by the presiding minister, but by all those who brought their contributions from the kindly fruits of the earth.

We do not deny that in those early ages there were many magical and mystical notions afloat. In a society where the whole atmosphere was still redolent of strange rites, of Pagan witchcraft and demonology, there is quite enough to make us rejoice that even the mediæval Church had, in some respects, made a great advance on the Church of the first ages. What we maintain is, that in the matter of vestments, as in many other respects, the practices of the primitive Church were not infected by the prevalent superstition and are a witness against it. They are incontrovertible proofs that there was a large mass of sentiment and of usage, which was not only not mediæval, not hierarchical, but the very reverse; a mine of Protestantism—of Quakerism if we will—which remained there to explode, when the time came, into the European Reformation. They coincide with the fact which Bishop Lightfoot

[1] In like manner the only mention of S. Paul's vestments is the allusion to his cloak—the *phelonê*. The casual notice of itself precludes the notion of a sacred vestment. 2 Tim. iv. 13.

has proved in his unanswerable Essay, that the idea of a separate clerical priesthood was unknown to the early Church. They remain in the ancient Roman ritual, with other well-known discordant elements, a living protest against the modern theories which have been engrafted upon it.

Secondly, there is the interest of following out the transformation of these names and garments. How early the transition from secular to sacred use took place it is difficult to determine; but it came gradually and by unequal steps. It is said that even to the ninth century there were Eastern clergy who celebrated the Eucharist in their common costume. In the original Benedictine rule the conventual dress was so well understood to be merely the ordinary dress of the neighbouring peasants, that in the sketches of early monastic life at Monte Casino the monks are represented in blue, green, or black, with absolute indifference. But now the distinction between the lay and clerical dress, which once existed nowhere, has become universal. It is not confined to ancient or to Episcopal Churches. It is found in the Churches of Presbyterians and Nonconformists. The extreme simplicity of the "utmost dissidence of Dissent" has, in this respect, departed further from primitive practice than it has from any Pontifical or ritual splendour. A distinguished Baptist minister, one of the most popular preachers, and one of the most powerful ecclesiastics in London, was shocked to find that he could not preach in Calvin's church at Geneva without adopting the gown, and naturally refused to wear it except under protest. But even he, in his London Tabernacle, had already fallen away from the primitive simplicity which acknowledged no difference of dress between the clergy and the laity, —for he as well as all other ministers (it is believed) has adopted the black dress which no layman would think of using except as an evening costume. The clergy of the Church of England have either adopted the white surplice, once the common frock, drawn over the fur of our skin-clad ancestors, or else have, in a few instances, retained or restored shreds and patches of the clothes worn by Roman nobles and

labourers. The Roman clergy have done the same, but in a more elaborate form.

In all, the process has been alike. First the early Christians, not the clergy only but the laity as well, when they came to their public assemblies, wore indeed their ordinary clothes, but took care that they should be clean. The Pelagians, and the more ascetic clergy, insisted on coming in rags, but this was contrary to the general sentiment.

Next, it was natural that the colours and forms chosen for their Sunday clothes should be of a more grave and sober tint, like that of the Quakers in Charles II.'s time. "As there is a garb proper for soldiers, sailors, and magistrates, so," says Clement of Alexandria, "there is a garb befitting the sobriety of Christians."

Then came the process which belongs to all society in every age, and which we see actually going on before our eyes—namely, that what in ordinary life is liable to the rapid transitions of fashion, in certain classes becomes fixed at a particular moment; after which, though undergoing in its turn new changes of fashion, it yet retains something of its old form or name, and finally engenders in fanciful minds fanciful reflections as far as possible removed from the original meaning of the garment.[1]

Take, for example, the wigs of bishops. First, there was the long flowing hair of the Cavaliers. Then when this was cut short came the long flowing wigs in their places. Then these were dropped except by the learned professions. Then they were dropped by the lawyers except in court. Then the clergy laid them aside, with the exception of the bishops. Then the bishops laid them aside with the exception of the archbishops. Then the last archbishop laid his wig aside except on official occasions. And now even the archbishop

[1] Extract from *Personal Recollections of Sir Gilbert Scott*, p. 28.—"In the earliest period to which his memory extended, the clergy habitually wore their cassock, gown, and shovel hat, and when this custom went out a sort of interregnum ensued, during which all distinction of dress was abandoned, and clerics followed lay fashions. This is the period which Jane Austen's novels illustrate. Her clergymen are singularly free from any of the ecclesiastical character. Later on the clergy adopted the suit of black, and the white necktie, which had all along been the dress of professional men, lawyers, doctors, architects, and even surveyors of men, in short, whose business was to advise."

as dropped it altogether. But it is easy to see that, had it been retained, it might have passed, like the pall, into the mystic symbol of the archiepiscopate, patriarchate, or we know not what. Bands again sprang from the broad[1] white collars which fell over the shoulders of the higher and middle classes, whether Cavalier or Puritan—Cromwell and Bunyan, no less than Clarendon and Hammond. Then these were confined to the clergy; then reduced to a single white plait; then divided into two parts; then symbolised to mean the two tables of the law, the two sacraments, or the cloven tongues; then, from a supposed connection with Puritanism, or from a sense of inconvenience, they ceased to be worn, or were worn only by the more old-fashioned of the clergy, so as to be regarded by the younger generation as a symbol of Puritan custom or doctrine. Just so, and with as much reason, did the surplice in the Middle Ages, from its position as a frock or pinafore over the fur coat, come to be regarded as an emblem of imputed righteousness; just so did the turban or *mitra* when divided by its crease come to be regarded as the cloven tongue; just so did the handkerchief with which the Roman gentry wiped their faces come to be regarded in the fifth century as wings of angels, and in the seventh as the yoke of Christian life. Just so have the ponchos and waterproofs of the Roman peasants and labourers come in the nineteenth century to be regarded as emblems of Sacrifice, Priesthood, Real Presence, communion with the universal Church, Christian or ecclesiastical virtues.

It is hardly necessary to answer detailed objections to a statement of which the general truth is acknowledged by all the chief authorities on the subject, as well as confirmed by the general analogy of the origin of the Christian usages. In fact, the Roman Church has at times even gloried in the secular origin of its sacred vestments, and based its adoption of them on the grant by Constantine (in his forged donation) of his own imperial garments to the Pope. It is to be added that they were occasionally transferred back to the secular

[1] In the Lutheran Church the same fate has befallen the *ruff*.

princes—as when Alexander II. granted to the Duke of Bohemia the use of the mitre, and Alexander III. to the Doge of Venice the use of an umbrella like his own—and that the Emperor wore the same pall or mantle that was used by Popes in the most sacred offices.

The only indications adduced to the contrary are :—

1. The golden plate said to have been worn by S. John and S. James. But, even if Bishop Lightfoot had not amply proved that this is a mere metaphor, it would not avail, for a golden plate has never been adopted as part of the ecclesiastical ornaments.

2. The mention in the Clementine Liturgy that the bishop at a certain moment of the service puts on a white[1] garment. But this is an exception which proves the rule. Of all the liturgies this is the only one which has any indication of dress; and the Clementine Liturgy is so saturated with interpolations of all kinds, some even heretical, that its text cannot be seriously used as an authentic witness.

3. Jerome, in his commentary on Ezekiel (c. 44), says that "Divine religion has one habit in service, another in use in common life." But he is speaking here of the trousers of the Jewish priests; and in all the allegorical interpretations he gives here, or in his letter to Fabiola, of the garments of the Jewish priesthood, there is not one which points to the sacerdotal character of the Christian ministry. In this very passage, shortly before, he says, "Thus we learn that we ought not to enter the Holy of Holies with any sort of every-day clothing soiled from the use of life, but handle the Lord's sacraments with a *clean conscience and clean clothes*." It is evident that, so far as this is not metaphorical, it means only that (according to the description of the first stage of the process of adaptation given above) the clothes of Christians in public worship should not be dirty, but clean.

There may possibly be other apparent exceptions, as, no doubt, in later Roman writers there are contradictory statements; but the general current of practice and opinion during

[1] Λαμπρὰν ἐσθῆτα, as in the next quotation from Jerome, probably means "clean, white gown."

the early ages is that which is well summed up by the Jesuit, Sirmondus, as by our own Bingham. "The colour and form of dress was in the beginning the same for ecclesiastics and laymen."

Should there be any counter statements or counter facts scattered here and there through the ancient customs or literature of the Latin Church, it is no more than is to be expected from the heterogeneous forms which any large historical system embraces within itself.

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INFANT BAPTISM.

In the Apostolic age, and in the three centuries which followed, it is evident that, as a general rule, those who came to baptism came in full age, of their own deliberate choice. We find a few cases of the baptism of children; in the third century we find one case of the baptism of infants. Even amongst Christian households the instances of Chrysostom, Gregory Nazianzen, Basil, Ephrem of Edessa, Augustine, Ambrose, are decisive proofs that it was not only not obligatory but not usual. All these distinguished personages had Christian parents, and yet were not baptised till they reached maturity. The old liturgical service of Baptism was framed for full-grown converts, and is only by considerable adaptation applied to the case of infants. Gradually the practice of baptising infants spread, and after the fifth century the whole Christian world, East and West, Catholic and Protestant, Episcopal and Presbyterian (with the single exception of the sect of the Baptists), have adopted it. Whereas, in the early ages, Adult Baptism was the rule, and Infant Baptism the exception, in later times Infant Baptism is the rule, and Adult Baptism the exception.[1]

[1] In the Church of England there was no office for adult baptism in the Prayer-book before 1662, and that which was then added is evidently intended for the baptism of heathen tribes collectively.

What is the justification of this almost universal departure from the primitive usage? There may have been many reasons, some bad, some good. One, no doubt, was the superstitious feeling already mentioned, which regarded Baptism as a charm, indispensable to salvation, and which insisted on imparting it to every human being who could be touched with water, however unconscious. Hence the eagerness with which Roman Catholic missionaries, like S. Francis Xavier, have made it the chief glory of their mission to baptise heathen populations wholesale, in utter disregard of the primitive or Protestant practice of long previous preparation. Hence the capture of children for baptism without the consent of their parents, as in the celebrated case of the Jewish boy Mortara. Hence the curious decision of the Sorbonne quoted in "Tristram Shandy." Hence in the early centuries, and still in the Eastern Churches, coextensive with Infant Baptism, the practice of Infant Communion, both justified on the same grounds, and both based on the mechanical application of Biblical texts to cases which by their very nature were not contemplated in the Apostolic age.

But there is a better side to the growth of this practice which, even if it did not mingle in its origin, is at least the cause of its continuance. It lay deep in early Christian feeling that the fact of belonging to a Christian household consecrated every member of it. Whether baptised or not, the Apostle urged that, because the parents were holy, therefore the children were holy. They were not to be treated as outcasts; they were not to be treated as heathens; they were to be recognised as part of the chosen people. This passage, whilst it is conclusive against the practice of Infant Baptism in the Apostolic age, is a recognition of the legitimate reason and permanent principle on which it is founded. It is the acknowledgment of the Christian saintliness and union of family life. The goodness, the holiness, the purity of a Christian fireside, of a Christian marriage, of a good deathbed, extends to all those who come within its reach. As we are all drawn nearer to each other by the natural bonds of affec-

tion, so we are drawn still nearer when these bonds of affection are cemented by Christianity. Every gathering, therefore, for the christening of a little child is truly a family gathering. It teaches us how closely we are members one of another. It teaches parents how deeply responsible they are for the growth of that little creature throughout its future education. It teaches brothers and sisters how by them is formed the atmosphere, good or bad, in which the soul of their little new-born brother or sister is trained to good or to evil. It teaches us the value of the purity of those domestic relations in which from childhood to old age all our best thoughts are fostered and encouraged. It also surmounts and avoids the difficulty which encompasses Adult Baptism in any country or society already impregnated with Christian influences. If the New Testament has no example of Infant Baptism, neither has it any example of Adult Christian Baptism: that is, of the baptism of those who had been already born and bred Christians. The artificial formality of a Baptismal Service for those who have grown up as Christians is happily precluded in our time by the administration of the rite at the commencement of the natural life.

But there is a further reason to be found in the character of children. This is contained in the Gospel which is read in the Baptismal Service for infants throughout the Western Church. In the early ages there probably were those who doubted whether children could be regarded as worthy to be dedicated to God or to Christ. The answer is very simple. If our Divine Master did not think them unfit to be taken in His arms and receive His own gracious blessing when He was actually on earth in bodily presence, we need not fear to ask His blessing upon them now.

Infant Baptism is thus a recognition of the good which there is in every human soul. It declares that in every child of Adam, whilst there is much evil, there is more good; whilst there is much which needs to be purified and elevated, there is much also which in itself shows a capacity for purity and virtue. In those little children of Galilee, all unbaptised as

they were, not yet even within the reach of a Christian family, Jesus Christ saw the likeness of the Kingdom of Heaven; merely because they were little children, merely because they were innocent human beings, He saw in them the objects, not of Divine malediction, but of Divine benediction. Lord Palmerston was once severely attacked for having said "Children are born good." But he, in fact, only said what Chrysostom had said before him, and Chrysostom said only what in the Gospels had been already said of the natural state of the unbaptised Galilean children, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The substitution of Infant Baptism for Adult Baptism, like the change from immersion to sprinkling, is thus a triumph of Christian charity. It exemplifies at the first beginning of life that Divine grace which hopes all things, believes all things, endures all things. In each such little child our Saviour saw, and we may see, the promise of a glorious future. In those little hands folded in unconscious repose, in those bright eyes first awakening to the outer world, in that soft forehead unfurrowed by the ruffle of care or sin, He saw, and we may see, the undeveloped rudimental instruments of the labour, and intelligence, and energy of a whole life. And not only so—not only in hope, but in actual reality does the blessing on little children, whether as expressed in the Gospel story, or as implied in Infant Baptism, acknowledge the excellency and the value of the childlike soul. Not once only in His life, but again and again, He held them up to His disciples, as the best corrective of the ambitions and passions of mankind. He exhorted all men to follow their innocency, their unconsciousness, their guilelessness, their truthfulness, their purity. He saw in them the regenerating, sanctifying element of every family, of every household, of every nation. He saw, and we may see, in their natural unaffected, simple, unconstrained acts and words the best antidote to the artificial, fantastic, exclusive spirit which beset the Pharisees of His own time, and must beset the Pharisees, whether of the religious or of the irreligious world, in all times. Infant Baptism thus is the standing testimony to the truth, the

value, the eternal significance of what is called "natural religion," of what Butler calls the constitution of human nature. It is also in a more special sense still the glorification of children. It is the outward expression of their proper place in the Christian Church, and in the instincts of the civilised world. It teaches us how much we all have to learn from children, how much to enjoy, how much to imitate. It is the response to all that poetry of children which in our days has been specially consecrated by Wordsworth and by Keble.[1]

When we see what a child is—how helpless, how trusting, how hopeful—the most hardened of men must be softened by its presence, and feel the reverence due to its tender conscience as to its tender limbs. When we remember that before their innocent faces the demons of selfishness, and impurity, and worldliness, and uncharitableness, are put to flight; when we hope that for their innocent souls there is a place in a better world, though they are ignorant of those theological problems which rend their elders asunder, this may possibly teach us that it is not "before all things necessary" to know the differences which divide the Churches of the East or West, or the Churches of the North or South. When we think of the sweet repose of a child as it lies in the arms of its nurse or its pastor at the font, it may recall to us the true attitude of humble trust and confidence which most befits the human soul, whether of saint or philosopher. "Like as a weaned child on its mother's breast, my soul is even as a weaned child." When we meditate on the imperfect knowledge of a child, it is the best picture to us of our imperfect knowledge in this mortal state. "I am but as a little child," said Sir Isaac Newton, "picking up pebbles on the shore of the vast ocean of truth." "When I was a child—when I was an infant," said S. Paul, "I spake as an 'infant,' I thought as an 'infant;' but when I became a man, the thoughts and spirit of an 'infant' were

[1] It is instructive to observe that whilst the sentiments of the two poets on the natural attractiveness of children are identical, Keble often endeavours to force it into a connection with Baptism which to Wordsworth is almost unknown. It is said that Wordsworth, once reading with admiration a well-known poem in the *Christian Year*, stumbled at the opening lines, "Where is it mothers learn their love?" (to which the answer is "the Font"). "No, no," said the old poet; "it is from their own maternal hearts."

done away." This thought is the pledge of a perpetual progress. The baptism of an infant, as the birth of an infant, would be nothing were it not that it includes within it the hope and the assurance of all that is to follow after. In those feeble cries, in those unconscious movements, there is the first stirring of the giant within;—the first dawn of that reasonable soul which will never die; the first budding of

> The seminal form which in the deeps
> Of that little chaos sleeps.

The investment of this first beginning with a religious and solemn character teaches us that, as we must grow from infancy to manhood, so also we must grow from the infancy, the limited perceptions, the narrow faith, the stunted hope, the imperfect knowledge, the straitened affections of the infancy of this mortal state to the full-grown manhood of our immortal life. It suggests that we have to pass from the momentary baptism of unconscious infants through the transforming baptism of Fire and the Spirit—that is, of Experience and of Character—which is wrought out through the many vicissitudes of life and the great change of death.

Christian Institutions, Chap. I.

THE REFORMATION.

And now a new revolution was at hand, almost as terrible in its appearance and as trying in its results as any that had gone before. The fountains of the great deep were again broken up. New wants and old evils had met together. The failure of the Crusades had shaken men's belief in holy places. Long abuses had shaken their belief in Popes, bishops, monasteries, sacraments, and saints. The revival of ancient learning had revealed truth under new forms. The invention of printing had raised up a new order of scribes, expounders, readers, writers, clergy. Institutions which had guided the

world for a thousand years, now decayed and out of joint, gave way at the moment when they were most needed. Was it possible that the Christian Church should meet these trials as it had met those which had gone before? It had lived through the fall of Jerusalem; it had lived through the ten persecutions; it had lived through its amalgamation with the Empire; it had lived through the invasion of the barbarians: but could it live through the struggles of internal dissolution? could it live through the shipwreck of the whole outward fabric of its existence? could the planks of the vessel, scattered on the face of the raging flood, be so put together again as to form any shelter from the storm, any home on the waters? Did the history of the Church come to an end, as many thought it would, when its ancient organisation came to an end, in the great change of the Reformation?

We know that it still lived on. That it survived at all is the best proof which it has yet presented of its inherent vitality; that it survived, in a purified form, is the best pledge of its future success. To ancient Christianity, to Byzantine Christianity, to Roman Christianity, was now added the fourth and equally unmistakable form of Protestant Christianity: like the others, clothed in an outward shape of its own, and confining itself specially to distinct branches of the European family, yet also penetrating with its spirit institutions and nations outwardly most repugnant to it. Amidst many conflicts, therefore, Ecclesiastical History still continues in the general tracks that were opened for it in the sixteenth century. Whatever political troubles have agitated the world since that time, and whatever changes may be fermenting in the inner heart and mind of the Church, none have since altered its outward aspect and divisions. In one respect a wide difference exists between the history of Christendom as it was before, and as it has been since, the Reformation. Henceforward we cannot follow its course as a whole: each country must have its own ecclesiastical as well as its own civil history. Italy, Spain, Sweden, Holland, Geneva, Scotland—the very names

have each, in theological language, a peculiar pathos and significance imparted by the Reformation. In each that great event awakened a different note as it traversed their several chords. Still there are three countries in which, beyond all others, the religious history of Europe has been specially carried on.

It is in France that the fortunes of Christianity during the last three centuries have been most visibly represented in the brightest and in the darkest colours. The Gallican Church, in the seventeenth century the most brilliant in Europe, brilliant alike in its works of active mercy and in its almost Augustan age of great divines—Vincent of Paul, Bossuet, Fénelon, Pascal—became in the eighteenth century the miserable parent, and then the victim, of the great convulsion which, whilst it shook the belief of the whole of Europe, in France for eleven years suppressed it altogether. The French Revolution must always be considered as an epoch in the religious history of man. Not only was its hostility to the Christian faith the most direct that the world has seen since the days of Julian; not only did it spring, in great measure, out of the corrupt state of the French clergy, the Church of Dubois and of Talleyrand; but it possessed in itself that frightful energy which, as has been truly observed by its latest exponent, can only be likened to the propagation of a new religion—the wild fanaticism, the proselytism, the self-devotion, the crimes, as though of a Western Mahometanism—of what its own disciples have often called it, an imitation, a parody, a new, distorted edition of the Gospel. Not only is its history instructive as a moral warning to all existing Churches, and as an interpreter of the great religious storms of former ages, but it changed the whole external constitution of the Church on the Continent generally, and in the inward sifting and trial of the religious thoughts of men, its effects can still now be felt, even in countries the furthest removed from its immediate influence.

Germany, the seat of the original movement of the Reformation, has never lost the hold which it then first acquired

on the reason and imagination of mankind. Its collective power as a Church has been too impalpable to attach itself to any definite course of outward events. But its individual divines have, more than any others, taken the place occupied by the schoolmen of the middle ages. No others, within the last hundred years, have exercised so powerful an influence over the rest of Europe, as the philosophical and critical theologians of the German universities.

And this leads us finally to the third great ecclesiastical system which stands alone and apart, yet with its own peculiar mission, in the general fortunes of the Western Church. At least for Englishmen, no Ecclesiastical History since the Reformation can be so instructive as that of our own Church of England. To see how, out of that wide shipwreck the fragments of our vessel were again pieced together; how far it has realised the essential condition of the ark on the stormy waters; how far it has contained within itself the necessary, though heterogeneous, elements of our national faith and character; how far it may still hope to do so; what is its connection with the past, what its hold upon the future;—this is the last and most important task of the English ecclesiastical historian. The peculiar constitution of our State has borne the brunt and survived the shock of the French Revolution: it is the hope of the peculiar constitution of our Church that it should in like manner meet, overcome, and absorb the shock of the new thoughts and feelings to which directly or indirectly that last of European movements has given birth.

Eastern Church, Introd.

OLD AND NEW ECCLESIASTICAL SCOTLAND.

I WILL venture to note two general features which link together the old and the new Scotland in a close connection often little suspected. One is the fertility and rapidity of development equally displayed in the miraculous legends of the ancient and modern saints of Scotland. The miracles of the early

Scottish saints are not in themselves more fantastic or marvellous than those which adorn the hagiology of England, or of the southern countries of Europe. But what gives them a singular interest is, that they are of the same kind as those which sprung up on the same soil twelve centuries later, in a theological atmosphere of the most opposite character. Even as regards the natural enthusiasm which gathered round their lives or their graves, there is no country in which the traveller passes, by such an immediate transition from the saints of the fourth century to those of the seventeenth, as when in Galloway he comes fresh from the grave of S. Ninian at one end of the Wigtonshire promontory, to the graves of Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson, who sleep in the churchyard above the Bladenoch at the other end. And when we read, that in heavy showers of rain S. Ninian rode on without a drop falling on his book of devotions except when a light thought passed through his mind, and that Robert Bruce the Covenanter made a long ride to Stirling under the same circumstances, perfectly dry, whilst his less godly companion was drenched to the skin, we feel at once that, though divided by the chasm of many generations, and by the widest revolutions of opinion, we are not only in the same physical atmosphere of endless mist and storm, but in the same spiritual[1] atmosphere of wild credulity and inexhaustible imagination. Nowhere can the vexed questions of the miracles of religious history be better discussed than in Scotland, because nowhere do they appear so impartially repeated under the most diverse phases of theological thought; because nowhere is it more evident that, whatever may be said either by orthodox or heterodox critics, historical facts can be disentangled from legendary accretions, and the repetition of the same incidents in these two most divergent epochs proves decisively that neither, on the one hand, do true facts necessitate the belief in the accompanying dubious miracles, nor, on the other, need

[1] It is believed in Morayshire that, at a funeral of a saint belonging to the so-called "Men," the Spey was miraculously dried up to enable the procession to cross just below the Boat of Garton Station, where a stone (since destroyed) was erected to commemorate the event. Nothing of the kind has occurred in England since the legend of S. Alban.

the questioning of dubious miracles discredit the truth of the facts or the nobleness of the characters connected with them.

Another aspect of the same identity of sentiment between the earliest and the latest development of the Scottish Church is in regard to the doctrine of the Sacraments. Perhaps if there were any subject on which it might have been thought that the rent of the Reformation would have divided, by an impassable gulf, the past and the present history of Scotland, it would be the veneration for the Eucharist. Yet this is the very point in which a likeness starts to view such as would be vainly sought in any other country in Europe, over which a like change had passed. Let me give two examples. It was remarked in the eleventh century that one deeply rooted feeling of the ancient Scottish Church, as represented by the Culdees, was the awful reverence for the sacrament, growing to such a pitch that, from mere terror of the ordinance, it had ceased to be celebrated, even at the great festival of Easter. Such a sentiment, so overleaping itself, has perhaps never been equalled again, except in the Scotland of the nineteenth century. Those who know the influence of the "Men" in the Highlands tell us that the same extravagant awe, causing an absolute repulsion from the sacred rite, is still to be found there. Old grey-headed patriarchs are to be seen tottering with fear out of the church when the sacramental day comes round; many refusing to be baptised, many more abstaining from the Eucharist altogether; and at the time when the Veto Act was discussed, it was found incompatible with any regard to the rights of the parishioners to leave the election in the hands of the communicants, because in the extreme north (where the "Men" prevailed), out of a congregation of several thousands, the communicants, from motives of excessive reverence, did not exceed a hundred.

The other is a more pleasing incident. It is recorded that a poor half-witted boy in Forfarshire[1] clamoured incessantly

[1] This strange incident has been turned into a little story, entitled *Yeddie's First and Last Sacrament*, and it is also told in Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*, 20th edit. p. 239. I had already heard the story from Mr. Erskine of Linlather, and I have been told that it occurred at Tannadine, between Forfar and Kirriemuir.

to be allowed, as he expressed it, to partake of his Father's bread in the sacramental elements. At last the minister conceded the point. He partook; and the same night, on returning from the Sacrament, he kept repeating, in a rapture of reverence, "I have seen the Pretty Man." The next morning he was found dead in his bed.

Let those who think that what are called high views of the Eucharist are peculiar to the Episcopalian or Catholic Churches consider how in this affecting story is contained the spiritual element of the same sentiment which, in its grosser shape, has given birth to the miracle of Bolsena and the excesses of Transubstantiation. Let those who think scorn of the humble Presbyterian ordinances reflect how in them the adoring veneration of the worshipper may be pitched in as lofty a key as beneath the dome of S. Peter's, or amidst the splendour of copes and chasubles. Is it too much to suppose that a subterranean current of Christian feeling has linked together the child and the man of Scottish history in this respect, more evidently than in the regions where otherwise the break has been less violent?[1]

Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, Lect. I.

[1] Even in detail some of the Eucharistic controversies which agitate Episcopal Churches have broken out on the like questions in Scotland. There was in the last century a long ritual dispute between a presbyter and his presbytery exactly analogous to that which was recently raised by the English ritualists and their opponents, respecting the elevation of the consecrated elements. It took the form of a schism between Lifters and Antilifters, which at last emerged in the Old and New Lights.

PART III.

ASPECTS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE AND THOUGHT.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

THE Ten Commandments delivered on Mount Sinai have become embedded in the heart of the Christian religion. Side by side with the Prayer of our Lord, and with the Creed of His Church, they appear, inscribed in our churches, read from our altars, taught to our children, as the foundation of all morality.

The form in which they were presented to Israel in the wilderness is but of slight importance. Yet five points may be observed as indicating their primitive, impenetrable simplicity. First, the number, Ten, as drawn from the most obvious form of calculation, becomes, as if in imitation of this sacred code, the form in which many of the lesser enactments are cast. As many as six groups of the kind may be traced[1] in the different parts of the Pentateuch. Secondly, the fact that they were on two blocks of stone, probably of nearly equal size, and the variations in the versions of Exodus and Deuteronomy, almost necessarily lead to the inference that the Commandments alone must have

[1] (1) Ex. xxi. 2–11. (2) Ex. xxii. 6–26. (3) Ex. xxiii. 1–9. (4) Ex. xxiii. 10–19. (5) Levit. vii. 1–10. (6) Levit. vii. 11–21. Ewald, ii. 157–159. He gives others, but they seem too uncertain to deserve notice.

been engraven without the reasons for their observance. Thirdly, the same general consideration, combined with the form in which the commandments run, indicates that the original division of the Tables differed from that of all modern churches. Five commandments were in all probability on the first, and five on the second table; amongst those on the first would thus be included that which now usually ranks at the head of the second, but which then was placed amongst the general commandments of reverence to superiors whether divine or human. Fourthly, unlike our modern idea of the Commandments, but like the written rocks of the desert, the inscriptions run over both sides: "the tables were written on both their sides; on the one side and the other were they written." This was probably to give the impression of their completeness. Fifthly, they are not properly "the Ten *Commandments*," but "the Ten *Words*"—Decalogue. Hence the first of them is, in the Jewish division, not a commandment at all.

This was the form; what was the substance of the Ten Commandments? . . . What has the human race gained by its adoption of what Burckhardt called "the code of the Beni-Israel"? It is, in one word, the declaration of the indivisible unity of morality with religion. It was the boast of Josephus, that, whereas other legislators had made religion to be a part of virtue, Moses had made virtue to be a part of religion. Of this, amongst all other indications, the Ten Commandments are the most remarkable and enduring example. Delivered with every solemnity of which place and time could admit, treasured up with every sanctity which Religion could confer, within the holiest shrine of the holiest of the holy places, more sacred than altar of sacrifice or altar of incense—they yet contain almost nothing of local or ceremonial injunction. However sacred the ritual with which they and the other moral laws were surrounded, yet we have the highest authority for distinguishing between what was essential and non-essential in the Mosaic institutions, and for believing that even the whole sacrificial system was as nothing compared with the Decalogue

ıd its enforcements. "I spake not unto your fathers, nor ›mmanded them, in the day that I brought them out of the nd of Egypt, concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices. But ıis thing commanded I them, saying, Obey My voice, and I ill be your God, and ye shall be My people."

If there was in the Fourth Commandment the injunction › consecrate, by unbroken rest, the seventh day of every 'eek, yet experience has shown how widely adapted the rinciple of this observance has been to all times and coun-ies. Even those who most zealously repudiate the obligation f the Mosaic Law, and who dwell most justly on the wide istinction between the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian unday, acknowledge that no other ancient ceremony has so ıaintained its hold on the world, and that without its ante-ɛdent support the observance of Sunday would hardly have ɛercised the beneficial influence which none deny to it. The ıtriarchal rites of Circumcision and of Sacrifice have vanished ıay, but the name of the Sabbath of the Decalogue, the bbath of Mount Sinai—as if it partook of the universal irit of the code in which it is enshrined—is still, as ›ugh by a natural anomaly, revered by thousands of Gentile ıristians. If this be so even in the one exception to the ıritual and moral character of the Decalogue, much more is with the remaining nine of these fundamental laws. "Thou ılt have none other gods but Me," "Thou shalt do no ırder," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not ıl," are still as impressive and as applicable as when first ard and written. The Second Commandment is full of the ›il against the idolatry of Egypt; the Fourth Command-ɛnt, in one version, grounds itself on the recollection of the ıvitude in Egypt; the Fifth rests its rewards on the ssession of the yet unconquered Land of Promise. But ɛse local and temporary allusions, whilst they effectually ›w that the letter of the Commandments is a thing of the ɛt, serve as proofs of the enduring force of the spirit which ɛ come down to us, thus embedded in the blocks of Sinai. d, if there is a profound spiritual sense in the declaration

that the words were "written by the finger of God," there is also a grave truth, both historical and spiritual, in the fact that "the tables" were the solid fragments hewn out of the rock of Horeb. Hard, stiff, abrupt as the cliffs from which they were taken, they remain as the firm, unyielding basis on which all true spiritual religion has been built up and sustained. Sinai is not Palestine; the Law is not the Gospel; but the Ten Commandments, in letter and in spirit, remain to us as the relic of that time. They represent to us, both in fact and in idea, the granite foundation, the immovable mountain on which the world is built up; without which all theories of religion are but as shifting and fleeting clouds; they give us the two homely fundamental laws, which all subsequent Revelation has but confirmed and sanctified—the Law of our duty towards God, and the Law of our duty towards our neighbour.

Jewish Church, Lect. VII.

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

We sometimes hear in conversation of an Eleventh Commandment invented by the world, in cynical contempt of the old Commandments, or in pursuit of some selfish or wicked end. Of such an Eleventh Commandment, whether in jest or earnest, we need not here speak. It is enough to be reminded of it and pass it by. But there is also what may be called the Eleventh Commandment of Churches and sects. In the oldest and most venerable of all ecclesiastical divisions—the ancient Samaritan community, who have for centuries, without increase or diminution, gathered round Mount Gerizim as the only place where men ought to worship—there is to be read upon the aged parchment-scroll of the Pentateuch this commandment, added to the other ten, "Thou shalt build an altar on Mount Gerizim, and there only

shalt thou worship."[1] Faithfully have they followed that command; excommunicating, and excommunicated by, all other religious societies, they cling to that Eleventh Commandment as equal, if not superior, to all the rest. This is the true likeness of what all Churches and sects, unless purified by a higher spirit, are tempted to add. "Thou shalt do something for this particular community, which none else may share. Thou shalt do this over and above, and more than thy plain duties to God and man. Thou shalt build thine altar on Mount Gerizim, for here alone our fathers have said that God is to be worshipped. Thou shalt maintain the exclusive sacredness of this or that place, this or that word, this or that doctrine, this or that party, this or that institution, this or that mode of doing good. Thou shalt worship God thus and thus only." This is the Eleventh Commandment according to sects and parties and partisans. For this we are often told to contend more than for all the other Ten together. For an Eleventh Commandment like to this, half the energies of Christendom have been spent, and spent in vain. For some command like this men have fought and struggled and shed their own blood and the blood of others, as though it were a command engraven on the tables of the everlasting law; and yet, again and again and again, it has been found in after ages that such a command was an addition as venerable, perhaps, and as full of interest, but as superfluous, as misleading, as disproportionate, as that Eleventh Samaritan Commandment, "Thou shalt build an altar on Mount Gerizim, and there only shalt thou worship."

But there is a divine Eleventh Commandment, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; As I have loved you, that ye also should love one another."

It is contained in the parting discourse of S. John's Gospel, and it is introduced there as a surprise to the Apostles. What? Are not the Ten Commandments enough? Must we always be pressing forward to something new? What is

[1] The Eleventh (or in the Samaritan version, the Tenth) Commandment of the Samaritans is here somewhat abridged. It consists of Deut. xxvii. 2–7, xi. 30, interpolated in Exod. xx., with the alteration of Ebal into Gerizim.

this that He saith, 'A new commandment'? We cannot tell what He saith." Nevertheless it corresponds to a genuine want of the human heart.

Beyond the Ten Commandments there is yet a craving for something more than duty, more even than reverence. There is a need which can only be satisfied by a new, by an Eleventh Commandment, which shall be at once old and new—which shall open a new field of thought and exertion for each generation of men; which shall give a fresh undying impulse to its older sisters—the youngest child (so to speak) of the patriarchal family. The true new commandment which Jesus Christ gave was, in its very form and fashion, peculiarly characteristic of the Christian Religion.

The novelty of the commandment lay in two points. First, it was new, because of the paramount, predominant place which it gave to the force of the human affections, the enthusiasm for the good of others, which was—instead of ceremonial, or mere obedience, or correctness of belief—henceforth to become the appointed channel of religious fervour. And secondly, it was new, because it was founded on the appearance of a new character, a new manifestation of the character of Man, a new manifestation of the character of God. Even if the Four Gospels had been lost, we should see, from the urgency with which the Apostles press this new grace of Love or Charity upon us, that some diviner vision of excellence had crossed their minds. The very word which they used to express it was new, for the thing was new, the example was new, and the consequences therefore were new also.

It may be said that the solid blocks or tables on which the Ten Commandments were written were of the granite rock of Sinai, to teach us that all the great laws of duty to God and duty to man were like that oldest primeval foundation of the world; more solid, more enduring than all the other strata; cutting across all the secondary and artificial distinctions of mankind; heaving itself up, now here, now there; throwing up here the fantastic crag, the towering peak, there the long

range which unites or divides the races of mankind. That is the universal, everlasting character of Duty. But as that granite rock itself has been fused and wrought together by a central fire, without which it could not have existed at all, so also the Christian law of Duty, in order to perform fully its work in the world, must have been warmed at the heart and fed at the source by a central fire of its own. And that central fire is Love—the gracious, kindly, generous, admiring tender movements of the human affections; and that fire itself is kept alive by the consciousness that there has been in the world a Love beyond all human love, a devouring fire of Divine enthusiasm on behalf of our race, which is the Love of Christ. It is not contrary to the Ten Commandments. It is not outside of them, it is within them; it is at their core; it is wrapped up in them, as the particles of the central heat of the globe were encased within the granite tables in the Ark of the Temple. "What was it that made him undertake the support of the Abolition of the Slave trade?" was asked of an eminent statesman respecting the conduct of another. "It was his love of the human race."

This was what the Apostle Paul meant by saying, "Love is the fulfilling of the Law." This is what S. Peter meant by saying, "Above all things, have fervent," enthusiastic "Love." This is what S. John meant when, in his extreme old age, he was carried into the market-place of Ephesus, and, according to the ancient tradition, repeated over and over again to his disciples the words which he had heard from his Master, "Little children, love one another." They were vexed by hearing this commandment, this Eleventh Commandment, repeated so often. They asked for something more precise, more definite, more dogmatic; but the aged Apostle, we are told, had but one answer: "This is the sum and substance of the Gospel; if you do this, I have nothing else to teach you." He did not mean that ceremonies, doctrines, ordinances were of no importance; but that they were altogether of secondary importance. He meant that they were on the outside of religion, whereas this commandment belonged to

its innermost substance; that, if this commandment were carried out, all that was good in all the rest would follow; that, if this commandment were neglected, all that was good in all the rest would fade away, and all that was evil, and one-sided, and exaggerated, would prevail and pervert even the good. He meant and his Master meant that, as the ages rolled on, other truths might be folded up and laid aside, but that this would always need to be enforced and developed.

Love one another in spite of differences, in spite of faults, in spite of the excesses of one or the defects of another. Love one another, and make the best of one another, as He loved us, who, for the sake of saving what was good in the human soul, forgot, forgave, put out of sight what was bad—who saw and loved what was good even in the publican Zacchæus, even in the penitent Magdalen, even in the expiring malefactor, even in the heretical Samaritan, even in the Pharisee Nicodemus, even in the heathen soldier, even in the outcast Canaanite. Make the most of what there is good in institutions, in opinions, in communities, in individuals. It is very easy to do the reverse, to make the worst of what there is of evil, absurd, and erroneous. By so doing we shall have no difficulty in making estrangements more wide, and hatreds and strifes more abundant, and errors more extreme. It is very easy to fix our attention only on the weak points of those around us, to magnify them, to irritate them, to aggravate them; and, by so doing, we can make the burden of life unendurable, and can destroy our own and others' happiness and usefulness wherever we go. But this was not the new love wherewith we are to love one another. That love is universal, because in its spirit we overcome evil simply by doing good. We drive out error simply by telling the truth. We strive to look on both sides of the shield of truth. We strive to speak the truth in love, that is, without exaggeration or misrepresentation; concealing nothing, compromising nothing, but with the effort to understand each other, to discover the truth which lies at the bottom of the error; with the determination cordially to love whatever is lovable even in those in whom we cordially

detest whatever is detestable. And, in proportion as we endeavour to do this, there may be a hope that men will see that there are, after all, some true disciples of Christ left in the world, "because they have love one to another."

Christian Institutions, Chap. XVII.

RECEPTION OF CHRIST.

THEY who believe in the singular mercy and compassion exhibited in the Parable of the Prodigal Son, or in the toleration and justice due to those who are of another religion, as shown in the Parable of the Good Samaritan, they, whether they be Christians in name or not, whether they have or have not partaken of the sacrament, have received Christ, because they have received that which was the essence of Christ, His spirit of mercy and toleration.

Christian Institutions, Chap. VI.

CHRIST THE SOUL OF CHRISTENDOM.

IT is the simple fact, which no one of whatever creed disputes, that Christ has been, and is still, the Soul of Christendom; that to His life we go back to recover our ideal of what Christianity is; that wherever we meet any good thought or deed, any suffering or want to be relieved in any part of the world, there we touch a hand that is vanished, there we hear a voice that is still. It is the hand, it is the voice, of our Redeemer. Other teachers, other founders of religions, have cared that their names should be honoured and remembered. He cared not for this, if only Himself, His spirit, His works, survived; if to the poor, the suffering, the good everywhere, were paid the tenderness, the honour due to Him. In their happiness He is blessed, in their honour He is honoured, and

in their reception He is received. It is the last triumph of Divine unselfishness, and it is its last and greatest reward. For thus He lives again in His members and they live in Him. Even those who have most questioned and most doubted acknowledge that "He is a thousand times more living, a thousand times more loved, than He was in His short passage through life," that "He presides still day by day over the destiny of the world." He started us on a new direction, and in that direction we still move.

It used to be said in the wars between the Moors and the Spaniards that a perfect character would be the man who had the virtues of the Mussulman and the creed of the Christian. But this is exactly reversing our Lord's doctrine. If the virtues of the Arabs were greater than the virtues of the Spaniards, then, whether they accepted Christ in word or not, it was they who were the true believers, and it was the Christians who were the infidels.

When the Norman bishops asked Anselm whether Alfege, who was killed by the Danes at Greenwich, could be called a martyr, having died, not on behalf of the faith of Christ, but only to prevent the levying of an unjust tax, Anselm answered —"He was a martyr, because he died for justice; justice is the essence of Christ, even although His name is not mentioned." The Norman prelates, so far as their complaint went, were unbelievers in the true nature of Christ. Anselm was a profound believer, just as Alfege was an illustrious martyr. When Bishop Pearson in his work on the Creed vindicates the Divinity of Christ without the slightest mention of any of those moral qualities by which He has bowed down the world before Him, his grasp on the doctrine is far feebler than that of Rousseau or Mill, who have seized the very attributes which constitute the marrow and essence of His nature. When Commander Goodenough, on one of the most edifying, the most inspiring, death-beds which can be imagined, spoke in the most heroic and saintly accents to his sailors and friends, there were pious souls who were deeply perplexed because he had not mentioned the name of Jesus. It was

they who for the moment were faithless, as it was he who was the true believer, although he had not spoken expressly, in a language which they could understand, of the Saviour with whose Spirit he was so deeply penetrated.

Such are some of the ways in which the life of Christ is still lived on the earth.

Christian Institutions, Chap. II.

THE ELEMENTS IN THE EUCHARIST.

He chose those elements which were most simple and most enduring. He left altogether out of notice the Paschal lamb and the bitter herbs. He did not think it necessary to accept all or reject all of what He found. Here, as elsewhere, He used the best of what came before Him. He exercised His free right of choice. When He took into His hands—"His holy and venerable hands," as the old Liturgies express it—the Paschal bread and the Paschal wine, it was the selection of them from the rest of the Jewish ceremony, as He selected His doctrine from the rest of the Jewish books and Jewish teaching. He said nothing of the water which was mixed with the wine. That was a mere passing custom which would change with time and fashion. He said nothing of the form or materials of the bread. It was unleavened, it was round, it was thin, it was a cake rather than a loaf. But He said nothing of all these things, nothing of the accompanying fish. All those questions which have arisen as to the proportions in which the materials should be mixed were far, very far, behind Him, or far, very far, beyond Him. He took the bread and wine as He found them; He fixed on the bread and wine as representing those two sustaining elements which are found almost everywhere—bread that strengtheneth man's heart, wine that maketh glad the heart of man. These were the fruits of the earth which He blessed, for which He gave thanks, to indicate the gratitude of man for these simple gifts. As in His teaching He had chosen the most homely images

of the shepherd, the sower, the guest, the traveller, so in His worship He chose the most homely elements of food. How great is the contrast with the sacred emblems of other religions —the bulls, the goats, the white horses, the jewels, the robes! It is the servants, the inferiors, the precursors, who need these appendages to mark them. The True Master is known by the simplicity of His appearance, the plainness of His manners and His dress.

Christian Institutions, Chap. II.

"THIS IS MY BODY."

WHAT are we to suppose that our Lord intended when, holding in His hands the large round Paschal cake, He brake it and said, "This is My body"? And secondly, what are we to suppose that S. Paul meant when he said, speaking of the like action of the Corinthian Christians, "The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ"?

It is maintained in the Church of Crete that the original bread is there preserved in fragments, and that this is the literal perpetuation of the first sacramental "body." Another like tradition prevails amongst the Nestorians. John the Baptist gave to John the Evangelist some of the water from the baptism. Jesus gave to John two loaves at the Last Supper. John mixed his with the water of the Baptism and with the water and blood which he caught at the Crucifixion, ground it all into powder and mixed it with flour and salt into a leaven which is still used. In all other Churches the bread used can only by a dramatic figure be supposed to represent the original subject of the words of institution. The main question is the meaning, in the Gospels, of the word "body." As in other parts of the Bible, the hand, the heart, the face of God are used for God Himself, so the body, the flesh of Christ are used for Christ Himself, for His whole personality and character. "The body," "the flesh," "the bone," was

the Hebrew expression for the identity of any person or any thing. "The body of heaven" meant the very heaven, "the body of the day" meant the selfsame day, the body of a man meant his full strength. Even if we were to suppose that He meant literally His flesh to be eaten—even if we adopted the belief which the Roman heathens ascribed to the early Christians, that the sacrament was a cannibals' feast—even then, unless Christianity had been the most monstrous of superstitions, this banquet of human flesh could have been of no use. It would have been not only revolting, but, by the nature of the case, unprofitable. What is external can never, except through the spirit, touch the spirit. To suppose that the material can of itself reach the spiritual is not religion, but magic. As in the communion with our actual friends it is not the countenance that we value, but the mind which speaks through the countenance—it is not the sound of the words, but the meaning of the words, that we delight to hear—so also must it be in communion with One who, the more we know and think of Him, can have no other than a moral and spiritual relation to us. "After the flesh we know Him no more." It is, as the English Prayer-book expresses it, "His one oblation of *Himself* once offered." It is not the mere name of Jesus "which sounds so sweet to a believer's ear," but the whole mass of vivifying associations which that name brings with it. The picture of Jesus which we require is not that fabled portrait sent to King Abgarus, or that yet more fabled portrait impressed on the handkerchief of Veronica, but the living image of His sweet reasonableness, His secret of happiness, His method of addressing the human heart. When, some years ago, one of the few learned divines of the Church of France, the Père Gratry, wished to correct some erroneous representations of Christ, he sought for the true picture—*le vrai tableau*—not in the traditions of his own Church, nor in the consecrated wafer, but in the grand and impressive portrait drawn by the profound insight of the foremost of Protestant theologians in the closing volumes of Ewald's "History of the People of Israel." The true "sacred

heart" of Jesus is not the physical bleeding anatomical dissection of the Saviour's heart, such as appeared to the sickly visionary of France at Paray-le-Monial in the seventeenth century, but the wide-embracing toleration and compassion which even to the holiest sons and daughters of France at that time was as a sealed book. The true cross of Christendom is not one or all of the wooden fragments, be they ever so genuine, found, or imagined to be found, by the Empress Helena, but, in the words of Goethe, "the depth of divine sorrow" of which the cross is an emblem. It is, as Luther said, "not that cross of Christ which is divided throughout the whole world in the particles of broken wood, but that cross which comes to each as his own portion of life. Thou therefore cast not thy portion from thee, but rather take it to thee—thy suffering, whatever it be—as a most sacred relic, and lay it up not in a golden or silver shrine, but in a golden heart, a heart clothed with gentle charity." Perhaps the strongest of all such expressions is "the Spirit" applied to the innermost part alike of God and of man. It is *breath, wind.* On one occasion we are told that our Saviour actually *breathed* on His disciples. But that breath, even though it was the most sacred breath of Christ, was not itself the Spirit —it was, and could be, only its emblem.

And as the cross, the picture, the heart, the breath of Christ must of necessity point to something different from the mere outward form and symbol, so also "the body," which is represented in the sacramental bread or spoken of in the sacramental words, must of necessity be, not the mere flesh and bones of the Redeemer, but that undying love of truth, that indefatigable beneficence, that absolute resignation to His Father's will, by which alone we recognise His unique personality. The words that He spoke (so He Himself said) were the spirit and the life of His existence—those words of which it was said at the close of a long and venerable career by one who knew well the history of Christianity, that they, and they alone, contain the primal and indefeasible truths of the Christian religion which shall not pass away. That

character and those words have been, and are, and will be, the true sustenance of the human spirit, and the heavenly manna of which it may be said, almost without a figure, that "he who gathers much has nothing over, and even he who gathers little has no lack." Such, amidst many inconsistencies, was the definition of "the body of Christ" given by some of the ancient fathers, Origen, Jerome, even Gregory called the Great. Such, amidst many contradictions, was the nobler view maintained at least in one remarkable passage even in the Roman Missal which states that where the sacrament cannot be had "sufficit vera fides et bona voluntas. Tantum crede et manducasti." It was well said by a devout Scottish bishop, in speaking of this subject: "We should not expect to arrive at the secret of Hamlet by eating a bit of Shakespeare's body; and so, though we ate ever so much of the material bones or flesh of the Founder of the Eucharist, we should not arrive one whit nearer to 'the mind which was in Christ Jesus.'" It is only by the mind that we can appropriate the mind and heart of Christ—only by the spirit that we can appropriate His spirit. And therefore (it is an old truth, but one which requires to be again and again repeated) all acts of so-called communion with Christ have no Biblical or spiritual meaning except in proportion as they involve or express a moral fellowship with the Holy, the Just, the Pure, and the Truthful, wherever His likeness can be found—except in proportion as our spirits, minds, and characters move in unison with the parables of the Prodigal Son, and the Good Samaritan, and the Faithful Servant, and the Good Shepherd; with the Beatitudes on the Galilean mountain, with the resignation of Gethsemane, with the courage of Calvary. In proportion as the ordinance of the Eucharist enables us to do this, it is a true partaking of what the Gospels intended by the body of Christ; in proportion as it fails to do this, it is no partaking of anything.

This is what is adumbrated in the English Communion Office, and by feebler expressions in the Roman Office, when it is said that every communicant pledges himself to walk in

the steps of the great Self-sacrificer, and to offer himself a sacrifice of body, soul, and spirit to the Heavenly Father. We must incorporate and incarnate in ourselves—that is, in our moral natures—the substance, the moral substance, of the teaching and character of Jesus Christ. That is the only true transubstantiation. We must raise ourselves above the base and mean and commonplace trivialities and follies of the world and of the Church to the lofty ideal of the Gospel story. That is the only true elevation of the Host. Nor is there anything fanciful or overstrained in the metaphor, when we grasp the substance of which it is the sign. The record of the life and death of Jesus Christ, however we interpret it, is, and must be, the body, the substance, the backbone of Christendom.

And this leads us to pass from the meaning of the phrase in the Gospels to its meaning in the Epistles. S. Paul distinctly tells us what this is in the Epistle in which he gives the earliest narrative of the Supper (1 Cor. x. 16, 17), "For we being many are one bread and one body"—that is, as the bread is one loaf made up of many particles and crumbs, so the Christian society is one body made up of many members, and that body is the body of Christ. Christ is gone; the body, the outward form and substance that takes His place, is the assembly, the congregation of all His true followers. In this sense, "the body of Christ" is (as is expressed in the second prayer of the English Communion Office) "the blessed company of all faithful people." This is the "body"—the community and fellowship one with another — which the Corinthian Christians were so slow to discern.[1] This is the sense in which the words are used in the vast majority of instances where the expression occurs in S. Paul's Epistles. It is a use of the word which no doubt varies from that in which it is employed by Christ Himself, and thus shows the extraordinary freedom of the Apostle in dealing even with the

[1] 1 Cor. xi. 29. Even if the words were as in the English Authorised Version "not discerning *the Lord's* body," the sense would still be governed by the uniform language of the Apostle. But the meaning is brought out still more strongly in the genuine text, where it is simply "not discerning *the body*."

most sacred phrases. But the doctrine is the same as that which in substance pervades the general teaching of our Lord —namely, that the wise, the good, the suffering everywhere are His substitutes. "Wheresoever two or three are gathered together, there am I in the midst of them." "He that receiveth you receiveth Me." The whole point of the description of the Last Judgment is, that even the good heathens having never heard His Name, yet have seen Him and served Him, and when they ask Him, "When saw we Thee?" He answers, without hesitation or reserve, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me. It was I who was hungry, and ye gave Me food. It was I who was thirsty, and ye gave Me drink. It was I who was a friendless stranger, and ye took Me in. It was I who was naked, and ye clothed Me. It was I who was on My sick-bed, and ye visited Me. It was I who was shut up in prison, and ye visited Me." These good deeds, wherever practised, are the true signs that Christ and Christianity have been there. Even if practised without naming His Name, they are still the trophies of the victory over evil, for which He lived and died; they are on the desert island of this mortal existence the footmarks which show that something truly human, and therefore truly divine, has passed that way.

If this be so—if every faithful servant of truth and goodness throughout the world is a representative of the Founder of our faith—if every friendless sufferer to whom we can render a service is as if Christ Himself appeared to us—then, not in the scholastic, but certainly in the Biblical sense of the word, there is a Real Presence diffused through our whole daily intercourse. It is the truth which the Swiss Reformer expressed, who, seeing a number of famished people around the church-door, said: "I will not enter the church over the body of Christ." And lest this should seem to be a vague or unimpressive or unedifying doctrine, we venture to draw out its consequences more at length.

The whole of Christendom, the whole of humanity, is, in this sense, one body and many members. In the vast variety

of human gifts and human characters, it is only by sympathy, forbearance, appreciation of that which one has and the other lacks, that we reach the ideal of society such as S. Paul imagined, such as Butler in his Sermon on Human Nature so well sets forth. It is the old Roman fable of Menenius Agrippa taken up and sanctified by the Christian apostle. It is the Biblical recognition of the "solidarity," as the French would say, of peoples, of churches, and of men. It is the protest against the isolated selfishness in which we often shut ourselves up against wider sympathies. As a nation, too, we are one body, drawn together by the long tradition and lineage which have made us of one flesh and blood. Blood is thicker than water. Except we acknowledge the unity of our common kindred, we have no true national life abiding in us. We are one "body politic"—a fine expression which S. Paul has taught us. Our unity as Englishmen is also our unity in Him of whom all the tribes and families in earth are named. We were made one nation and one race by the order of His providence; and they who make more of their party or their sect than of their country are refusing communion with the body of Him "whose fulness filleth all in all." And also as a Church, whether the Church Universal or the Church of our country, we are one body; for the likenesses of character and opinion and pursuit which unite us, whether within the pale of the Church or without it, are but as so many bones and sinews, tissues and fibres, whereby "the whole body, being fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." And there is, also, the one body in which there is the one eternal communion of the living and the dead. Here the partitions of flesh fall away. Here there is but the communion of the spirit. But that communion is the deepest and the most enduring of all, for it is beyond the reach of time or chance. It can never be broken except by our negligence and selfishness. Whether it be a soul in the fulness of its glory and its usefulness, or a soul burdened with the decay and weariness of its long pilgrimage, that is parted from us

for a time, the union may and shall still subsist. We "reckon not by months and years where they are gone to dwell;" we know only that they are in Him and with Him in Whom we also live and move and have our being. They live because God lives, and we live or may live with them in that unity of soul and spirit which is beyond the grave and gate of death.

Christian Institutions, Chap. VI.

"THIS IS MY BLOOD."

As, then, the body of Christ, in the language of Scripture, means one of two things—either His general character and moral being, or the Christian and human society which now represents Him—so the blood of Christ in like manner means the inmost essence of His character, the self of His self, or else the inmost essence of the Christian society, the life-blood of Christendom and humanity. And therefore we must ask yet another question: What is the most essential characteristic, the most precious part of Christ, the most peculiar and vivifying element of Christendom? This question is not easy to answer in a single word. Different minds would take a different view of that which to them constitutes the one thing needful, the one indispensable element of the Christian life. To some it would seem to be freedom, to others intellectual progress, to others justice, to others truth, to others purity. But looking at the Bible only, and taking the Bible as a whole—asking what is at once the most comprehensive and the most peculiar characteristic of the life of Jesus Christ and of the best spirits of Christendom—we cannot go far astray in adopting the only definition of the "blood of Christ" which has come down to us from primitive times. It is contained in one of the three undisputed, or at any rate least disputed, epistles of Ignatius of Antioch. "The blood of Christ," he said, "is love or charity." With this unquestionably agrees

the language of the New Testament as to the essential characteristic of God and of Christ. Love, unselfish love, is there spoken of again and again as the fundamental essence of the highest life of God; and it is also evident on the face of the Gospels that it is the fundamental motive and characteristic of the life and death of Christ. It is this love stronger than death, this love manifesting itself in death, this love willing to spend itself for others, that is the blood of the life in which God is well pleased. Not the pain or torture of the cross—for that was alike odious to God and useless to man—but the love, the self-devotion, the generosity, the magnanimity, the forgiveness, the toleration, the compassion, of which that blood was the expression, and of which that life and death were the fulfilment. "Non sanguine sed pietate placatur Deus" is the maxim of more than one of the Fathers. "What is the blood of Christ?"[1] asked Livingstone of his own solitary soul in the last months of his African wanderings. "It is Himself. It is the inherent and everlasting mercy of God made apparent to human eyes and ears. The everlasting love was disclosed by our Lord's life and death. It showed that God forgives because He loves to forgive. He rules, if possible, by smiles and not by frowns. Pain is only a means of enforcing love." The charity of God to men, the charity of men to one another with all its endless consequences—if it be not this, what is it? If there be any other characteristic of Christ more essential to his true nature, any message of the gospel more precious than this, let us know it. But till we are told of any other we may rest contented with believing that it is that which S. John himself describes as the essence of the nature of God ("God is love"), which S. Paul describes as the highest of the virtues of man ("The greatest of these is love"). It is that which Charles Wesley, in one of his most beautiful hymns, describes as the best answer to the soul inquiring after God: not justification or conversion, but—

[1] *Livingstone's Journal*, August 5, 1873. The words used are "What is the atonement?" But he evidently meant the same thing.

Come, O Thou Traveller unknown!
Whom still I hold, but cannot see—
. . . . . .
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if Thy name be Love.
. . . . . .
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

; that which John Keble, in a poem of which the senti-
t might have been borrowed from Whichcote or Schleier-
her, describes as the best answer to the inquiry after the
ious life of man: not the sacraments, not the creeds,
—

Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn:
Love is life's only sign.

that which Ken, in a fine passage at the beginning of
"Exposition of the Catechism," states with a bold latitu-
rianism, like indeed to the theology of his hymns, but
ly at variance with the dogmatic rigidity of the school
hich he belonged: "To obtain eternal life, all I am to
s reduced to one word only, and that is 'love.' This is
irst and great command, which comprehends all others—
proper evangelical grace. . . . The love of God is a
e rather to be felt than defined. It is the general inclina-
and tendency of the whole man, of all his heart and soul
strength, of all his powers and affections, and of the
ost strength of them all, to God as his chief and only and
ect and infinite good."
t is therefore not only from Calvary, but from Bethlehem
Nazareth and Capernaum—not only from the Crucifixion,
from all His acts of mercy and words of wisdom—that
e blood of Christ" derives its moral significance. As so
n in ordinary human lives, so in that Divine life, the death
the crowning consummation; but as in the best deaths
e best men, so also in that Divine death, the end was of

value only or chiefly because it corresponded so entirely to the best of lives. Doubtless love is not the only idea of perfection—kindness is not the only idea of Heaven. The terrible sufferings of this present world are very difficult to reconcile with the belief that its Maker is all-loving to all His creatures. Yet still the Gospel story leaves no doubt that unselfish kindness and compassion were the leading principles of the life of Christ; and the history of Christendom leaves no doubt that unselfish benevolence and kindness are the most valuable elements of the life of society.

Christian Institutions, Chap. VI.

CHRIST'S BLOOD THAT CLEANSETH.

How is it that the love of Christ, which is the love of man and the love of God, and which is the life-blood of the Christian religion—how is it that this love cleanses and purifies the character? Why is it, more than justice, or truth, or courage, to be the regenerating element of the human heart? The power of love was long ago described by Sophocles. In a philosophic sense it is well set forth in Butler's Sermon on the Love of God. With all the energy of an impassioned and devout soul it is drawn out in the sermons and letters of Charles Kingsley. But still, in order to show that we are not merely dealing in generalities, let us take some of the special forms in which true affection has this effect in human life. Take gratitude. We have known some one who has done us a lasting service. We wish to repay the kindness. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we cannot repay it better than by showing that we are worthy of it. We have, by the exertions of a good friend, been placed in a good situation or set in a good way of life. We keep in mind the effect which our good or evil conduct will have on such friends. It will wound them to the quick if we deceive or disappoint their expectations. It will be as sun-

shine to their life if we do credit to their recommendation. The boy at school, the public officer ministering for the public good, the private clerk in some responsible situation, the servant in a household great or small, may have always before them the image of their benefactor. The love, the gratitude, which they bear, or ought to bear, towards him, will cleanse and purify their hearts. If he or she is still living, we may think what it would be to meet them with an open or a shame-stricken countenance. The love which they have shown to us, and the gratitude we feel, will drive out the evil spirit.

Or, again, gratitude for some great benefit, say a recovery from illness. It may have been a recovery for which many have anxiously watched—a recovery which has, as it were, given us a new lease of life. He who responds to that experience will have his heart softened, opened, cleansed. That heart which refuses to be softened, opened, and cleansed, after such an experience, must be as hard as the nether mill-stone. Such a one, wherever he may be, if indeed he has so little of the grateful sense of good received, has trodden under foot the love of "the everlasting covenant" which nature as well as grace has made between man and man, between man and God.

Or, again, the love, the pure affections, of home. We sometimes hear it said that during the last few years the bonds of English society are relaxed, the fountains of English morality poisoned—that things are talked of, and tolerated and practised, which in the former generation would have been despised, condemned, and put down. Against these defiling, destroying, devastating influences, what is the safe-guard? It is surely the maintenance, the encouragement, of that pure domestic love of which we are now speaking. Dr. Chalmers used to preach of the expulsive force of a *new* affection. But it is enough for our purpose to have the expulsive force of an *old* affection—of that old, very old affection which lies in the vitals of human society, which is truly its life-blood—the affection of son for father and mother, of husband for wife and of wife for husband, of brother for

sister and of sister for brother. Such an element of affection is the salt of the national existence, is the continuation of the remembrance of that sacred blood of which we are told "to drink and be thankful." He who turns his back on these home affections has left himself open to become the prey, whether in the upper or the lower classes, of the basest and vilest of men, of the basest and vilest of women.

Or, again, the love of our country, or, if we prefer so to put it, the love of the public good. It is no fancy to call these feelings by so strong a name. They who have felt it know that it is a passion which cheers amidst the greatest difficulties, which consoles even in the deepest private calamities. And it is a passion in the presence of which the meaner trivialities of existence wither and perish. It is a passion in the absence of which there grow up falsehood, and intrigue, and vulgar insolence, and selfish ambition, and rancorous faction. It was a passion which animated our great statesmen of times gone by—Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Canning, Wellington, and Peel. It was a passion which once cleansed our Augean stable, which flowed like a generous wine through the veins of the Commonwealth and to the extremities of society. Whether it is now more or less potent than it was then, whether the public service of the State is sought after, or the great questions of the day taken up more or less than formerly, from the large and sincere conviction of their truth and their goodness, or only, or chiefly, for temporary or personal purposes, let those answer who best know. Only, whenever this lofty passion shall cease in the high places of our land, then the end is not far off; then the blood of patriots will have been wasted, the blood of heroes and of martyrs will have been shed in vain; and with the decay of public spirit and of the affection of our best citizens for our common country, the moral health and strength of State and of Church, of statesmen and of private men, will dwindle, peak, and pine as surely as a sickly frame through which the life-blood has ceased to permeate.

These are some examples of the way in which single-

hearted, disinterested affection for what is good makes all duties easy and all vices difficult, and so fulfils the law of God. For the purification thus effected by the love of friends, home, and country is the likeness of what may be effected by that love through which the Supreme Goodness comes down to earth, and through which our imperfect goodness ascends to heaven.

Christian Institutions, Chap. VI.

CONFESSION AND ABSOLUTION.

We all have to bear each other's burdens. There is no caste or order of men who can relieve us of this dread responsibility, of this noble privilege. The clergyman needs the advice and pardon of the gifted layman quite as much as the layman needs the advice and pardon of the gifted clergyman. The brother seeks the forgiveness of the brother whom he has offended; the child, of the parent; the neighbour, of the neighbour. This in the earliest times was the real meaning of *Confession*. "Confess your faults," says S. James. To whom? To the elders of the Church whom he had just mentioned? To the Bishop, or the Priest, or the Deacon? No. "Confess your faults *one to another*." It is as though he said, "Let there be mutual confidence. Every one can do his neighbour some good; every one can protest against some evil; and the whole tone of the community shall thus be raised."

The full sympathy which thus prevailed amongst the members of the infant Church no doubt soon died away. But its semblance was long continued in the only form of confession that was known for four centuries—namely, the acknowledgment of the faults of the penitent, not in private, but in public to the whole congregation, who then publicly expressed their forgiveness. The substitution of a single priest for a large congregation as the receptacle of confession arose from the

desire of avoiding the scandals occasioned by the primitive publicity. It was not till long afterwards that the notion sprang up of any special virtue attaching to the forgiveness of a clergyman, or that any private or special confession was made to him. Even in the very heart of the Roman Mass is retained a testimony to the independence and equality in this respect of people and minister. There, in the most solemn ordinance of religion, the priest first turns to the people and confesses his sins to them, and they publicly absolve him, in exactly the same form of words as he uses when they in their turn publicly confess their faults to him.[1] This striking passage, standing as it does in the forefront of the Roman Missal, is one of the many variations in the Roman Church which, if followed out to its logical consequences, would correct some of the gravest errors which have sprung up within its pale. It has probably escaped attention from the dead language and the inaudible manner in which it is repeated. But it is not the less significant in itself; and had it been transferred to the English Prayer-book, where the vitality of the language and the more audible mode of reading the service would have brought it into prominence, it would have more than counterbalanced those two or three ambiguous passages on the subject which the Reformers left in the Liturgy.

There is a story told of James I., that when, after indulging in a furious passion against a faithful servant, he found he had been under a mistake, he sent for him immediately, and would neither eat, drink, nor sleep till he saw him; and when the man entered his chamber the King kneeled down and begged his pardon, and would not rise from his humble posture till he had compelled the astonished servant to pronounce the

[1] The Priest says, "Confiteor Deo Omnipotenti, Beatæ Mariæ semper Virgini," etc., "et vobis, fratres, quia peccavi nimis cogitatione, verbo, et opere, meâ culpâ, meâ culpâ, meâ maximâ culpâ. Ideo precor beatam Mariam semper Virginem," etc., "et vos fratres, orare pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum." The attendants reply, "Misereatur tui Omnipotens Deus, et, dismissis peccatis tuis, perducat te ad vitam æternam." The Priest says *Amen*, and stands up. Then the attendants repeat the confession, only changing the words "vobis, fratres," and "vos, fratres" into "tibi, pater" and "te, pater," and the Priest replies in like words. Finally the Priest, signing himself with the sign of the cross, says, "Indulgentiam, absolutionem et remissionem peccatorem nostrorum tribuat nobis Omnipotens et Misericors Dominus;" which is evidently a joint absolution for both himself and the people. The form "Ego absolvo te" is, as before observed, of a much later date.

words of absolution. That was a grotesque but genuine form of penitence; that was a grotesque but legitimate form of absolution. There was a story told during the Turkish war of 1877, that a Roumanian soldier, after having received the sacraments from a priest on his death-bed, would not be satisfied till he had obtained an interview with the excellent Princess of Roumania. To her he explained that he had tried to escape from the dangers of the battle by mutilating one of his fingers; and against her and her husband, the Prince of Roumania, he felt that this offence had been committed. From the Princess, and not from the priest, must the forgiveness come which alone could bring any comfort to him. That forgiveness was whispered into the dying man's ear by the Princess; with that forgiveness, not sacerdotal, but truly human, and therefore truly divine, the penitent soldier passed in peace to his rest. In fact, the moment that we admit the efficacy of repentance, we deny the necessity of any special absolution. An incantation, of which the virtue rests in the words pronounced, is equally valid whether the person over whom it is pronounced is guilty or innocent, conscious or unconscious. But the moment that the moral condition of the recipient is acknowledged as a necessary element, that of itself becomes the chief part, and the repetition of certain words may be edifying, but is not essential. The welfare of the hearer's soul depends not on any external absolution, but on its own intrinsic state. The value of any absolution or forgiveness depends not on the external condition of the man who pronounces it, but on the intrinsic truth of the forgiveness.

Nor long ago, when a French ship foundered in the Atlantic, a brave French priest was overheard repeating the absolution in the last moments of life to a fellow-countryman. All honour to him for the gallant discharge of what he believed to be his duty! But is there a single reflecting man, whether Catholic or Protestant, who would not feel that the intervention of a priest at that moment was in itself absolutely indifferent? The Bible and the enlightened conscience repeatedly assure us that what commends a departing spirit to

its Creator and Judge is not the accidental circumstance of his listening to a particular form of words uttered by a particular person, but the sincerity of repentance, the uprightness, the humility, the purity, the faithfulness of the man himself.

It may be a consolation to receive from well-known lips which speak to us with tenderness, with knowledge, and with justice, the assurance that we are regarded as innocent; it may be a consolation to hear with our outward ears the solemn declaration that the Supreme Father is always ready to receive the returning penitent; that the soul which returns from evil and does what is lawful and right shall surely live. But this assurance, by the nature of the case, is well known to us already from hundreds of passages in the Bible, and from our knowledge of human nature. And also it can come from any one whom we respect, from any one whom we may have injured, from any one who will give us a true, disinterested verdict on our worse and on our better qualities. It is finely described in a well-known tale—"The Heir of Redclyffe"—how when the obstinate Pharisaical youth, at last, in bitter remorse acknowledges his fault to the wife of the man whom he has mortally injured, she takes upon herself to console him and absolve him, and her absolution consists in repeating the words of the Psalmist: "The sacrifices of God are a troubled spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise." No Pontifical decree could say more; no true forgiveness could say less. Whenever any man is able to see clearly that his fellow-man has truly repented, then, whoever he be, he can declare that promise of God's forgiveness. In all cases, each man must strive to act on his own judgment and on his own conscience. The first duty of the penitent is to try to minister to his own disease. "The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy."

> "Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
> Since all alone, so Heav'n has will'd, we die?"

The next duty may be to get sound advice on his future course. But that advice can be given by any competent

person, and the competency depends not on any ministerial or sacerdotal character, but on personal insight into character to be found equally in layman and clergyman.

It is a duty to cultivate the conviction that we all alike need to be guided and be forgiven, and to have our course made clear. All, according to the several gifts which God has bestowed on the vast family of mankind, have the power to forgive, to assist, to enlighten each other. In the last resort there is no one to be considered or regarded, but our own immortal struggling souls and the One eternally Just and Merciful God. Our own responsibility must be maintained without shifting it to the keeping of any one else. We, all of us, each with some different gift, are the inheritors of the promise to bind and to loose—that is, to warn and to console our brethren, as we in like manner hope to be warned and consoled by them.

Christian Institutions, Chap. VII.

"TO LIVE IS CHRIST."

It is sometimes asked whether the Christ, the Historical Person who lived eighteen hundred years ago, is still alive amongst us. It is also sometimes asked, in many forms, and with many forms of reply, how and where Christ's presence is to be found and felt. But the best answer to all these questions is the answer of the Apostle, "To live is Christ." It is so on the smallest scale in our individual existence. It is so on the largest scale. "The life of Christendom is the life of Christ." That is the proof, the evidence, the direct continuation of the life of Christ. It is through the multitudinous mass of living human hearts, of human acts and words of love and truth, that the Christ of the first century becomes the Christ of the nineteenth. Each successive age, each separate nation does His work on a larger and still larger scale. The arts, the literature, the sciences, the charities, the liberties, the

laws, the worship of the commonwealths of Christian Europe are all parts of the living body of Christ. Their influence on us is part of His influence. Their benefits to us are part of "the innumerable benefits of His Cross and Passion." To live under the best influences of Christendom, to live under the best influences of Christian England, this for us, and this only, is—the Apostle allows us to say so—Christ Himself.

National Thanksgiving, 1872, Serm. I.

THE CHRIST OF THE GOSPELS.

If any of us have any doubts about any part of the Bible, or if any of us be eager to answer any doubts in others, first and before all things learn the mind and spirit of Christ as set forth in the four Gospels. In that mind and spirit lies the true solution of all our disputes about the nature of the Infinite. In that mind and spirit lies the true key to all the mysteries of His life and death, the meaning of His miracles, the salt of His words, the virtue of His sacrifice, the power of His resurrection. It was a true feeling which gave to our religion the name of that one single pre-eminent portion of the Sacred Volume—the Gospel. It was a true feeling which led the Fathers to take, as the subject of the Creeds, the one doctrine which above all others belongs to the Gospels, namely, the Incarnation.

To those who are weary of controversy, to those who are laden with perplexities, to those who travail and labour with the hardness, or the dulness, or the indifference of men, no less than to the suffering and the mourners, there is one and the same exhortation of which the fulness of meaning still remains, and will long remain unexhausted. "Hear what comfortable words our Saviour Christ saith to all that truly turn to Him." "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Sermon preached at Oxford, Nov. 4, 1860.

CHRIST THE NEW MAN.

We know, we have felt in life what an effect is produced by coming in contact with some new character, some new form or idea of goodness, such as was before unknown to us; what hopes, what elevation of soul, what enlargement of mind, what self-reproach, what self-knowledge, what zeal, what admiration, does it kindle within us! Such a new character, such a new form or idea of goodness in the highest sense, the world met, as she wandered on her way, in the person of Jesus Christ. He came across the path of the erring race of man, just at the time when the existing shapes and forms of virtue and religion seemed to be wearing themselves out. He came as a new element, a new leaven, into the old corrupted mass. He was literally a new creation. He was, what the Apostle calls Him, a second Adam, a new man, a second beginning in the history of our race.

Canterbury Sermons, Serm. XII.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The "Imitation of Christ." This is the one book of devotion which has won the affections of the whole of Christendom, because it is the one subject which is identical with Christianity itself. To be like Christ: this is the one object which the whole New Testament impresses upon us. He who is not like Christ, however correct his belief, is not a Christian except in name. He who is like Christ, amidst whatever differences, is a Christian indeed and in truth. To be one with Christ. This is a doctrine which we all shrink from hating, which we all shrink from hearing, because it appears to condemn us all alike. But we can at least "follow" Him; we can follow at a distance; we can set our faces in the direction to which His life and spirit point. When we speak of coming to Christ, of apprehending Christ, we can ask our-

selves what those words mean, and we can remember that they mean an imitation of that Divine Character, which embraces not merely the commonplace virtues which are too vague, or too universal to be applicable, but graces, some of which, at least, are so definite and distinct that we cannot mistake them. Constant exertion for the good of others; cheerfulness and unfailing courage; steadfast devotion to truth and justice; to live in the world and yet above it; toleration even of those from whom there is the widest difference; an absolute fusion of religion and morality; an absolute repose upon the justice and the love of God; a free and far-reaching acknowledgment of all the facts of the world and of human nature, combined with the loftiest ideal of heroic duty and of heavenly holiness. These are some of the unmistakable landmarks of the character of Christ our Lord. If we cannot attain to them ourselves, we can at least admire them in others. If to be like Christ is too hard a task, let us at least try to be like them in whom we can recognise any or all of these graces. We have known such; we have seen in them these unearthly gifts, which raised them above the world whilst they are with us; which carry us with them to the other world where they are taken from us. To be like them is—in a measure—to be like Christ; to be with Christ hereafter is to be with them; and in that better world which now seems so very far away, we may humbly hope to be like Him, and like them, for we shall see Him as He is.

Sermon preached at Oxford, Oct. 26, 1862.

STUDY CHRIST.

When we approach the most sacred of all subjects, Jesus Christ Himself, how can I express my conviction of the depth of new wisdom and endless instruction to be learned from His character, His teaching, His work, if only we set ourselves not to repeat phrases respecting Him; but to ask and

to seek out what He really was and is to us, what He really taught, and what He really did! It may be that our search will be constantly baffled, but it will more often be that even the humblest will be amply rewarded; even the most aspiring will find that by penetrating behind that veil he has gained a power which he has never found elsewhere; that he has found a new footing, and seen a new life, in every scripture which tells him of the Word made Flesh, in every article of the ancient Creeds which speak to him of the work and nature of Jesus Christ our Lord. Christ crucified, and Christ risen; Christ our Example and our Sacrifice; Christ our Prophet and our Redeemer; Christ Who took our nature upon Him in all things, sin only except, and Christ of one substance with the Father and the express image of His Person; Christ the Word of God; Christ the Light of the world; Christ the Way; Christ the Truth; Christ the Life;—every one of these words and ideas has more in it than has ever yet been taken out of it. None can be discarded without loss—all together rightly appreciated and seen in their right proportions make up the very truth of God, the very essence of Christianity in the strength of which, and in the strength of Him Whom they set forth, we may well defy the world, and repose in the true Communion of Saints.

Ordination Sermon, May 22, 1864.

CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

In the Mussulman or the Hindu this makes itself felt in the entire abstraction of the mind from all outward things. In the fanatic of whatever religion, it makes itself felt in the disregard of all the common rules of human morality. In the Hebrew Prophet it makes itself felt in the indifference to human praise or blame, in the unswerving fidelity to the voice of duty and of conscience, in the courage to say what he knew to be true, and to do what he knew to be right. This

in the Hebrew Prophet—this in the Christian man—is the best sign of the near vision of Almighty God: it is the best sign of the Real Presence of Jesus Christ, the faithful and true, the holy and the just, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

Jewish Church, Lect. XX.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

THE *Spirit* of Christ.—This is what we have to ask and to imitate; not the letter, not the mere outward likeness, but the *spirit*, the intention of His actions, is what He wishes to give us, and what we must earnestly seek for. Though He was poor, whereas we may be rich; though He went about teaching, whereas we perhaps never teach at all; though He lived and died in one small country ages ago, whilst we have traversed many countries, and live in times wholly different, yet we still may be like Him; we still may be in communion with Him, because what we aim at is the mind, the soul, the Spirit which breathed through all His life, and which can be shared in a measure by every one of us. This is the best use of this sense of the word; but it is useful as a guide of life generally. To this end must we always distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and see how the spirit is always more important than the letter. Many difficulties in the Bible, which perplex us when we look only at the mere letter, vanish away when we look at the general spirit. Many stumbling-blocks which meet us in particular portions of the services of the Church, or in the institutions of our country, are at once surmounted when we think of the spirit of the whole. Many dispensations of Providence, which seem grievous to be borne, become light when, from the mere letter and fact which kill, we can feel through them the gracious Spirit that gives life and strength and healing to what in itself is dark and mournful. And in our own hearts, when we pray for the Spirit of Christ to

enlighten us, what we pray for is that He will enlighten and purify not only our outward acts, but the innermost springs of our inmost mind and conscience and spirit. Through our spirits only can God now speak to us as a Spirit. It is to our spiritual life that we must pay heed, if we wish not to be cut off from Him.

Again, the *Spirit* of Christ is that which enlivens, strengthens, invigorates.—We speak, and we speak properly, of a "man of spirit," of a "boy of spirit," of a "high, bold, gallant spirit." This is another sense of the word "Spirit" in the Bible. It signifies "breath" or "wind." "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof: . . . so is every one that is born of the Spirit." As is the fresh breeze to a ship becalmed at sea, filling her sails, and driving her onwards in spite of herself, so is the Spirit of God and of Christ to the torpid, languid human soul, which will not be roused except by a power greater and higher than itself. As is the fresh air to a close infected room, so is the keen, invigorating breeze from the throne of God, which pours into the narrow chamber of the heart, stuffed with the prejudices, and passions, and fancies of our own little circle, of our own little thoughts, whose doors have never been opened to new ideas or bright feelings, whose windows have been closed against all wider and higher views.

Such was the "Spirit of the Lord" which "came" on the heroes and saints of the old dispensation—Gideon, Samson, and David—and filled them with strength for the battle. Such was the "rushing mighty wind" in the Christian Church, which, from the day of Pentecost onwards, swept through the dead dry bones of the ancient world, and roused them to life. Such was the spirit of those old Christian knights, the scene of whose deeds we have lately visited, who made it the business of their lives to defend with a soldier's courage and fidelity the weak, the suffering and the oppressed everywhere. Such, above all, was the soldier-like spirit of Him who was the Captain of our salvation, who fought to the last with unabated, unshrinking courage His battle, our battle, the

battle of the whole world, against sin, and folly, and death. Oh for one spark of this soldier-like spirit in the weak and wavering moments of our daily course! Oh for one breath of this divine atmosphere of the Spirit to brace our nerves, and enliven our sluggish sinking hearts, and chase away the sultry oppression that weighs us down in the great struggles of life! Oh for one blast of that rushing mighty wind, to drive us with irresistible force over wave after wave of this troublesome world, till we come to the haven where we would be! The Spirit of God and of Christ is life, and strength, and health, and energy; where these are not, there only in a very feeble degree is the breath of God's Spirit.

Sermons in the East, Serm. XII.

THE HIGH SAINTS.

One high heroic instance of truth, or justice, or courage, is worth a hundred lesser cases—the world is startled by it. Heroes and saints are indeed the salt of the world, and the light of the world; a life is spread by them into the putrifying mass, a glory streams from them into the dark void. Their summits reflect a light which remains there, when it has vanished everywhere else; their example, while it makes us feel far below them, yet, in a manner, annihilates space and time, and brings us near to them.

Canterbury Sermons, Serm. XV.

THE BEATITUDES.

Those of us who have travelled in mountain countries know how one range of hills rises behind another, one ever seeming the highest till yet a higher appears behind it; each has its own beauty, each its own peculiarity. So is it with the various kinds of lesser happiness. But, in mountain countries, there

is one range, one line of lofty summits, which always conveys a new sense of beauty, of awe, of sublimity, which nothing else can give—the range of eternal snow. High above all the rest we see the white peaks standing out in the blue sky, catching the first rays of the rising sun, and the last rays of the sun as it departs. So is it with the range of high Christian character, which our Lord has set before us in the Sermon on the Mount. High above all earthly, lower happiness, the blessedness of those Eight Beatitudes towers into the heaven itself. They are white with the snows of eternity; they give a grace, a meaning, a dignity, to all the rest of the earth over which they brood. And when the shades of evening gather round us, when the darkness of sorrow and sickness closes in, when other common worldly characters become cold and dead and lifeless, then those higher points of true Christian goodness stand out brighter and brighter; the gleaming daylight can be seen reflected on their summits, when it has vanished everywhere besides; they are still there, living gospels to instruct and cheer us. On the tops of the mountains, how beautiful are their feet who, even by silent goodness, bring peace and goodwill to men.

Canterbury Sermons, Serm. III.

THE BEATIFIC VISION.

Not only in the toil and conflict of this mortal life, but when we think of that higher life which it has not entered into the heart of man to conceive, there also it may be truly said that the veil which rests on the view even of zeal and faith, is drawn up from before the gaze of Love. The curtain of the physical world, which hides it from our sight, may, with each advancing year, be extended more widely and woven more thickly around us; one after another, the discovery of the general laws of the universe may throw the first moving Cause

farther and farther back beyond the limits of time and space; we no longer hear or see Him as our fathers did, in the wind, the earthquake, and the fire. But, if we have that blessing of a loving heart which no advance of science can take from us, we have S. John's assurance that "we know" what God is. The same Apostle who has moved Him furthest from our outward senses in the announcement that He "is a Spirit," has brought Him nearest to our inmost affections, by declaring to us that He "is Love."

And yet once more, if we dare no longer figure to our minds the life beyond the grave with those images which brought it home to the mind of previous ages; if we dare no longer speak, as our fathers did, of the mountains of purification and the circles of paradise; if there are times when the things of this world on the one side, and the great change effected by death on the other, seem to leave no place in our thoughts or imaginations for the things beyond; if ever difficulties like these press upon us, there is surely some comfort in remembering that there have been those to whom these or similar difficulties have been present, and who yet have assured us that there is one faculty at last which shall rise with our regenerated natures, and live amidst the death of all beside. S. Paul, who has told us that all our present powers of knowledge shall "cease and vanish away," has told us that "Charity never faileth." S. John, who declared that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be," has told us that "Hereby we know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren."

Yes, even in that familiar love of our earthly homes, which is to most of us the well-spring of our earliest and latest happiness—in that love of our friends and benefactors which so endears to us the scenes of our education here and elsewhere—in that love which, in after-life binds us to the service of those for whom God, in our several stations, makes us each responsible—in that love which, in all but the very worst of us, must be from time to time awakened, for the wisdom and goodness which, not having seen we long to see, which to

believe in now is what to many of us makes life worth living for, which to see hereafter is the great and blessed promise reserved for those who shall see Him as He is—in all these several degrees we have at least some link to connect the life of time with the life of eternity. When in its perfected form, Love has indeed mastered self, here, even in this life, we may trust that the mortal has indeed put on immortality. For of a truth, "that disciple shall never die;" for "he that dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Sermons and Essays on the Apostolical Age, Serm. IV.

A GREAT CAUSE.

To have a great cause on hand, to know that it is far greater than anything which we can do for it; this is always the best check to all the vanities and vexations of the world. To feel that it is the cause of God is a source of consolation and calmness higher still. The great king of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, was warned not to risk his life in battle. He answered, as an answer which was to silence all objections, "God the Almighty liveth."

Canterbury Sermons, Serm. XV.

THE TRUCE OF GOD.

Once grasp the things which are eternal, and the things which are temporal very soon find their proper place. Once find the things that are not seen, and the things that are seen become mere shadows in comparison. Once enter on those wide inquiries which belong to no one sect or division of the Christian Church, but cross them all alike, and you will find in them a Truce of God, in which the combatants lay down their arms because they are brought into the presence of a

higher power, a more universal truth than that which rules the world by polemics, or even the conscientious disputes of particular times, or particular countries.

Ordination Sermon, May 22, 1864.

HYPOCRISY IN SERMONS.

THE temptations to be wise above that which is written, to appear better than we are, to use language in which we do not heartily believe, are almost irresistible; yet if there be any one sin against which our blessed Lord warned all religious teachers, it is this great sin of hypocrisy—hypocrisy not in the grosser sense of the word, but in that far more common, far more dangerous sense, in which our Lord always uses it, of acting a part, of doing and saying not what we are in ourselves, but what others put into our minds and mouths. There have been diplomatists who have accomplished their objects by unexpectedly using no concealment, no disguises—why should not the clergy take the world by surprise in like manner, and convert mankind by speaking, and saying exactly what they think, and appearing to be exactly what they are.

Ordination Sermon, May 22, 1864.

THE TEMPTER'S GAME.

THERE is a well-known German picture, representing a young man playing at chess with the Tempter of his soul. He is intent on his game; his head is leaning on his hand. He sees only the moves of the pieces immediately before him. He thinks that he still has the play in his own grasp. Opposite to him sits the exulting Fiend; there is a look of triumph over the easy prey; already piece after piece has been taken; here a good deed has gone; there a prayer has been removed; there an act of faith, there an act of love, there an act of hope

A few more successful moves on the Tempter's side, and the game is won, and the soul is lost.

But there is yet another figure, which gives to the scene at once a deeper pathos and also a ray of hope. Behind the young man, unseen by him, unnoticed by the Tempter, stands the Guardian Angel. The wings are spread for flight; the face is already turning away. It is a face not of anger, not of disappointment, not of despair, not of resistance, but of profound compassion and grief.

That picture represents to us well the state of many amongst ourselves; it represents also the meaning of the mournful, strange, almost singular expression of the Apostle, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."

Sermon preached at Oxford, March 4, 1863.

THE LAST RESORT.

It is not on physical force, or worldly station, or applauding multitudes, no, nor even on the oracles of human authority, however venerable, nor the advice and support of friends, however dear, that we must lean in the last resort. We must lean on God, and on our own souls; on God in ourselves; that is, on all that is best and purest in ourselves; that is, on the strength and the light which can be given only by the indwelling of the Divine Spirit itself, not in the mere outer chambers of our opinions or our manners, or our language, but in the very innermost sanctuary of all, our hearts, our consciences. Give us this, O God, and Thou givest us everything. Give us Thyself to enlighten, elevate, strengthen. Give us Thyself, not in nature only, not in history only, not in Thy fatherly love only, not in Thy redeeming grace only, but in Thy close communion and fellowship with our own souls and minds and judgments. Make our wills strong with the strength of Thy will, make our hearts holy with the freshness of Thy holiness, make our judgments independent with the independence of Thine own eternity; make our souls in their search

for truth to be "safe under Thy feathers, for Thy faithfulness and Thy truth shall be our shield and buckler." This and nothing less than this we ask of Thee in all times of our tribulation, in all times of our wealth, in all our thirst for knowledge, in all our sense of ignorance, in the war which we have to fight, in the decision which we have to decide, in the solution which we hope to find for our thousand difficulties. This is what we have to seek. Within ourselves, not without ourselves, in the court of our own consciences, which is the throne of the Holy Ghost of God, must each decision be made for good or for evil in that struggle, which gives its true value to life and to death, across the dark river, and through the tangled thicket, and amidst the flying shots, and up to the distant height,[1] where we shall stand at last, victorious through the might of that blessed Spirit, which is indeed "our Refuge and Strength, our present help in trouble."

Sermon preached at Oxford, March 4, 1863.

ORIGINAL SIN.

We often regard this doctrine as the watchword of a peculiar theological school. It is surely more correct to say that it is a statement of a universal fact in human experience. It is the dark side of the world, known by philosophers as well as by theologians; dear to Rochefoucault and Macchiavelli, no less than to Calvin. The error, if there was an error, in Rochefoucault, the error, if there was an error, in Calvin, was not that they asserted the fact of human corruption, but that they exhibited it out of its due proportions, and dwelt on this dark and melancholy and depressing subject, as if it were a matter of glory and pride and delight. But the fact, nay, even the very word, is full of instruction. There is, in the race, in the natures, in the churches, in the families, in the individual characters of men, a *corruption*, a tendency to go backwards,

[1] The allusions are to the Battle of the Alma, to which reference had previously been made.

a tendency in the best characters to run to exaggeration, to evil, to error, to sin. Nay, *corruptio optimi pessima*. Not only human nature, but religion; religious institutions, religious feeling, religious zeal; the best gifts of God to men—wisdom, genius, courage, faith; all have their darker side. "The infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerate." Words, even the best words, become corrupt and lose their meanings; institutions, even the best institutions, turn into the meagre shadows and forms and incumbrances, of the substance which they once represented. Everything has its dangers. Freedom is dangerous; government is dangerous. In the lower orders, the poor and the suffering are the classes called dangerous; not less dangerous are the idle, frivolous, insolent classes of the higher orders. Free inquiry is dangerous; and so is opposition to free inquiry. Going forwards is dangerous, and standing still is yet more dangerous. Genius has its temptations and its dangers; stupidity has its dangers no less great. Everywhere the old Serpent lurks; everywhere he is on the watch to dart his fangs into the heel of man; everywhere his subtle poison is at work. Even under the shadow of the Tree of Life his fascinating eye is upon us; even round the branches of the Tree of Knowledge his glittering scales are coiled.

Sermon preached at Oxford, Feb. 8, 1863.

EXPANSIVE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

At the "great supper" there are many seats. "In our Father's house there are many mansions." "Lord, we have done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." The feast might seem to have been filled when the chosen people were first called. The exclusive devotion to one great truth, the fervour, the faith of the Jewish nation, might seem to have met all the needs of the Divine call. But not so. There were many truths, many feelings, many aspirations in the

ancient Scriptures, and yet more in the manifestation of Christ to which the Jewish people, to which the Semitic race had no response. The house grew around and above them; they filled but a corner of its vast dimensions; from the "streets and lanes" of the great city of the Greek and Roman world, a new people were called in; Greek and Roman found themselves at home, when the earlier inmates were beginning to feel themselves strangers; and the Church of the Fathers sprang up within the wide walls of the expanding structure. But "still there was room." And again "from the highways and hedges" of the German tribes, another influx of unexpected guests broke in; and the poetry and the tenderness and the chivalry of Christianity fed the Middle Ages, as its divine philosophy had already fed the age of Athanasius and Augustine. The Middle Ages came to an end, and again it seemed as if the feast was empty. The feeling of the age of the Reformation, exaggerated no doubt, yet still bearing witness to the fact of which I am speaking, was as though the Bible had never been read before, as though S. Paul's epistles were then for the first time understood; as though the Christian faith had taken a new start in the race of life. "Lord, we have done as Thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."

Sermon preached at Oxford, July 5, 1859.

BINDING AND LOOSING.

THE enlightening, elevating power of the Christian conscience is not confined to any profession or order, however sacred; is exercised not in virtue of any hereditary or transmitted succession, but in virtue of the spiritual discernment, the insight into truth and character, vouchsafed to all good men, to all Christians, in proportion to their goodness and wisdom and discernment. This, as Origen says, is the true power of the keys; a power which may be exercised, and which is exercised, sometimes by the teaching of a faithful pastor,

sometimes by the presence of an innocent child, sometimes by the example of a good mother, sometimes by the warning of a true friend, sometimes by the silent glance of just indignation, sometimes by the reading of a good book—above all, by the straightforward honesty of our own individual consciences, whether in dealing with ourselves or others.

It may be worth while here again to recall the processes by which the amelioration of mankind has taken place. We can trace them clearly on the large scale of history. Doubtless there have been long periods when the chief enlightenment of the world has come from the clergy. In most Protestant, and in some Roman and Greek Churches, the clergy, as a class, perhaps still do more than any other single class of men to keep alive a sense of goodness and truth. But there has never been a time when the laity have not had their share in the guidance of the Church ; and in proportion as Christian civilisation has increased, in proportion as the clergy have done their duty in enlightening and teaching others, in that proportion has the Christian influence, the binding and the loosing power of all good and gifted men, increased, in that proportion has the principle implied in these passages [1] received a deeper, wider significance.

There have been ages when the clergy were coextensive with the educated class of mankind, and were thus the chief means of stimulating and purifying the moral standard of their age. But at all times, and specially since other professions have shared the title of "clerks"—that is, scholars and instructors—the advancement of learning, the opening of the gates of heaven, has been as much the work of the laity as of the priesthood. By the highest rank of the whole profession of the clergy—the Pontificate of Rome—the key of knowledge has been perhaps wielded less than by any other great institution in Christendom. Of the 256 prelates who have filled the bishopric of Rome, scarcely more than four have done anything by their writings to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge and to raise the moral perceptions of mankind

[1] Matt. xvi. 19; John xx. 23.

—Leo the Great, Gregory the Great, and (in a higher degree) Benedict XIV. and Clement XIV. Occasional acts of toleration towards the Jews, the rectification of the calendar, and a few like examples of enlightenment may be adduced. But, as a general rule, whatever else the Popes have done, they have not, in the Biblical sense, bound or loosed the moral duties of mankind.

And again, as to the clergy generally, the abolition of slavery, though supported by many excellent ecclesiastics, yet had for its chief promoters the laymen Wilberforce and Clarkson. What these virtuous and gifted men bound on earth was bound in heaven, what they loosed on earth was loosed in heaven, not because they had or had not been set apart for a special office, but because they had received a large measure of the Holy Spirit of God, which enabled them to see the good and refuse the evil of the times in which they lived.

If the aspirations of one half of mediæval Christendom after goodness were guided by the clerical work of Thomas à Kempis, another half must have been no less elevated by a lay work—the Divine poem of Dante. If the revelation of God in the universe was partly discovered by Copernicus the ecclesiastic, it was more fully disclosed by the labours of Galileo the layman, which the clergy condemned. If the religion of England has been fed in large part by Hooker, by Butler, by Wesley, and by Arnold, it has also been fed, perhaps in a yet larger part, by Milton, by Bunyan, by Addison, by Cowper, and by Walter Scott.

If we study the process by which false notions of morality and religion have been dispersed, and true notions of morality and religion have been introduced, from Augustus to Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Luther, from Luther to the present day (as unfolded in Mr. Lecky's four volumes), we shall find that the almost uniform law by which the sins and superstitions of Christendom have been bound or loosed has been, first, that the action of some one conscience or some few consciences—whether of statesmen, students, priests, or soldiers more enlightened, more Christ-like, than their fellows

—has struck a new light, or unwound some old prejudice, or opened some new door into truth; and then, that this light has been caught up, this opening has been widened by the gradual advance of Christian wisdom and knowledge in the mass.

What is called the public opinion of any age may be in itself as misleading, as corrupt, as the opinion of any individual. It must be touched, corrected, purified by those higher intelligences and nobler hearts which catch the light as mountain summits before the sunrise has reached the plains. But it is only when the light has reached the plains, only when public opinion has become so elevated by the action of the few, that Providence affixes its seal to the deed—that the binding or loosing is ratified in heaven. It is thus that Christian public opinion is formed; and when it is formed, the sins, which before reigned with a tyrannical sway, fade away and disappear.

Such, for example, was the drunkenness of the upper classes in the last century. It penetrated all the higher society of the land. But when by a few resolute wills, here and there, now and then, there was created a better and purer standard of morals in this respect, it perished as if by an invisible blow. The whole of educated society had placed it under their ban, and that ban was ratified in heaven—was ratified by the course of Providence. It is this same public opinion which, if it can once be created in the humbler classes, will also be as powerful there. They also have, if they will, the same power of "retaining," that is, of imprisoning, and condemning, and exterminating this deadly enemy; and by this means alone will it disappear from them as it has disappeared from the society of others who were once as completely slaves to it.

So again, to pass to quite another form of evil, the violent personal scurrility that used once to disgrace our periodical literature. That, as a general rule, has almost entirely disappeared from the leading journals of the day. On the whole they are temperately expressed, and conducted with reasonable

fairness. The public has become too highly educated to endure the coarseness of former times. But in the more confined organs of opinion the old Adam still lingers. In some of those newspapers, which are called by a figure of speech our religious journals, the scurrility and personal intolerance which once penetrated the great secular journals still abide. That also, we may trust, will gradually vanish, as the religious or ecclesiastical world becomes more penetrated with the true spirit of Christianity which in this respect has already taken possession of the lay world.

Christian Institutions, Chap. VII.

INSTITUTION OF CLERGY, IN WHAT SENSE DIVINE.

In what sense can the institution of the Clergy or of Bishops be said to have a divine origin? Not in the sense of its having been directly and visibly established by the Founder of Christianity. Amongst the gifts which our Lord gave to mankind during His life on earth, the Christian ministry, as we now possess it, is not one. He gave us during the years of His earthly manifestation, that which was far greater, which was in fact Christianity; He gave us *Himself*—Himself in His life, in His death, in His mind, in His character, in His immortal life in which He lives for ever—Himself, with the immediate impression of Himself on the characters and the memories of those His friends and disciples who stood immediately around Him, and who carried on the impulse which they derived from personal contact with Him. But no permanent order of ministers appears in that spiritual kingdom of which He spoke on the hills of Galilee or on the slopes of Olivet. The Twelve Apostles whom He chose had no successors like themselves. No second Peter, no second John, no second Paul, stepped into the places of those who had seen the Lord Jesus; and if their likenesses have been in any measure seen again in later times, it has been at long intervals

few and far between, when great lights have been raised up to rekindle amongst men the expiring flame of truth and goodness by extraordinary gifts of genius or of grace. The Seventy Disciples that went forth at the Lord's command into the cities of Palestine were soon gathered to their graves, and no order of the same kind or of the same number came in their stead. They went out once, and returned back to their Master, to go out no more. The Church, the Christian Society, existed in those faithful followers, even from the beginning, and will doubtless last to the very end. Wherever in any time or country, two or three are gathered together by a common love and faith, there will be a Christian Church. But even for years after the Lord's departure, such a society existed without a separate order of clergy. The whole Christian Brotherhood was full of life, and there was as yet no marked distinction between its different portions. All were alike holy, all were alike consecrated. Therefore it is that the institution of the Christian ministry has never been placed in any ancient Creed amongst the fundamental facts or doctrines of the Gospel; therefore it is that (in the language of the English Church) ordination is not a sacrament, because it has no visible sign or ceremony ordained by Christ Himself.

Yet there is another sense in which the Christian ministry is a gift of our Divine Master. It is brought out in the well-known passage in the Epistle to the Ephesians: "When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. . . . And He gave some to be apostles, and some to be prophets, and some to be evangelists, and some to be shepherds and teachers."[1] What is it that is meant by saying that it was only after His withdrawal from us, that He gave these gifts to men, and that amongst these gifts were the various offices, of which two at least (the pastoral and the ntellectual) contain the germs of all the future clergy of Christendom? It is this—that not in His earthly life, not in His direct communion with men, not as part of the original manifestation of Christianity, but (so to speak) as a Divine

[1] Eph. iv. 8–11.

afterthought, as the result of the complex influences which were showered down upon the earth after its Founder had left it, as a part of the vast machinery of Christian civilisation, were the various professions of Christendom formed, and amongst these the great vocation of the Christian ministry.

The various grades of the Christian clergy have sprung up in Christian society in the same ways, and by the same divine, because the same natural, necessity, as the various grades of government, law, and science—a necessity only more urgent, more universal, and therefore more divine, in so far as the religious and intellectual wants of mankind are of a more general, of a more simple, and therefore of a more divine kind than their social and physical wants. All of them vary, in each age or country, according to the varieties of age and country—according to the civil constitution, according to the geographical area, according to the climate and custom of east and west, north and south. We find popular election, clerical election, imperial election, ministerial election; ordination by breathing, ordination by sacred relics, ordination by elevation of hands, ordination by imposition of hands; vestments and forms derived from Roman civil life or from a peculiar profession, from this or that school, of this or that fashion; spheres more or less limited, a humble country village, an academic cloister, a vast town population, or a province as large as a kingdom. The enumeration of these varieties is not a condemnation, but a justification of their existence. The Christian clergy has grown with the growth and varied with the variations of Christian society, and the more complex its developments, the more removed from the rudeness and simplicity of the early ages, the more likely they are to be in accordance with truth and reason, which is the mind of Christ.

This, therefore, is the divine and the human side of the Christian ministry. Divine, because it belongs to the inevitable growth of Christian hopes and sympathies, of increasing truth, of enlarging charity. Human because it arose out of, and is subject to, the vicissitudes of human

passions, human ignorance, human infirmities, earthly opportunities. In so far as it has a permanent and divine character, it has a pledge of immortal existence, so long as Christian society exists with its peculiar wants and aspirations; in so far as it has a human character, it seeks to accommodate itself to the wants of each successive age, and needs the support, and the sympathy, and the favour, of all the other elements of social intercourse by which it is surrounded. It has been at times so degraded that it has become the enemy of all progress. It has been at times in the forefront of civilisation.

Christian Institutions, Chap. X.

THE BIBLE.

DOUBTLESS "it contains many things hard to be understood" —"many things which the unlearned and unstable may wrest to their own destruction." But, take it with all its difficulties —take it with all the imperfections of the human agencies by which it has come down to us, and it is still true that at least, in the great field of Theology, no more reasonable service can be offered up by man to God in this generation than the study of the Scriptures. "Thy Word is tried to the uttermost," tried by the honest investigations of science, tried by the undue claims made upon it, tried by the misunderstanding of its enemies, tried by the misunderstanding and exaggeration of its friends; and yet, in spite of all, "Thy servant loveth it," because he knows that there is nothing else like it in the world, nothing else which will so well repay all the trouble, anxiety, and misapprehension which its study involves. Its value has increased, and not diminished, with the lapse of ages. It is even more important, than in former times, to be able to go back from modern controversies to the fountain of our faith, pure and undefiled, in the hills from which it springs. It is still the Book of books, not to one

nation only, but to all mankind. It is still the guide both of the learned and of the ignorant. Through its vast variety of style and character, light and shade, parable and history, song and prose, sorrowful and joyful, profound and simple, it is more than ever the best means of bringing together the educated, the half-educated, the uneducated—the inquirer, the waverer, the believer, the misbeliever—if not in one communion of discipline and worship, at least in one communion of thought and feeling. It is still "the witness in all ages of the higher things in the heart of man—the inspired source of truth, the way to the better life." It contains treasures of wisdom, of justice, of tenderness, of toleration, of freedom, which have never yet been exhausted. It stands on a height above all the human speculations which have gathered around it. Ancient creeds, modern confessions of theology, have their own place and value, but, in form, in substance, in spirit, they are immeasurably below the Bible; they are not to be named for a moment in comparison with the living voice of God, as it speaks to us through the living acts and utterances of patriarch and king, lawgiver and judge, priest and soldier, psalmist and prophet, through all the manifold "sundry times," through all the infinitely "divers manners," in which He inspired the teachers of His chosen people, until "in these last days He has spoken to us," once for all, "in" the Person "of Jesus Christ His Son."

Sermon at Westminster, January 10, 1864.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Observe its brevity. It is indeed a comment upon the saying, "God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few." No doubt very often we pray in forms much longer than this; but the shortness of the Lord's Prayer is compatible with its being the most excellent of all prayers, and sanctions compressing our devotion into the briefest compass. In fact the occasion on which it is intro-

duced lays the chief stress on its shortness. It was first taught in express contrast to the long repetitions of the heathen religions. "They think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them, for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him. After this manner therefore pray ye." Every one, however difficult he may find it to make long prayers, however pressing his business may be, morning, noon, and night, may have time for this very short prayer. How long does it take? One minute. How many sentences does it contain? Seven. The youngest as well as the oldest —the busiest as well as the idlest—the most sceptical as well as the most devout—can at least in the day once or twice, if not in the early morning or the late evening, use this short prayer. There is nothing in it to offend. They who scruple at or throw aside the Prayer-book, or the Directory, or the Catechism, or the Creed, at least may say the Lord's Prayer. They cannot be the worse for it. They may be the better.

And now let us look upon the substance of the sentences as they follow one another. We have said that a nation's religious life may be judged by its chief prayers. For example, the Mohammedan religion may fairly claim to be represented by the one prayer that every Mussulman offers to God morning and evening. It is in the first chapter of the Koran, and it is this—

> Praise be to God, Master of the Universe,
> The Merciful, the Compassionate,
> Lord of the day of Judgment.
> To Thee we give our worship,
> From Thee we have our help.
> Guide us in the right way,
> In the way of those whom Thou hast loaded with Thy blessing,
> Not in the way of those who have encountered Thy wrath, or who have gone astray.

Let us not despise that prayer—so humble, so simple, so true.

Let us rather be thankful that from so many devout hearts throughout the Eastern world there ascends so pure an offering to the Most High God. Yet surely we may say in no proud or Pharisaic spirit that, compared even with this exalted prayer of the Arabian Prophet, there is a richness, a fulness, a height of hope, a depth of humility, a breadth of meaning in the prayer of the Lord Jesus which we find nowhere else, which stamps it with a divinity all its own.

"OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN." OUR Father, not *my* Father. He is the God not of one man, or one Church, or one nation, or one race only, but of all who can raise their thoughts towards Him. FATHER. That is the most human, most personal, most loving thought which we can frame in speaking of the Supreme Being. And yet He is IN HEAVEN. That is the most remote, the most spiritual, the most impersonal thought which we can frame concerning Him. Heaven is a word which expresses the ideal, the unseen world, and there infinitely raised above us all is the Father whom we adore. "HALLOWED BE THY NAME." That is the hope that all levity, that all profaneness may be banished from the worship of God; not only that our worship may be simple, solemn, and reverent, but that our thoughts concerning Him may be consecrated and set apart from all the low, debasing, superstitious, selfish ends to which His name has so often been turned. "O Liberty," it was once said, "how many are the crimes that have been committed in thy name!" "O Religion," so we may also say when we repeat this clause of the Lord's Prayer, "how many are the crimes that have been committed in thy name!" May that holy name be hallowed by the acts and words of those who profess it! "THY KINGDOM COME." This is the highest hope of humanity: that the rule of supreme truth, and mercy, and justice, and beauty, may penetrate every province of thought, and action, and law, and art. It has been said there are some places on earth where we have to think what is the one single prayer which we should utter if we were sure of its being fulfilled. This would be, "Thy kingdom come." "THY WILL BE DONE." That is the

pression of our entire resignation to whatever shall, year by
ar and day by day, befall us. Resignation which shall calm
r passions, and control our murmurs, and curtail our griefs,
d kindle our cheerfulness. It is, as Bishop Butler has said,
e whole of religion. Islam derives its name from it. "IN
RTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN." These are words which lift our
uls up from the world in which we struggle with manifold
perfections to the ideal heavenly world, where all is perfect.
rty strife—crooked ends—ignominious flatteries—are they
cessary? Let us hope that a time may come when they
ll be unnecessary. "GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."
ere we turn from heaven back to earth, and ask for our
edful food, our enjoyment, our sustenance from day to day.
is the one petition for our earthly wants. We know not
iat a day may bring forth. Give us only, give us at least
iat we need, of sustenance both for body and soul. "Enough
enough"—ask not for more. Enough for our faith, enough
r our maintenance when the sun dawns and before the sun
ts. "FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES AS WE FORGIVE THEM
IAT TRESPASS AGAINST US." Who is there that has not need
forgive some one—who is there that has not the need of
mething to be forgiven? The founder of Georgia said to
e founder of Methodism, "I never forgive any one." John
esley answered, "Sir, I trust you never sin." "LEAD US
)T INTO TEMPTATION;" the temptations which beset us.
ow much of sin comes from the outward incidents and
)mpanionships round us! How much of innocence from
at good Providence which wards off the corrupting, defiling,
basing influences that fill the earth! Save us, we may well
k, from the circumstances of our age, our country, our
hurch, our profession, our character; save us from those
rcumstances which draw forth our natural infirmities—save
; from these, break their force. And this is best accom-
ished by the last petition, "DELIVER US FROM EVIL;" that
, deliver us from the evil,[1] whatsoever it is, that lurks even

[1] ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ, "the evil," not "the
il One." So it must be translated in
att. v. 37, 39, as well as in Matt. vi. 13,
and in John xvii. 15, where ἐκ appears to
fix the meaning.

in the best of good things. From the idleness that grows out of youth and fulness of bread—from the party spirit that grows out of our political enthusiasm or our nobler ambition—from the fanatical narrowness which goes hand in hand with our religious earnestness—from the harshness which clings to our love of truth—from the indifference which results from our wide toleration—from the indecision which intrudes itself into our careful discrimination—from the folly of the good, and from the selfishness of the wise, Good Lord deliver us. "FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER AND EVER, AMEN." So Christendom has added its ratification to the words of Christ. It is the thankfulness which we all feel for the majesty and might and beauty which our heavenly Father has shown to us in the paths of nature or in the greatness of man.

We have thus briefly traversed these petitions. When our Lord's disciples came and asked for a form of prayer, not as John's disciples had received from their master, they thought, no doubt, that He would give them something peculiar to themselves—something that no one else could use. They little knew what the peculiarity, the singularity of their Master's Prayer would be; that it was one that might be used by every Church, by every sect, by every nation, by every member of the human family. It is possible that some may be inclined to complain of this extreme comprehensiveness and indefiniteness, and to say there is something here which falls short of the promise in S. John's Gospel. "If ye shall ask anything in My name I will do it." But the answer here, as before, is that this prayer is a striking example of the greatness of the spirit above the letter. In the letter it does not begin or end in the actual name of Jesus Christ. That familiar termination which to our ears has become almost the necessary ending to every prayer, and which is used in every Church, whether Unitarian or Trinitarian, is not here. We do not close our Lord's Prayer with the words "through Jesus Christ our Lord." We do not invoke the holy name of Jesus either at the beginning or end. But not the less is it in the fullest

sense a prayer in the name of Christ. In the name of Christ, that is (taking these words in their Biblical sense), "in the spirit of Christ," "according to the nature and the will of Christ," copied from the lips of Christ, adopted as His one formulary of faith at His express commandment. In this true meaning of the words the Lord's Prayer is more the prayer of our Lord, is more entirely filled with the name and spirit of Christ, than if the name of the Lord Jesus Christ were repeated a hundred times over. In Pope's "Universal Prayer" there is much which is condemned by religious persons, and we do not undertake to defend the taste or the sentiment of it in every part. But assuredly that which is its chief characteristic, its universality, is exactly in spirit that which belongs to the prayer of Christ. It is expressed in those well-known words—

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime ador'd.

Christian Institutions, Chap. XV.

TRUE RELIGION.

RELIGIOUS feeling, religious doctrine, religious ordinances are of no value unless they produce in our lives justice, integrity, honesty, purity, gentleness, modesty. These are the means by which the name of God is honoured amongst men.

Addresses and Sermons delivered in America, p. 254.

PART IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

THE NILE IN THE DELTA.

THE eastern sky was red with the early dawn; we were on the broad waters of the Nile—or rather, its Rosetta branch. The first thing which struck me was its size. Greater than the Rhine, Rhone, or Danube, one perceives what a sea-like stream it must have appeared to Greeks and Italians, who had seen nothing larger than the narrow and precarious torrents of their own mountains and valleys. As the light broke its colour gradually revealed itself—brown like the Tiber, only of a darker and richer hue—no strong current, only a slow, vast volume of water, mild and beneficent as his statue in the Vatican, steadily flowing on between its two almost uniform banks, which rise above it much like the banks of a canal, though in some places with terraces or strips of earth, marking the successive stages of the flood.

These banks form the horizon on either side, and therefore you can have no notion of the country beyond; but they are varied by a succession of eastern scenes. Villages of mud rise like ant-hills, with human beings creeping about like ants except in numbers and activity. Mostly they are distinguished by the minaret of a well-built mosque, or the white oven-like dome of a sheykh's tomb; mostly, also, screened by a grove of palms, sometimes intermixed with feathery tama-

risks, and the thick foliage of the carob-tree or the sycamore. Verdure, where it is visible, is light green, but the face of the bank is usually brown. Along the top of the banks move, like scenes in a magic-lantern, and as if cut out against the sky, groups of Arabs, with their two or three asses, a camel, or a buffalo.

Sinai and Palestine, Introd.

COLOSSAL STATUES OF THEBES.

No written account has given me an adequate impression of the effect, past and present, of the colossal figures of the kings. What spires are to a modern city, what the towers of a cathedral are to its nave and choir, that the statues of the Pharaohs were to the streets and temples of Thebes. The ground is strewed with their fragments; there were avenues of them, towering high above plain and houses. Three of gigantic size still remain. One was the granite statue of Rameses himself, who sat on the right side of the entrance to his palace. By some extraordinary catastrophe the statue has been thrown down, and the Arabs have scooped their mill-stones out of his face, but you can still see what he was—the largest statue in the world. Far and wide that enormous head must have been seen, eyes, mouth, and ears. Far and wide you must have seen his vast hands resting on his elephantine knees. You sit on his breast and look at the Osiride statues which support the portico of the temple, and which anywhere else would put to shame even the statues of the cherubs in S. Peter's, and they seem pigmies before him. His arm is thicker than their whole bodies. The only part of the temple or palace at all in proportion to him must have been the gateway which rose in pyramidal towers, now broken down, and rolling in a wild ruin down to the plain.

Sinai and Palestine, Introd.

HELIOPOLIS.

We know not with certainty what was the chief city of the Egyptian empire at the time of the entrance or of the flight of the Israelites. Memphis was probably the capital, at least of Lower Egypt; and the constant mention of the river implies that Pharaoh was then living on its banks. Zoan, or Tanis, is the only town directly mentioned in connection with this early age. Its situation in the Delta would correspond with the neighbourhood of Goshen; and as it was undoubtedly at one period of Egyptian history the seat of a royal dynasty, so it may have been at the time of the Exodus. There is, however, another city, not the residence of the court, but which is constantly brought before us in connection with the whole history of Israel, which still in part remains, and which, with the illustrations that it receives from the other Egyptian monuments, may well serve as a framework to our whole conception of Egypt as it appeared to the Israelites. On, Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, was the spot in which heathen tradition fixed the residence of Abraham, and with more certainty, the education—according to one version, the birth—of Moses. It was undoubtedly the dwelling-place of Joseph's bride. It was near the land of Goshen. It was close by the later colony of Leontopolis, set up by the second settlement of Israel in Egypt, after the Babylonian captivity. It contains the sacred fig-tree shown to pilgrims for many centuries as that under which the Holy Family rested when, for the last time, the ancient prophecy was fulfilled, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son." It is thus connected with every stage of the Sacred history; but its special concern is with the period preceding the Exodus. Even if it was not actually the school of Moses, it must have been constantly within his sight and that of his countrymen as they passed to and fro between their pastures and the Nile.

It stands on the edge of the cultivated ground. The vast enclosure of its brick walls still remains, now almost powdered

into dust; but, according to the tradition of the Septuagint, the very walls built by the Israelite bondmen. Within this enclosure, in the space now occupied by tangled gardens, rose the great Temple of the Sun,[1] which gave its name and object to the city. How important in Egypt was that worship, may be best understood by remembering that from it were derived the chief names by which Kings and Priests were called—"Pha-raoh," "The Child of the Sun," "Potiphe-rah," "The Servant of the Sun." And what its aspect was in Heliopolis may be known partly from the detailed description which Strabo has left of its buildings, as still standing in his own time; and yet more from the fact that the one ancient Egyptian Temple which to this day retains its sculptures and internal arrangements almost unaltered,[2] that of Ipsambul, is the Temple of Ra, or the Sun. In Heliopolis, as elsewhere, was the avenue of sphinxes leading to the huge gateway, whence flew, from gigantic flagstaffs, the red and blue streamers. Before and behind the gateways stood, two by two, the colossal petrifications of the sunbeam, the obelisks,[3] of which one alone now remains to mourn the loss of all its brethren. Thither, it was believed, came the Phœnix to die. Close by was the sacred spring[4] of the Sun, a rare sight in Egypt, and therefore the more precious, and probably the original cause of the selection of this remote corner of Egypt for so famous a sanctuary. This, too, still remains, almost choked by the rank luxuriance of the aquatic plants which have gathered over its waters. Round the cloisters of the vast courts into which these gateways opened were spacious mansions, forming the canonical residences, if one may so call them, of the priest and professors of On; for Heliopolis, we must remember, was the Oxford of ancient Egypt, the seat of its learn-

[1] On = Light. In Jer. xliii. 13 (LXX. Οὖν) it is called Bethshemesh (the house of the sun), as it was and is still called Ain-shems (the spring of the sun). In Amos i. 5, and Ezek. xxx. 17, it is called "Aven" (vanity), as a play on the word On.

[2] To this must perhaps be added, though built in the times of the Ptolemies, the recently excavated Temple of Edfou, dedicated to Horus.

[3] The "obelisk" (which is merely the Greek name of "spit," applied in a disparaging spirit to the great works of Egypt) is said to be *uben-ra*, or *uben-la* = "sunbeam," or *petobphra* = "finger of the sun." With one exception, in Fayum, it only occurs on the eastern bank. Bunsen, i. 371; Wilkinson, iv. 294.

[4] It is represented in the Prænestine Mosaic. It appears in Breydenbach's plan, and in the Apocryphal Gospels, as the Spring of the Virgin. See Clarke, v. 142.

ing in early times, as Alexandria was in later times; the university, or rather perhaps the college, gathered round the Temple of the Sun, as Christ Church round the old monastic sanctuary of S. Frideswide. Thither Herodotus came to gather information for his travels; and thither, centuries later, the more careful and accurate Strabo. The city in his time was in a state of comparative desolation; it had never fully recovered the shock of the fanatical devastation of Cambyses. A long vacancy, a vacation of centuries, had passed over it. Priests and philosophers, canons and professors, alike were gone, and only a few chaplains and vergers[1] lingered in the sacred precincts, to carry on the service of the Temple, and to show strangers over the silent quadrangles and deserted cloisters. Amongst these was pointed out to Strabo the house in which Plato had lived for thirteen years. Perhaps he may have been also shown, or, had he been there a few generations earlier, would have been shown, the house which had received Moses when he studied there under the Egyptian name of Osarsiph. In the centre of all stood the Temple itself. Over the portal, we can hardly doubt, was the figure of the Sun-God; not in the sublime indistinctness of his natural orb, nor yet in the beautiful impersonation of the Grecian Apollo, but in the strange grotesque form of the hawk-headed monster. Enter: and the dark Temple opens and contracts successively into its outermost, its inner, and its innermost hall; the Osiride figures in their placid majesty support the first, the wild and savage exploits of kings and heroes fill the second, and in the sanctuary itself, standing, like the Holy House of Loretto or Assisi, apart from all the surrounding chambers, underneath the carved figure of the Sun-God, or beside the solid altar, sate in his gilded cage the sacred hawk, or lay crouched on his purple bed the sacred black calf, Mnevis, or Urmer; each the living representation of the deity of the Temple. Thrice a day before the deified beast the incense was offered, and once a month the solemn sacrifice. Each on his death was duly embalmed and deposited in a splendid sarcophagus. He

[1] ἱεροποιοὶ καὶ ἐξηγηταί.

was the great rival of the bull Apis at Memphis; and Hadrian, when in Egypt, had to determine a controversy respecting their precedence.[1] The sepulchres of the long succession of deified calves at Heliopolis corresponded to those of the deified bulls at Memphis. It was after seeing such a strange and monstrous climax to so much power and splendour and wisdom, that the Israelites were likely both to need and to feel the force of the warning voice: "Thou shalt not make any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above or in the earth beneath; . . . . the likeness of any beast that is on the earth, the likeness of any winged fowl that flieth in the air." The molten calf in the wilderness, the golden calves of Dan and Bethel, were reminiscences, not to be wiped out of the national memory for centuries, of the consecrated calf of Ra, the god Mnevis.

Jewish Church, Lect. IV.

WILDERNESS OF SINAI.

It is difficult, under the circumstances, to imagine a fitter scene for a new revelation than was the wilderness of Sinai to the Israelites. They had left the land of Egypt: they had come out of the house of bondage, into a land as different, into a life as new, as it was possible to conceive. Instead of the green valley of the one abundant, beneficent river, where water and vegetation never failed, they were in "the great and terrible wilderness," where a spring in each day's march—the bitter waters of Marah here, the isolated grove of Elim there—was all that they could expect to cheer them. Instead of the endless life and stir which ran through the teeming population of Egypt, the song and dance and feast; the armies passing through the hundred gates; the flags with their brilliant colours flying from the painted gateways;

[1] In another part of the precincts were shown the sacred lions, which had songs sung to them during their meals. Ælian, xii. 7. Hence the name of Leontopolis. Wilkinson, iv. 296; v. 173.

the king at the head of vast processions with drum and cymbal, and the rattle of his thousand chariots; there was the deep silence of the desert broken by no echo of human voice, by no cry of innumerable birds, by no sound of rushing waters —broken only by the trumpet, which at early dawn and fall of day roused the tribes from their slumbers, or called them to their rest. For a time the Red Sea was in sight. Once, after they had struck far into the desert, the hills opened before them—we may be allowed to dwell upon it as the most authentic spot ascertainable in their wanderings—and the familiar sea, their ancient enemy and their ancient friend, burst with its flashing waters upon them, and they encamped once more upon its shining beach, and looked once more upon the distant range of the African hills, the hills of the land of their captivity. It was a moment, such as occurs from time to time in the history of men and of nations, to remind them from what dangers and by what means they have escaped. Onwards they went, and the desert itself now changed into vaster and stranger shapes than they had ever known before. Here and there, it may be, amongst the host was an Israelite who had seen the granite hills of Ethiopia; but, taking them generally, the ascent of these tremendous passes, the sight of those towering peaks, must have been to them as the awful retreats of Delphi to the invaders of Greece, as the Alps to the invaders of Italy. Rumours of these mysterious mountains no doubt had reached them even in their house of bondage. "A three days' journey into the desert to sacrifice to the Lord" was a proposal not unfamiliar to the ears of Pharaoh; and, as they now mounted into the higher region of that desert, they would perceive traces that the Egyptians had been there before them. Here, they might see a lonely hill, surrounded by ancient monuments—sepulchres, temples, quarries—unquestionably the work of Egyptian hands. There, they might see, in a retired valley, hieroglyphics carved deep in the soft sandstone rock, extending back to the builder of the great pyramid, whose figure can be traced here in the desert cliffs, when it has perished every-

where in his own tomb and country. But no report, no experience of individuals, could have prepared them for the scene, as it must have presented itself to a whole host—taking it at its largest or its smallest numbers—scaling that fortress, that towering outpost of the Holy Land. Staircase after staircase, formed by no human hand in the side of the rocky walls, brought them—by whatever approach they came—into the loftier and still loftier regions of the mountain platform. Well may the Arab tribes suppose that these rocky ladders were called forth by the rod of Moses, to help their upward progress.

Jewish Church, Lect. VI.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FIRST DAY IN PALESTINE.

LET me say briefly what has chiefly impressed me during that first day in Palestine. After all the uncertainty of the desert topography, it was quite startling, though I knew it beforehand, to find the localities so absolutely authentic, to hear the names of Carmel, Maon, Ziph, shouted out in answer to my questions from our Bedouin guides, and from the ploughmen in the fields, who knew no more of David's wanderings than of those of Ulysses. And now I am in Hebron, looking on the site of a sepulchre whose genuineness has never been questioned, and to that, with equal certainty, is to succeed Bethlehem, and to that Jerusalem. . . . Then I am struck with the vast number and extent and massiveness of the ruins of the deserted cities, each on its mountain height, like those of Italy. I had expected mere fragments of stones—I find solid walls, columns, towers. It is true they are all ascribed to Christian times. But, anyway, they give a notion of what the country was.

And I am struck by what is also noticed by Miss Martineau —the western, almost the English character of the scenery.

These wild uplands of Carmel and Ziph are hardly distinguishable—except by their ruined cities and red anemones—from the lowlands of Scotland or of Wales: these cultivated valleys of Hebron—except by their olives—from the general features of a rich valley in Yorkshire or Derbyshire. The absence of palms and the presence of daisies greatly contributes to this result, and added to the contrast of the strange scenery which has been ours for the last month, gives a homelike and restful character to this first entrance which can never be effaced.

Lastly, the great elevation of this country above the level of the sea is most forcibly brought out by the journey we have made. From the moment of leaving the 'Arabah has been almost a continual ascent. We mounted the great pass of Sâfeh and, having mounted, hardly descended at all—crossed the great table-land of Beersheba—and then mounted the barrier of the hills of Judah, and thence have been mounting ever since. Hebron is, in fact, only four hundred feet lower than Helvellyn. How well one understands, "They went *down* into Egypt"!

Sinai and Palestine, 102.

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM is one of the few places of which the first impression is not the best. No doubt the first sight—the first moment when from the ridge of hills which divide the valley of Rephaim from the valley of Bethlehem, one sees the white line crowning the horizon, and knows that it is Jerusalem—is a moment never to be forgotten. But there is nothing in the view itself to excite your feelings. Nor is there even when the Mount of Olives heaves in sight, nor when "the horses' hoofs ring on the stones of the streets of Jerusalem." Nor is there in the surrounding outline of hills on the distant horizon. Nebi-Samuel is, indeed, a high and distinguished point, and Ramah and Gibeah both stand out; but they and all the rest,

in some degree, partake of that featureless character which belongs to all the hills of Judæa.

In one respect no one need quarrel with this first aspect of Jerusalem. So far as localities have any concern with religion, it is well to feel that Christianity, even in its first origin, was nurtured in no romantic scenery; that the discourses in the walks to and from Bethany, and in earlier times the Psalms and prophecies of David and Isaiah, were not, as in Greece, the offspring of oracular cliffs and grottoes, but the simple outpouring of souls which thought of nothing but God and man. It is not, however, inconsistent with this view to add that, though not romantic, though at first sight bare and prosaic in the extreme, there does at last grow up about Jerusalem a beauty as poetical as that which hangs over Athens and Rome. First, it is in the highest degree *venerable*. Modern houses, it is true, there are, the interiors of the streets are modern; the old city itself—and I felt a constant satisfaction in the thought—lies buried twenty, thirty, forty feet below these wretched shops and receptacles for Anglo-Oriental conveniences. But still, as you look at it from any commanding point, within or without the walls, you are struck by the grey ruinous masses of which it is made up; it is the ruins, in fact, of the old Jerusalem on which you look; the stones, the columns, the very soil on which you tread, is the accumulation of nearly three thousand years. And as with the city, so it is with the view of the country round it. There is, as I have said, no beauty of form or outline, but there is nothing to disturb the thought of the hoary age of these ancient hills; and the interest of the past, even to the hardest mind, will, in spite of themselves, invest them with a glory of their own. . . .

But besides this imaginative interest, there are real features which would, even taken singly, be enough to redeem the dullest of prospects. In the first place there is the view of the Moab Mountains. I always knew that I should see them from Olivet; but I was not prepared for their constant intermingling with the view of Jerusalem itself. From almost every point there was visible that long purple wall, rising out

of its unfathomable depths, to us even more interesting than to the old Jebusites or Israelites. They knew the tribes who lived there; they had once dwelt there themselves. But to the inhabitants of modern Jerusalem, of whom comparatively few have ever visited the other side of the Jordan, it is the end of the world; and to them, to us, these mountains have almost the effect of a distant view of the sea; the hues constantly changing, this or that precipitous rock coming out clear in the morning or evening shade; there the form of what may possibly be Pisgah, dimly shadowed out by surrounding valleys; here the point of Kerak, the capital of Moab and fortress of the Crusaders; and then at times all wrapt in deep haze, the mountains overhanging the valley of the shadow of death, and all the more striking from their contrast with the grey or green colours of the hills and streets and walls through which you catch the glimpse of them. Next there are the ravines of the city. This is its great charm. The Dean of S. Paul's once observed to me that he thought Jerusalem must be like Luxembourg in situation. And so to a certain extent it is. I do not mean that the ravines of Jerusalem are so deep and abrupt as those of Luxembourg, but there is the same contrast between the baldness of the level approach, the walls of the city appearing on the edge of the table-land, and then the two great ravines of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat opening between you and the city; and again, the two lesser ravines, rival claimants to the name of Tyropœon, intersecting the city itself. In this respect I never saw a town so situated; for here it is not merely the fortress, but the city, which is thus surrounded and entangled with natural fosses; and this, when seen from the walls, especially from the walls on the northern side, and when combined with the light and shade of evening, gives the whole place a variety of colour and of level fully sufficient to relieve the monotony, which else it would share with other Eastern cities.

Sinai and Palestine, Chap. III.

DAMASCUS.

DAMASCUS should be approached only one way, and that is from the west. The traveller who comes from that quarter, passes over the great chain of Anti-Libanus; he crosses the watershed, and he finds himself following the course of a little stream flowing through a richly cultivated valley. The stream is the Barada. It flows on, and the cultivation which at its rise spreads far and wide along its banks, nourished by the rills which feed it, gradually is contracted within the limits of its single channel. The mountains rise round it absolutely bare. The peaks of Mount Sinai are not more sterile than these Syrian ranges. . . . But the river winds through them, visible everywhere by its mass of vegetation—willow, poplars, hawthorn, walnut, hanging over a rushing volume of crystal water—the more striking from the contrast of the naked desert in which it is found.

One of the strongest impressions left by the East is the connection—obvious enough in itself, but little thought of in Europe—between verdure and running water. But, never—not even in the close juxtaposition of the Nile valley and the sands of Africa—have I seen so wonderful a witness to this life-giving power, as the view on which we are now entering. The farther we advance the contrast becomes more and more forcible, the mountains more bare, the green of the river-bed more deep and rich. At last a cleft opens in the rocky hills, between two precipitous cliffs; up the side of one of these cliffs the road winds; on the summit of the cliff there stands a ruined chapel. Through the arches of that chapel, from the very edge of the mountain range, you look down on the plain of Damascus. It is here seen in its widest and fullest perfection, with the visible explanation of the whole secret of its great and enduring charm, that which it must have had when it was the solitary seat of civilisation in Syria, and which it will have as long as the world lasts. The river, with its green banks, is visible at the bottom, rushing through the cleft; it

bursts forth, and, as if in a moment, scatters over the plain, through a circle of thirty miles, the same verdure which had hitherto been confined to its single channel. It is like the bursting of a shell—the eruption of a volcano—but an eruption, not of death, but of life. Far and wide in front extends the level plain, its horizon bare, its lines of surrounding hills bare, all bare far away on the road to Palmyra and Bagdad. In the midst of this plain, lies at your feet the vast lake or island of deep verdure, walnuts and apricots waving above, corn and grass below; and in the midst of this mass of foliage rises, striking out its white arms of streets hither and thither, and its white minarets above the trees which embosom them, the city of Damascus. On the right towers the snowy height of Hermon, overlooking the whole scene. Close behind are the sterile limestone mountains; so that you stand literally between the living and the dead. And the ruined arches of the ancient chapel, which serve as a centre and framework to the prospect and retrospect, still preserve the magnificent story which, whether truth or fiction, is well worthy of this sublime view. Here, hard by the sacred heights of Salihyeh, consecrated by the caverns and tombs of a thousand Mussulman saints, the Prophet is said to have stood, whilst yet a camel-driver from Mecca, and, after gazing on the scene below, to have turned away without entering the city. "Man," he said, "can have but one paradise, and my paradise is fixed above."

Sinai and Palestine, Chap. XII., 409.

SOLOMON'S PALACE.

AMONGST his buildings the Palace of Solomon was prominent. It was commenced at the same time as the Temple, but not finished till eight years afterwards. The occasion of its erection was the marriage of Solomon with the Egyptian princess. She resided at first in the castle of David; but the King had still a scruple about the reception of a heathen,

even though it were his own Queen, in precincts which had once been hallowed by the temporary sojourn of the Ark.

The new Palace must have been apart from the castle of David, and considerably below the level of the Temple-mount. It was built on massive substructions of enormous stones, carefully hewn, and was enclosed within a large court. It included several edifices within itself. The chief was a long hall which, like the Temple, was encased in cedar; whence probably its name, "The House of the Forest of Lebanon." In front of it ran a pillared portico. Between this portico and the palace itself was a cedar porch—sometimes called the Tower of David. In this tower, apparently hung over the walls outside, were a thousand golden shields, which gave the whole palace the name of the Armoury.[1] With a splendour that outshone any like fortress, the tower with these golden targets glittered far off in the sunshine like the tall neck, as it was thought, of a beautiful bride, decked out after the manner of the East, with strings of golden coins. Five hundred of them were made by Solomon's orders for the royal guard, but the most interesting were the older five hundred, which David had carried off in his Syrian wars from the guard of Hadadezer, as trophies of arms and ornaments, in which the Syrians specially excelled. It was these which, being regarded as spoils won in a sacred cause, gave, in all probability, occasion to the expression: "The *shields* of the earth belong unto God."

This porch was the gem and centre of the whole Empire; and was so much thought of that a smaller likeness to it was erected in another part of the royal precinct for the Queen. Within the porch itself was to be seen the King in state. On a throne of ivory, brought from Africa or India, the throne of many an Arabian legend, the Kings of Judah were solemnly seated on the day of their accession. From its lofty seat, and under that high gateway, Solomon and his successors after him

[1] Cant. iv. 4; Isa. xxii. 8; Ps. lxxvi. 4 (Heb.). At Tyre, the beauty of the place was thought to consist in the splendour and variety of the shields all nations hung on its walls (Ezek. xxvii. 10, 11). In Rome the temple of Bellona was studded with them. In Athens the round marks where they hung can still be traced on the walls of the Parthenon. There were also arms hung round the walls of the second Temple (Josephus, *Ant.* xv. 11, § 3).

delivered their solemn judgments. That "porch" or "gate of justice" still kept alive the likeness of the old patriarchal custom of sitting in judgment at the gate; exactly as the Gate of Justice still recalls it to us at Granada, and the Sublime Porte—"the Lofty Gate" at Constantinople. He sate on the back of a golden bull, its head turned over its shoulder, probably the ox or bull of Ephraim; under his feet, on each side of the steps, were six golden lions, probably the lions of Judah. This was "the seat of Judgment." This was "the throne of the House of David."

Jewish Church, Lect. XXVI.

JERICHO.

JERICHO was the most, indeed the only, important town in the Jordan valley. Not only was it conspicuous amongst the other Canaanitish towns, for its walls and gates, and its rich temple, filled with gold, silver, iron, brass, and even Mesopotamian drapery, but its situation was such as must always have rendered its occupation necessary to any invader from that quarter. It was the key of Western Palestine, as standing at the entrance of the two main passes into the central mountains. From the issues of the torrent of the Kelt on the south, to the copious spring, afterwards called "the fountain of Elisha," on the north, the ancient city ran along the base of the mountains, and thus commanded the oasis of the desert valley, the garden or park of verdure, which clustering round these waters has, through the various stages of its long existence, secured its prosperity and grandeur.

Beautiful as the spot is now in utter neglect, it must have been far more so when it was first seen by the Israelite host at Gilgal. Gilgal was about five miles distant from the river banks; at the eastern outskirts, therefore, of the great forest. Jericho itself stood at its western extremity, immediately where the springs issue from the hills. From that scene of their

earliest settlement in Palestine, the Israelites looked out over the intervening woods to what was to be the first prize of the conquest. The forest itself did not then consist, as now, merely of the picturesque thorn, but was a vast grove of majestic palms, nearly three miles broad, and eight miles long. It must have recalled to the few survivors of the old generation the magnificent palm-groves of Egypt, such as may now be seen stretching along the shores of the Nile at Memphis. Amidst this forest—as is, to a certain extent, the case even now—would have been seen, stretching through its open spaces, fields of ripe corn; for it was "the time of barley harvest." Above the topmost trees would be seen the high walls and towers of the city, which from that grove derived its proud name, "Jericho, the city of palms, high and fenced up to heaven." Behind the city rose the jagged range of the white limestone mountains of Judæa, here presenting one of the few varied and beautiful outlines that can be seen amongst the southern hills of Palestine. This range is "the mountain" to which the spies had fled whilst their pursuers vainly sought them on the way to the Jordan.

Jewish Church, Lect. X.

BABYLON.

UNLIKE Egypt, which still preserves to us the likeness of the scenes and sights which met the eye of Abraham, Joseph, and Moses, Babylon has more totally disappeared than any other of the great Powers which once ruled the earth. Not a single architectural monument—only one single sculpture—remains of "the glory of the Chaldees' excellency." Even the natural features are so transformed as to be hardly recognisable. But by a singular compensation its appearance has been recorded more exactly than any of the contemporary capitals with which it might have been compared. Of Thebes, Memphis, Nineveh, Susa, no eyewitness has left us a plan or

picture. But Babylon was seen and described, not indeed in its full splendour, but still in its entirety, by the most inquisitive traveller of antiquity within one century from the time when the Israelites were within its walls, and his accounts are corrected or confirmed by visitors who saw it yet again fifty years later, when the huge skeleton, though gradually falling to pieces, was distinctly visible.

Of all the seats of Empire—of all the cities that the pride or power of man has built on the surface of the globe—Babylon was the greatest. Its greatness, as it was originated, so in large measure it was secured, by its natural position. Its founders took advantage of the huge spur of tertiary rock which projects itself from the long inclined plane of the Syrian desert into the alluvial basin of Mesopotamia, thus furnishing a dry and solid platform on which a flourishing city might rest, whilst it was defended on the south by the vast morass or lake, if not estuary, extending in that remote period from the Persian Gulf. On this vantage-ground it stood, exactly crossing the line of traffic between the Mediterranean coasts and the Iranian mountains; just also on that point where the Euphrates, sinking into a deeper bed, changes from a wide expanse into a manageable river, not broader than the Thames of our own metropolis; where, also, out of the deep rich alluvial clay it was easy to dig the bricks which from its earliest date supplied the material for its immense buildings, cemented by the bitumen which from that same early date came floating down the river from the springs in its upper course. Babylon was the most majestic of that class of cities which belong almost exclusively to the primeval history of mankind; "the cities," as they are called by Hegel, "of the river plains;" which have risen on the level banks of the mighty streams of Egypt, Mesopotamia, India, and China, and thus stand in the most striking contrast to the towns which belong to the second stage of human civilisation, clustering each on its Acropolis or its Seven Hills, and thus contracted and concentrated by the necessities of their local position as obviously as those older capitals possessed from

their situation an illimitable power of expansion. As of that second class one of the most striking examples was Jerusalem on its mountain fastness, with the hills standing round it, as if with a Divine shelter, and fenced off by its deep ravines as by a natural fosse, so of that earlier class the most remarkable was the city to which the new-comers suddenly found themselves transplanted. Far as the horizon itself, extended the circuit of the vast capital of the then known world. If the imperceptible circumference of our modern capitals has exceeded the limits of Babylon, yet none in ancient times or modern can be compared with its definite enclosure, which was on the lowest computation forty, on the highest sixty miles round. Like Nineveh or Ecbatana, it was, but on a still larger scale, a country or empire enclosed in a city. Forests, parks, gardens were intermingled with the houses so as to present rather the appearance of the suburbs of a great metropolis than the metropolis itself. Yet still the regularity and order of a city were preserved. The streets, according to a fashion rare in Europe, whether ancient or modern, but common in ancient Asia[1]—and adopted by the Greek and Roman conquerors when they penetrated into Asia, perhaps in imitation of Babylon—were straight, and at right angles to each other. The houses, unlike those of most ancient cities, except at Tyre, and afterwards in Rome, were three or four storeys high. But the prodigious scale of the place appeared chiefly in the enormous size, unparalleled before or since, of its public buildings, and rendered more conspicuous by the flatness of the country from which they rose. Even in their decay, "their colossal piles, domineering over the monotonous plain, produce an effect of grandeur and magnificence which cannot be imagined in any other situation." [2]

[1] It has also been followed in the United States, and it is curious to read the remarks of Dean Prideaux on the Babylonian aspect of one of the earliest of the great American cities founded just at the time that his work was composed. "Much according to this model William Penn, the Quaker, laid out the ground for his city of Philadelphia. . . . Yet fifty-six of such cities might stand in the walls that encompassed Babylon."—Prideaux, i. 105, 106.

[2] Ainsworth, 126. The Birs-Nimrud, in its ruins, seemed to an English merchant who saw it in 1583, "as high as the stone-work of the steeple" of the old S. Paul's (Rich, xxxi.).

The walls by which this Imperial city, or, as it might be called, this Civic Empire, rising out of a deep and wide moat, was screened and protected from the wandering tribes of the Desert, as the Celestial Empire by the Great Wall of China, as the extremities of the Roman Empire by the wall of Trajan in Dacia, or of Severus in Northumberland, were not, like those famous bulwarks, mere mounds or ramparts, but lines as of towering hills, which must have met the distant gaze at the close of every vista, like the Alban range at Rome. They appeared, at least to Herodotus, who saw them whilst in their unbroken magnificence, not less than 300 feet high;[1] and along their summit ran a vast terrace which admitted of the turning of chariots with four horses, and which may therefore well have been more than eighty feet broad.[2]

If to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, who were accustomed to the precipitous descent of the walls overhanging the valley of the Kedron, the mere height of the Babylonian enclosure may not have seemed so startling as to us, yet to the size of the other buildings the puny dimensions whether of the Palace or Temple of Solomon bore no comparison. The Great Palace of the Kings was itself a city within the city—seven miles round; and its gardens, expressly built to convey to a Median princess some reminiscence of her native mountains, rose one above another, to a height of more than seventy feet, on which stood forest trees of vast diameter side by side with flowering shrubs. On the walls of the Palace the Israelites might see painted those vast hunting-scenes which were still traceable two centuries later—of which one characteristic fragment remains in sculpture, a lion trampling on a man—which would recall to them the description in their own early annals of "Nimrod the mighty hunter."

Jewish Church, Lect. XLI.

[1] This is nearly the height of the Victoria Tower of Westminster Palace—340 feet high.

[2] *I.e.* the breadth of Victoria Street, Westminster.

NICÆA.

In the close of the month of May, 1853, it was my good fortune to be descending, in the moonlight of an early morning, from the high wooded steeps of one of the mountain ranges of Bithynia. As the dawn rose, and as we approached the foot of these hills, through the thick mists which lay over the plain, there gradually broke upon our view the two features which mark the city of Nicæa.

Beneath us lay the long inland lake—the Ascanian Lake—which, communicating at its western extremity by a small inlet with the Sea of Marmora, fills up almost the whole valley;—itself a characteristic of the conformation of this part of Asia Minor. Such another is the Lake of Apollonius, seen from the summit of the Mysian Olympus. Such another is the smaller lake seen in traversing the plain on the way from Broussa.

At the head of the lake appeared the oblong space enclosed by the ancient walls, of which the rectangular form indicates with unmistakable precision the original founders of the city. It was the outline given to all the Oriental towns built by the successors of Alexander and their imitators. Alexandria, Antioch, Damascus, Philadelphia, Sebaste, Palmyra, were all constructed on the same model of a complete square, intersected by four straight streets adorned with a colonnade on each side. This we know to have been the appearance of Nicæa, as founded by Lysimachus and rebuilt by Antigonus. And this is still the form of the present walls, which, although they enclose a larger space than the first Greek city, yet are evidently as early as the time of the Roman Empire; little later, if at all, than the reign of Constantine. Within their circuit all is now a wilderness; over broken columns, and through tangled thickets, the traveller with difficulty makes his way to the wretched Turkish village of Is-nik (εἰς Νικαίαν), which occupies the centre of the vacant space. In the midst of this village, surrounded by a few ruined mosques on whose

summits stand the never-failing storks of the deserted cities of the East, remains a solitary Christian church, dedicated to "the Repose of the Virgin." Within the church is a rude picture commemorating the one event which, amidst all the vicissitudes of Nicæa, has secured for it an immortal name.

Eastern Church, Lect. III.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Of all the events of Constantine's life, the choice of the site of Constantinople is the most convincing and enduring proof of his real genius. No city, chosen by the art of man, has been so well chosen, and so permanent. Alexandria is the nearest approach. All the others erected by fancy or policy of individual sovereigns are miserably inferior, Berlin, Madrid, and even Petersburg. He had thought of other spots in the neighbourhood: Sardica in Mœsia ("my Rome is," he said, "at Sardica"); or Troy, following the old tradition against which Horace had protested. But when at Chrysopolis (Scutari) and Nicæa, he had seen Byzantium. As his conversion was ushered in by the story of a preternatural apparition, so was his choice of this, as it may well be called, predestinated capital. An eagle flew from the opposite shore to mark the spot. Sopater, the Neoplatonist, assisted with his heathen ceremonies at the consecration. He himself, in solemn procession, traced the boundaries of the city with his well-known spear, and when asked to halt in the immense circuit, replied, "I shall go on till He who guides me stops." "*Jubente Deo*" are his own words in describing his choice.

The situation is indeed unrivalled. It stands, alone of the cities of the world, actually on two continents. It has the advantages of the confluence as of two rivers, and of a splendid maritime situation besides; for such is the effect, both in appearance and reality, of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and the deep waters of the Propontis. As in the

combination of these advantages, narrow straits, deep inlets, numerous islands, prolonged promontories, Europe is the miniature of the civilised world; and Greece, with its Ægean Sea, is the miniature of the geography of Europe; so the local peculiarities both of Greece and Europe are concentrated and developed to the highest degree in Constantinople. It is impossible to look down from the Galata Tower on the complication of sea and land, island and mainland, peninsula and promontory, strait and continent, and not feel that the spot is destined to be, what it seems more and more likely to be both historically and politically, the Gordian knot of the world.

And this situation is further designed by nature, not merely for a great city, but for a capital of the most imposing aspect, nay more, for a second Rome. As truly a city of the sea as any of the maritime cities of the West, it has the advantage of being raised aloft on a line of hills, towering high above the level waters of the Bosphorus. These hills, too, are seven in number—seven, not like the hills of old Rome, indistinctly and confusedly, but each following each in marked and august succession—each crowned even now, and probably crowned always, by magnificent buildings (mosques now, churches then), closing in the mass of verdure which gathers round the buildings of the palace on the extreme eastern point.

And this glorious city, "*the City*," as it[1] alone is called, is but the crowning scene which rises in the midst of the three other quarters, Galata, Pera, Scutari, each with its own towers and forests; and the whole intervening space between and around is now, and probably was always since its foundation, alive with skiffs and boats and ships and flags of all the nations of the world. In the Apocalyptic vision of Babylon, which brings together in one the various images of worldly greatness, there are features taken from the ancient Tyre, which are vainly sought in the old Rome beside the Tiber. Constantinople alone unites them all. Few would pretend to say that she was designed, however remotely, in the prophet's vision. But it

[1] *Stamboul* is εἰς τὴν πόλιν, being however, has again been corrupted into
elf a corruption of *Istámbul*, which, *Islambul*.

is a proof of her Imperial splendour, that she, and she alone, in her union of traffic, and ships, and regal state, and her seat of seven hills, represents the highest local images of earthly grandeur as therein presented to our view.

What of the ancient empire may have been within the city has now almost entirely perished. Considering how all the world was spoiled to adorn the city of Constantine, and what vast treasures old Rome still possesses, it is remarkable how meagre are the Imperial remains of Christian Constantinople. But the immediate neighbourhood still recalls the glories of what has been, and what might be, a great capital. The Bosphorus with its palaces is the very ideal of the suburban retreats of an Imperial aristocracy. The walls which still surround the city of Stamboul with their threefold circuit, broken through and through, overgrown with the rank vegetation of neglected centuries, yet still stand to tell the sad story of the twenty-seven times besieged and thrice captured city of Constantinople, the fourth city in the world; fourth, because second only in importance to Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome.

I need not go further into detail. It has been fully described by two of the most remarkable historians of modern times. Gibbon has been inspired by it with a new life. Thrice in his history he describes it at length, as if he had seen it. The greatness of Constantinople forms the centre of the second part, almost as much as the fall of Rome of the first part, of his majestic work. Von Hammer, author of the *History of the Ottoman Empire*, has devoted to it an exhaustive treatise, such as no other ancient city, except those I have just mentioned, has called forth.

But the place of Constantinople in the history of the Church must be briefly indicated.

It was the first Christian city. There were the spoils of heathenism within it, and there were mixed forms of Christianity and of heathenism. But its differences from the old Rome were marked by two significant changes of outward feature. Instead of temples it had churches. Except during the short reign of Julian, no column of sacrificial smoke has ever gone up from

the Seven Hills of Constantinople. In the place of the amphitheatre of the Colosseum, with its brutal spectacles, was the comparatively innocent Hippodrome, with those chariot-races, of which the blue and green factions interwove themselves with the less sanguinary, if not less eager, excitement of theological hatred.

It became the metropolitan city of the Eastern Church. To it was transferred the pre-eminence of the Apostolic see of the neighbouring Ephesus. Before its presence the Primacy of the more distant Alexandria died away. Its Patriarch was the first to assume, and still exclusively retains, the title of "Œcumenical." Its see still bears the lofty name of "the Bishopric of New Rome," "the Great Church of Christ."[1] Its monasteries and schools became the refuge of Christian and secular learning, when the West had almost relapsed into barbarism.

It has been powerfully described,[2] how, when the life of Europe would have been arrested under the Latin hierarchy but for the intervention of some foreign element, "Greece arose from the dead with the New Testament in her hand." Most true. But Greece and the Greek Testament were preserved for that great crisis by the Empire and Church of Constantinople. It may have been a tomb; but in that stately tomb the sacred light was kept burning till the moment came for it to kindle a new fire elsewhere. To the Greek exiles from the fallen city of Constantine we owe the purest and the most enduring elements of the Reformation, namely, the New Testament in its original language, and the revival of Greek learning which gave us critics and commentators to unfold its meaning. Long after the effects of Luther's work shall have been exhausted, the effects of Erasmus's work will remain, and the work of Erasmus, humanly speaking, could not have been achieved without the scholars of Constantinople.

Eastern Church, Lect. VI.

[1] See Gregory's Vindication of the Jurisdiction of Constantinople over Bulgaria, p. 150.

[2] Lecture on the Study of History by Professor Goldwin Smith.

MOSCOW.

THIS marvellous city is the very personification of the ecclesiastical history of Russia. It is indeed a personification of it even in the literal sense. "Our holy mother, 'Moscow,'" is the peasant's endearing name for the city; nay, even for the road which leads to it, "Our dear mother, the great road from Vladimir to Moscow." Hallowed by no Apostolic legends, not even by any Byzantine missions; cleared out of the forests which down to the fourteenth century overhung, and still leave their names on, the banks of the Moskwa; with no other attractions than its central situation in the heart of the Russian Empire, it has yet acquired a hold over the religious mind of a larger part of Christendom than is probably exercised by any other city except Jerusalem and Rome. Look at its forest of towers and domes, springing like gaudy flowers or weeds—blue, red, green, silver, golden—from the wide field of green roofs, and groves, and gardens. It is a very Russian Rome,[1] no doubt; but still, like it, the city of innumerable churches, of everlasting bells, of endless processions, of palace and church combined, of tombs and thrones, and relics and treasures, and invasions and deliverances, as far back as its history extends. Look further at the concentration of all this in the Kremlin. In that fortress, surrounded by its crusted towers and battlemented walls, are united all the elements of the ancient religious life of Russia. Side by side stand the three cathedrals of the marriages, coronations, and funerals of the Czars. Hard by are the two convents, half palatial, half episcopal. Overhanging all is the double, triple palace of Czar and Patriarch. Within that palace is a labyrinth of fourteen chapels, multiplied by sovereign after sovereign, till the Imperial residence has been more like the dwelling-place of a Pope than of a Prince; whilst, still true to the well-known

[1] Moscow, after the fall of Constantinople, was regarded by the Eastern Church as "a new Rome," in the sense of "a new Constantinople." "The new Rome which is Moscow." Macarius's *Travels*, i. 325, ii. 57.

saying which I have quoted before,[1] the Tartar-like building in which these chapels are imbedded, itself crabbed, ribbed, low-browed, painted within and without in the old barbaric grotesqueness of mediæval Russia, is encased with the external magnificence of modern civilisation and European grandeur.

The heart of Moscow is the Kremlin, and the heart of the Kremlin is the Patriarchal Cathedral, the Church of the Assumption or Repose of the Virgin. It is, in dimensions, what in the West would be called a chapel rather than a cathedral. But it is so fraught with recollections, so teeming with worshippers, so bursting with tombs and pictures, from the pavement up to the cupola, that its smallness of space is forgotten in the fulness of its contents. On the platform of its nave, from Ivan the Terrible downwards to this day, the Czars have been crowned. Along its altar-screen are deposited the most sacred pictures of Russia: that, painted by the Metropolitan Peter; this, sent by the Greek Emperor Manuel; that, brought by Vladimir from Kherson. High in the cupola is the chapel, where, as at the summit of the Russian Church, the Russian Primates were elected. In the depth of the throne, behind the altar, is the sacred picture which commemorates the original rock of Kieff, whence the see of Moscow was hewn. Round the walls are buried the Primates of the Church; at the four corners, here as in all Oriental buildings the place of honour, lie those most highly venerated.

Eastern Church, Lect. X.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In the earliest and nearly the only representation which exists of the Confessor's building—that in the Bayeux Tapestry—there is the figure of a man on the roof, with one hand resting on the tower of the Palace of Westminster, and with the other

[1] "Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar."

grasping the weathercock of the Abbey. The probable intention of this figure is to indicate the close contiguity of the two buildings. If so, it is the natural architectural expression of a truth valuable everywhere, but especially dear to Englishmen. The close incorporation of the Palace and the Abbey from its earliest days is a likeness of the whole English Constitution—a combination of things sacred and things common—a union of the regal, legal, lay element of the nation with its religious, clerical, ecclesiastical tendencies, such as can be found hardly elsewhere in Christendom. The Abbey is secular because it is sacred, and sacred because it is secular. It is secular in the common English sense, because it is "sæcular" in the far higher French and Latin sense: a "sæcular" edifice, a "sæcular" institution—an edifice and an institution which has grown with the growth of ages, which has been furrowed with the scars and cares of each succeeding century.

> A million wrinkles carve its skin ;
> A thousand winters snow'd upon its breast,
> From cheek, and throat, and chin.

The vast political pageants of which it has been the theatre, the dust of the most worldly laid side by side with the dust of the most saintly, the wrangles of divines or statesmen which have disturbed its sacred peace, the clash of arms which have pursued fugitive warriors and princes into the shades of its sanctuary—even the traces of Westminster boys, who have played in its cloisters and inscribed their names on its walls—belong to the story of the Abbey no less than its venerable beauty, its solemn services, and its lofty aspirations. Go elsewhere for your smooth polished buildings, your purely ecclesiastical places of worship : go to the creations of yesterday—the modern basilica, the restored church, the nonconformist tabernacle. But it is this union of secular with ecclesiastical grandeur in Westminster Abbey which constitutes its special delight. It is this union which has made the Abbey the seat of the imperial throne, the sepulchre of kings and kingly men, the home of the English nation, where for the moment

all Englishmen may forget their differences, and feel as one family gathered round the same Christmas hearth, finding underneath its roof, each, of whatever church or sect or party, echoes of some memories dear to himself alone—some dear to all alike—all blending with a manifold yet harmonious "voice from Heaven," which is as "the voice of many waters" of ages past.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. I.

THE MONUMENTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Of all the characteristics of Westminster Abbey, that which most endears it to the nation, and gives most force to its name —which has, more than anything else, made it the home of the people of England, and the most venerated fabric of the English Church—is not so much its glory as the seat of the coronations, or as the sepulchre of the kings, not so much its school, or its monastery, or its chapter, or its sanctuary, as the fact that it is the resting-place of famous Englishmen, from every rank and creed, and every form of mind and genius. It is not only Reims Cathedral and S. Denys both in one; but it is also what the Pantheon was intended to be to France—what the Valhalla is to Germany—what Santa Croce is to Italy. It is this aspect which, more than any other, won for it the delightful visits of Addison in the *Spectator*, of Steele in the *Tatler*, of Goldsmith in *The Citizen of the World*, of Charles Lamb in *Elia*, of Washington Irving in *The Sketch-Book*. It is this which inspired the saying of Nelson, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" and which has intertwined it with so many eloquent passages of Macaulay. It is this which gives point to the allusions of recent Nonconforming statesmen least inclined to draw illustrations from ecclesiastical buildings. It is this which gives most promise of vitality to the whole institution. Kings are no longer buried within its walls; even the splendour of pageants has ceased to

attract; but the desire to be interred in Westminster Abbey is still as strong as ever.

And yet it is this which has exposed the Abbey to the severest criticism. "To clear away the monuments" has become the ardent wish of not a few of its most ardent admirers. The incongruity of their construction, the caprice of their erection, the false taste or false feeling of their inscriptions and their sculptures, has provoked the attacks of each succeeding generation. . . . Although this branch of the Abbey be a parasitical growth, it has struck its fibres so deep that, if rudely torn out, both perchance will come down together. If sooner or later it must be pruned, we must first well consider the relation of the engrafted mistletoe to the parent tree.

This peculiarity of Westminster Abbey is of comparatively recent origin. No theory of the kind existed when the Confessor procured its first privileges, nor yet when Henry III. planned the burial-place of the Plantagenets. No cemetery in the world had as yet been based on this principle. The great men of Rome were indeed buried along the side of the Appian Way, but they had no exclusive right to it; it was by virtue rather of their family connections than of their individual merit. The appropriation of the Church of S. Geneviève at Paris, under the name of the Pantheon, to the ashes of celebrated Frenchmen, was almost confined to times of the Revolution and to the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau. The adaptation of the Pantheon at Rome to the reception of the busts of famous Italians dates from the same epoch, and it ceased to be so employed after the restoration of Pius VII. The nearest approach to Westminster Abbey in this aspect is the Church of Santa Croce at Florence. There, as here, the present destination of the building was no part of the original design, but was the result of various converging causes. As the church of one of the two great preaching orders, it had a nave large beyond all proportion to its choir. That order being the Franciscan, bound by vows of poverty, the simplicity of the worship preserved the whole space clear from any adventitious ornaments. The popularity of the

Franciscans, especially in a convent hallowed by a visit from S. Francis himself, drew to it not only the chief civic festivals, but also the numerous families who gave alms to the friars, and whose connection with their church was, for this reason, in turn encouraged by them. In those graves, piled with the standards and achievements of the noble families of Florence, were successively interred—not because of their eminence, but as members or friends of those families—some of the most illustrious personages of the fifteenth century. Thus it came to pass, as if by accident, that in the vault of the Buonarotti was laid Michael Angelo; in the vault of the Viviani the preceptor of one of their house, Galileo. From those two burials the church gradually became the recognised shrine of Italian genius.

The growth of our English Santa Croce, though different, was analogous. It sprang, in the first instance, as a natural offshoot from the coronations and interments of the Kings. Had they been buried far away, in some conventual or secluded spot, or had the English nation stood aloof from the English monarchy, it might have been otherwise. The sepulchral chapels built by Henry III. and Henry VII. might have stood alone in their glory: no meaner dust need ever have mingled with the dust of the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs. The Kings of France rest almost alone at S. Denys. The Kings of Spain, the Emperors of Austria, the Czars of Russia, rest absolutely alone in the vaults of the Escurial, of Vienna, of Moscow, and S. Petersburg. But it has been the peculiar privilege of the Kings of England, that neither in life nor in death have they been parted from their people. As the Council of the nation and the Courts of Law have pressed into the Palace of Westminster, and engirdled the very Throne itself, so the ashes of the great citizens of England have pressed into the sepulchre of the Kings, and surrounded them, as with a guard of honour, after their death. On the tomb designed for Maximilian at Innspruck, the Emperor's effigy lies encircled by the mailed figures of ancient chivalry—of Arthur and Clovis, of Rudolph and Cunegunda, of Ferdinand and Isabella. A

like thought, but yet nobler, is that which is realised in fact by the structure of Westminster Abbey, as it is by the structure of the English Constitution. We are sometimes inclined bitterly to contrast the placid dignity of our recumbent Kings, with Chatham gesticulating from the Northern Transept, or Pitt from the western door, or Shakespeare leaning on his column in Poets' Corner, or Wolfe expiring by the Chapel of S. John. But, in fact, they are, in their different ways, keeping guard over the shrine of our monarchy and our laws—and their very incongruity and variety become symbols of the harmonious diversity in unity which pervades our whole commonwealth.

Had the Abbey of S. Denys admitted within its walls the poets and warriors and statesmen of France, the Kings might yet have remained inviolate in their graves. Had the monarchy of France connected itself with the surrounding institutions of Church and State, assuredly it would not have fallen as it did in its imperial isolation. Let us accept the omen for the Abbey of Westminster—let us accept it also for the Throne and State of England.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. IV.

THE CLOISTERS OF WESTMINSTER.

THE Abbot's House opened by a large archway, still visible, into the West Cloister. The Cloisters had been begun by the Confessor, and were finished shortly after the Conquest. Part of the eastern side was rebuilt by Henry III., and part of the northern by Edward I. The eastern was finished by Abbot Byrcheston in 1345, and the southern and western, with the remaining part of the northern, by the Abbot Langham and Littlington from 1350 to 1366. In this quadrangle was, doubtless, the focus of the monastic life—the place of recreation and gossip, of intercourse and business, and of final rest. In the central plot of grass were buried the

humbler brethren; in the South and East Cloisters, the earlier Abbots. The behaviour of the monks in this public place was under the supervision of the two lesser Subpriors, who bore the somewhat unpleasant name of "Spies of the Cloister." In the North Cloister, close by the entrance of the Church, where the monks usually walked, sate the Prior. In the Western—the one still the most familiar to Westminster scholars—sate the Master of the Novices, with his disciples. This was the first beginning of Westminster School. Traces of it have been found in the literary challenges of the London schoolboys, described by Fitzstephen,[1] in the reign of Henry II., and in the legendary traditions of Ingulph's school-days, in the time of the Confessor and Queen Edith:—

"Frequently have I seen her when, in my boyhood, I used to visit my father, who was employed about the Court; and often when I met her, as I was coming from school, did she question me about my studies and my verses, and most readily passing from the solidity of grammar to the brighter studies of logic, in which she was particularly skilful, she would catch me with the subtle threads of her arguments. She would always present me with three or four pieces of money, which were counted out to me by her handmaiden, and then send me to the royal larder to refresh myself."[2]

Near the seat of the monks was a carved crucifix. These novices or disciples at their lessons were planted, except for one hour in the day, each behind the other. No signals or jokes were allowed amongst them. No language but French was allowed in their communications with each other. English and Latin were expressly prohibited. The utmost care was to be taken with their writings and illuminations.

Besides these occupations, many others less civilised were carried on in the same place. Under the Abbots "of venerable memory" before Henry III.'s changes, the Cloister was the scene of the important act of shaving, an art respecting

[1] "Pueri diversarum scholarum versibus inter se conrixantur." (*Descript. Lond.*)

[2] *Ingulph's Chronicle* (A.D. 1043–1051). The Chronicle really dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century. (*Quart. Rev.* xxxiv. 296.)

which the most minute directions are given. Afterwards the younger monks alone underwent the operation thus publicly. Soap and hot water were to be always at hand; and if any of the monks were unable to perform their duty in this respect they were admonished "to revolve in their minds that saying of the Philosopher, '*For learning what is needful no age seems to me too late.*'" In the stern old days, before the time of Abbot Berking "of happy memory," these Claustral shavings took place once a fortnight in summer, and once in three weeks in winter, and also on Saturdays the heads and feet of the brethren were duly washed. An arcade in the South Cloister is conjectured to have been the Lavatory. Baths might be had for health, though not for pleasure. The arrangements for the cleanliness of the inmates form, in fact, there, as elsewhere in English monasteries, a curious contrast with the consecration of filth and discomfort in other parts of mediæval life, both sacred and secular.

It is difficult to imagine how these various occupations were carried on in the Cloisters. The upper tracery of the bays appears to have been glazed; but the lower part was open, then as now; and the wind, rain, and snow must have swept pitilessly alike over the brethren in the hands of the monastic barber, and the novices turning over their books or spelling out their manuscripts. The rough carpet of hay and straw in summer, and of rushes in winter, and the mats laid along the stone benches, must have given to the Cloisters a habitable aspect, unlike their present appearance, but could have been but a very inadequate protection against the inclemency of an English frost or storm.

If during any part of this conventual stir the Abbot appeared, every one rose and bowed, and kept silence till he had gone by. He passed on, and took his place in solitary grandeur in the Eastern Cloister.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. V.

THE TREASURY.

In the Eastern Cloister is an ancient double door, which can[1] never be opened, except by the officers of the Government or their representatives—now the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury (till recently, with the Comptroller of the Exchequer), bearing seven keys, some of them of huge dimensions, that alone could admit to the chamber within. That chamber, which belongs to the Norman substructions underneath the Dormitory, is no less than the Treasury of England[2]—a grand word, which, whilst it conveys us back to the most primitive times, is yet big with the destinies of the present and the future; that sacred building, in which were hoarded the treasures of the nation, in the days when the public robbers were literally thieves or highwaymen; that institution, which is now the keystone of the Commonwealth, of which the Prime Minister is the "First Lord," the Chancellor of the Exchequer the administrator, and which represents the wealth of the wealthiest nation in the world. Here it was that, probably almost immediately after the Conquest, the Kings determined to lodge their treasure, under the guardianship of the inviolable Sanctuary which S. Peter had consecrated, and the bones of the Confessor had sanctified. So, in the cave hewn out of the rocky side of the Hill of Mycenæ, is still to be seen, in the same vault, at once the Tomb and the Treasury of the House of Atreus. So, underneath the cliff of the Capitoline Hill, the Treasury of the Roman Commonwealth was the shrine of the most venerable of the Italian gods—the Temple of Saturn. So, in this "Chapel of the Pyx," as it is now called, the remains of an altar seem to

[1] The "Standard" Act of 1866 vested the sole custody in the Treasury. The transfer of the keys of the Exchequer took place on May 31, 1866. I owe the exact statement of the facts relating to the Treasury to Sir Charles Trevelyan and Mr. Chisholm.

[2] In the seventeenth century there were, properly speaking, four Treasuries—the first, in the Court of Receipt; the second, in the New Palace of Westminster; the third, in "the late dissolved Abbey of Westminster, in the old Chapter-house;" the fourth was "in the Cloister of the said Abbey, locked with five locks and keys, being within two strong double doors." (*Repertorie of Records*, printed 1631, pp. 15–92.) But the "three first" are, in order of time, later than the fourth.

indicate its original sanctity ; if it be not, as tradition loved to point out, the tomb of one who may well be called the genius of the place—the first predecessor of our careful Chancellors of the Exchequer—Hugolin, the chamberlain of the Confessor, whose strict guardianship of the royal treasure kept even his master in awe. Even if not there, he lies hard by. Hither were brought the most cherished possessions of the State: the Regalia of the Saxon monarchy; the Black Rood of S. Margaret ("the Holy Cross of Holyrood") from Scotland; the "Crocis Gneyth" (or Cross of S. Neot) from Wales, deposited here by Edward I.; the Sceptre or Rod of Moses; the Ampulla of Henry IV.; the sword with which King Athelstane cut through the rock at Dunbar; the sword of Wayland Smith, by which Henry II. was knighted; the sword of Tristan, presented to John by the Emperor; the dagger which wounded Edward I. at Acre; the iron gauntlet worn by John of France when taken prisoner at Poitiers.[1]

In that close interpenetration of Church and State, of Palace and Abbey, of which we have before spoken, if at times the Clergy have suffered from the undue intrusion of the Crown, the Crown has also suffered from the undue intrusion of the Clergy. The summer of 1303 witnessed an event which probably affected the fortunes of the Treasury ever afterwards. The King was on his Scottish wars, and had reached Linlithgow, when he heard the news that the immense hoard, on which he depended for his supplies, had been carried off. The chronicler of Westminster records, as matters of equal importance, that in the year "Pope Boniface VIII. was stripped of all his goods, and a most audacious robber by himself secretly entered the Treasury of the King of England." The chronicler vehemently repudiates "the wicked suspicion" that any of the monks of Westminster were concerned in the transaction. But the facts are too stubborn. The chief robber, doubtless, was one Richard de Podlicote, who had already climbed by a ladder near the Palace Gate

[1] Rymer, i. 197.—It may be as a memorial of this accumulation of sacred and secular treasures together, that at the Coronations the Lord Treasurer, with the Lord Chancellor, carried the sacred vessels of the altar. (Taylor's *Regality*, p. 172.)

through a window of the Chapter House, and broken open the door of the Refectory, whence he carried off a considerable amount of silver plate. The more audacious attempt on the Treasury, whose position he had then ascertained, he concerted with friends partly within, partly without the Precincts. Any one who had passed through the Cloisters in the early spring of that year, must have been struck by the unusual appearance of a crop of hemp springing up over the grassy graves, and the gardener who came to mow the grass and carry off the herbage was constantly refused admittance. In that tangled hemp, sown and grown, it was believed, for this special purpose, was concealed the treasure after it was taken out. In two large black panniers it was conveyed away across the river, to the "King's Bridge," or pier, where now is Westminster Bridge, by the monk Alexander of Pershore, and others, who returned in a boat to the Abbot's Mill, on the Mill Bank. The broken boxes, the jewels scattered on the floor, the ring with which Henry III. was consecrated, the privy seal of the King himself, revealed the deed to the astonished eyes of the royal officers when they came to investigate the rumour. The Abbot and forty-eight monks were taken to the Tower, and a long trial took place. The Abbot and the rest of the fraternity were released, but the charge was brought home to the Subprior and the Sacrist. The architecture still bears its protest against the treason and the boldness of the robbers. The approach from the northern side was walled off, and the Treasury thus reduced by one-third. Inside and outside of the door by which this passage is entered may be felt under the iron cramps fragments of what modern science has declared to be the skin of a fair-haired, ruddy-complexioned man. The same terrible lining was also affixed to the three doors of the Revestry in the adjoining compartment of the Abbey. These savage trophies are generally said to belong to the Danes; but, in fact, there is no period to which they can be so naturally referred as to this. They are, doubtless, "the marks of the nails, and the hole in the side of the wall," to which the Westminster

chronicler somewhat irreverently appeals, to persuade "the doubter" not to be faithless but "believing in the innocence of the monks." Rather they conveyed the same reminder to the clergy who paced the Cloisters or mounted to the Dormitory door, as the seat on which the Persian judges sate, formed out of the skin of their unjust predecessor, with the inscription, "Remember whereon thou sittest." Relics of a barbarous past, they contain a striking instance of terrific precautions against extinct evils. The perils vanish—the precautions remain. From that time, however, the charm of the Royal Treasury was broken, and its more valuable contents were removed elsewhere, although it was still under the protection of the Monastery. Thenceforth the Westminster Treasury was employed only for guarding the Regalia, the Relics, the Records of Treaties, and the Box or Pyx containing the Standard Trial Pieces of gold and silver used for determining the justness of the gold and silver coins of the realm issued from the Royal Mint. One by one these glories have passed from it. The Relics doubtless disappeared at the Reformation. Except on the eve of the Coronations—when they are deposited in the Dean's custody, either in the Jerusalem Chamber, or in one of the private closets in his Library—the Regalia have, since the Restoration, been transferred to the Tower.[1] The Trial Pieces alone remain, to be visited once every five years by the officers before-mentioned, for the "Trial of the Pyx."[2] But it continues, like the enchanted

[1] Down to the time of the Commonwealth, the Treasury, as containing the Regalia, had been in the custody of the Chapter, as before of the Convent. On January 23, 1643, a motion was made in the Commons that the Dean, Subdean, and Prebendaries should be required to deliver up the keys; and the question put whether, upon the refusal of the keys, the door of that place should be broken open. So strong was the deference to the ancient rights of the Chapter, that even in that excited time the question was lost by 58 against 37; and when the doors were finally forced open, it was only on the express understanding that an inventory be taken, new locks put on the doors, and nothing removed till upon further order of the House; and even this was carried only by 42 against 41. (Cobbett's *Parliamentary History*, iii. 118. See Chapter VI.)

[2] The Pyx, which sometimes gives its name to this chapel, is the *box* kept at the Mint, in which specimens of the coinage are deposited. The word "Pyx" (originally the Latin for "box," and derived from the pyxis or box-tree) is now limited to this depository of coins in the English Mint, and to the receptacle of the Host in Roman Catholic churches. The Trial is the examination of the coins contained in the Pyx by assay and comparison with the Trial Plates or Pieces. See an account of it in Brayley's *Londiniana*, iv. 145–147; and in the "Report to the Controller-General of the Exchequer upon the Trial of the Pyx, etc., dated February 10, 1848; by Mr. H. W. Chisholm, Chief Clerk of the Exchequer."

cave of Toledo or Covadonga, the original hiding-place of England's gold—an undoubted relic of the Confessor's architecture—solid fragment of the older fabric of the monarchy—overshadowed, but not absorbed, by the ecclesiastical influences around it, a testimony at once to the sacredness of the Abbey, and to the independence of the Crown.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. V.

PILGRIMAGES TO CANTERBURY.

And now[1] began the long succession of pilgrimages which for three centuries gave Canterbury a place amongst the great resorts of Christendom, and which, through Chaucer's poem, have given it a lasting hold on the memory of Englishmen as long as English literature exists. Let us endeavour through the means of that poem, and through other incidental notices, to reproduce the picture of a mode of life which has now entirely passed away from England, though it may still be illustrated from some parts of the Continent.

There were during this period three great approaches to Canterbury. For pilgrims who came from the eastern parts of Europe, Sandwich was the ordinary place of debarkation. From this point, the Kings of England, on their return from France, and the Kings of France on their way to England, must commonly have made their journey. Two records of this route are preserved by foreigners. In one respect the travellers of that age and this were on a level. As they crossed the Channel, they were dreadfully sea-sick, and "lay on the deck as if they were dead;" but they had still life enough left to observe the various objects of the strange land that they were approaching. The white cliffs of Dover, as they rose into view above the sea, seemed "like mountains of snow:" of Dover Castle they speak as we might speak of Sebastopol

[1] After the "translation" of the martyr's relics, 1220.

—"the strongest fortress in Christendom." Sailing by this tremendous place, the work, they were told, of evil spirits, they arrived at Sandwich. It is striking to perceive the impression which that now decayed and deserted haven produced on their minds; they speak of it as we might speak of Liverpool or Portsmouth—the resort of ships from all quarters—vessels of every size—now seen by them for the first time; and most of all the agility of the sailors in running up and down the masts—one especially, absolutely incomparable. From this busy scene they moved onwards to Canterbury. Their expectations had been highly raised by its fame in foreign parts; at a distance, however, the point that chiefly struck them was the long line of leaden roof, unlike the tiled covering of the continental Cathedrals.

Another line of approach was along the old British track which led across the Surrey downs from Southampton; it can still be traced under the name of the Pilgrim's-way, or the Pilgrim's-lane, marked often by long lines of Kentish yews—usually creeping halfway up the hills immediately above the line of cultivation, and under the highest crest—passing here and there a solitary chapel or friendly monastery, but avoiding for the most part the towns and villages and the regular roads, probably for the same reason as "in the days of Shamgar, the son of Anath, the highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through bye-ways."

This must have been the usual route for Pilgrims from Normandy and from the west of England. But no doubt the most frequented road was that from London, celebrated in Chaucer's poem of the "Canterbury Tales." It would be out of place here to enter on any general review of that remarkable work. All that can here be proposed is to examine how far the poem illustrates, or is illustrated by, the Canterbury pilgrimage which suggested it.

In the first place we may observe that every element of society except the very highest and lowest was represented—the knight, the yeoman, the prioress, with her attendant nuns and three priests—the monk, the friar, the merchant, the

Oxford scholar, the lawyer, the squire, the five tradesmen, the cook, the shipman, the physician, the great clothier of Bath, the parish priest, the miller, the reeve, the manciple, the apparitor of the law-courts, the seller of indulgences, and the poet himself. These, no doubt, are selected as the types of the classes who would ordinarily have been met on such an excursion. No one can read the account of their characters, still less the details of their conversation, without being struck by the extremely miscellaneous nature of the company. On the one hand, we see how widely the passion for pilgrimages extended, how completely it swept into its vortex all the classes who now travel together in excursion trains, or on Rhine steam-boats. On the other hand, we see how light a touch it laid on the characters of those concerned—how much of levity, how little of gravity, was thought compatible with an object professedly so serious. As relics took the place of all the various natural objects of interest which now occupy the minds of religious, literary, or scientific men, so pilgrimages took the place of modern tours. A pilgrim was a traveller with the same adventures, stories, pleasures, pains, as travellers now; the very names by which we express the most listless wanderings are taken from pilgrimages to the most solemn places: if we may trust etymological conjectures, a "*roamer*" was one who had visited the Apostles' graves at Rome; and a "*saunterer*" one who had wandered through the "Sainte terre," or Holy Land; and, in like manner, the easy "*canter*" of our modern rides, is an abbreviation, comparatively recent, of the "Canterbury gallop,"[1] derived, no doubt, from the ambling pace of the Canterbury pilgrims. Let us be thankful for the practice in this instance, as having given us in Chaucer's prologue an insight into the state of society in the fourteenth century, such as nothing else can furnish.

In the second place, we learn from his selection of such a company and such a time as the vehicle of his tales, how widely spread was the fame of Canterbury as the resort of

[1] Even in Johnson's Dictionary, "Canterbury gallop" is given as the full expression, of which "Canter" is only mentioned as a colloquial corruption.

English pilgrims. Every reader, he felt, would at once understand the scene, and that he felt truly is shown by the immense popularity of his work at the time. And further, though the details of the plan as laid down in his prologue are a mere creation of the poet's fancy; yet the practice of telling stories on the journeys to and from Canterbury must have been common in order to give a likelihood to such a plan. It was even a custom for the bands of pilgrims to be accompanied by hired minstrels and story-tellers, as the friends of the practice maintained, that "with such solace the travail and weariness of pilgrims might be lightly and merrily borne out;" as their enemies said, "that they might sing wanton songs, and then, if these men and women be half a month out in their pilgrimage, many of them shall be half a year after, great jugglers, story-tellers, and liars." And, in point of fact, the marvels that were related on these occasions, probably on the return from the wonder-working shrine, were such as to have given rise to the proverbial expression of a "Canterbury Tale," as identical with a fabulous story. It is noticed as such even as late as the time of Fuller, and, although it is now probably extinct in England, it travelled with many other old provincialisms across the Atlantic; and our brethren of the United States, when they come to visit our metropolitical city, are struck by the strange familiarity with which its name recurs to them, having from their earliest years been accustomed to hear a marvellous story followed by the exclamation, "What a Canterbury!"[1] In conceiving the manner in which these tales were related, a moment's reflection will show us that they were not told, as we often imagine, to the whole company at once. Every one who has ridden in a cavalcade of travellers along a mountain pathway—and such, more or less, were the roads of England at the time of Chaucer—will see at once that this would be impossible. Probably they were in point of fact related in the midday halts or evening meals of the party. In the present instance the poet represents the host as calling the story-teller out of the ranks to repeat the tale to him as

[1] This observation I derived from an intelligent American clergyman on a visit to Canterbury.

judge. "Do him come forth," he cries to the cook; l to the monk, "Read forth, mine own Lord;" and the t hear or not, according to their curiosity or their nearness circumstance which to some extent palliates the relation some of the coarser stories in a company which contained prioress, the nuns, the parson, and the scholar.

Finally, we cannot fail to mark how thoroughly the time l season of the year falls in with the genius and intention the poet. It was, he tells us, the month of April. Every r, as regular as "April with his showers sweet" "the ught of March hath pierced to the root," came round again Pilgrims' start—

> "When Zephyrus eke with his sweet breath
> Inspired hath in every holt and heath,
> The tender crops . . .
> And small fowls are making melody
> That sleepen all night with open eye . . .
> Then longen folk to go on pilgrimages.
> And specially from every shire's end
> Of England, to Canterbury they wend
> The holy blissful martyr for to seek,
> That them hath holpen when that they were sick."

These opening lines give the colour to Chaucer's whole rk; it is in every sense the spring of English poetry: through ry line we seem to feel the freshness and vigour of that early rning start—as the merry cavalcade winds its way over the ls and forests of Surrey or of Kent. Never was the scene l atmosphere of a poem more appropriate to its contents, re naturally sustained and felt through all its parts.

Historical Memorials of Canterbury.

THE BLACK PRINCE AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

always like to know where a famous man was educated. d here we know the place, and also see the reason why it s chosen. Any of you who have been at Oxford will

remember the long line of buildings which overlook the beautiful curve of High Street, the buildings of "Queen's College," the College of the Queen. At the time of which I speak, that college was the greatest—two others only in any regular collegiate form existed in Oxford. It had but just been founded by the chaplain of Queen Philippa, and took its name from her. There it was that, according to tradition, the Prince of Wales, her son, as in the next generation, Henry V., was brought up. If we look at the events which followed, he could hardly have been twelve years old when he went. But there were then no schools in England, and their place was almost entirely supplied by the universities. Queen's College is much altered in every way since the little Prince went there; but they still keep an engraving of the vaulted room, which he is said to have occupied;[1] and though most of the old customs which prevailed in the college, and which made it a very peculiar place even then, have long since disappeared, some which are mentioned by the founder, and which therefore must have been in use when the Prince was there, still continue. You may still hear the students summoned to dinner, as he was, by the sound of a trumpet, and, in the hall, you may still see, as he saw, the Fellows sitting all on one side of the table, with the Head of the college in the centre, in imitation of the "Last Supper," as it is commonly represented in pictures. The very names of the Head and the twelve Fellows (the number first appointed by the founder, in likeness of our Lord and the Apostles), who were presiding over the college when the Prince was there, are known to us. He must have seen what has long since vanished away, the thirteen beggars, deaf, dumb, maimed, or blind, daily brought into the hall, to receive their dole of bread, beer, potage, and fish. He must have seen the seventy poor scholars, instituted after example of the seventy disciples, and learning from their two chaplains to chant the service. He must have heard the mill within or hard by the college walls grinding the Fellows' bread. He must have seen the porter of the college going round the

[1] It now hangs in the gallery above the hall of Queen's College.

rooms betimes in the morning to shave the beards, and wash the heads of the Fellows.[1] In these and many other curious particulars, we can tell exactly what the customs and appearance of the college were when the Prince was there. It is more difficult to answer another question, which we always wish to know about famous men—Who were his companions? An old tradition (unfortunately beset with doubts) points to one youth, at that time in Oxford, and at Queen's College, whom we shall all recognise as an old acquaintance—John Wycliffe, the first English Reformer, and the first translator of the Bible into English. He would have been a poor boy, in a threadbare coat, and devoted to study, and the Prince probably never exchanged looks or words with him. But we shall be glad to be allowed to believe that once at least in their lives the great soldier of the age had crossed the path of the great Reformer. Each thought and cared little for the other; their characters, and pursuits, and sympathies, were as different as were their stations in life; let us be thankful if we have learned to understand them both, and see what was good in each, far better than they did themselves.

Historical Memorials of Canterbury.

JULIUS HARE'S LIBRARY AT HERSTMONCEUX.

On the edge of the long sweep of high land which encloses the marsh of Pevensey Level, stretches the parish of Herstmonceux, so-called from the "weald," "forest," or "hurst" of Anderida, which once covered the hills of Kent and Sussex, and from the Norman family of Monceux, who first appear as the owners of the property. The church stands at the extremity of the parish, on an eminence immediately overlooking the flat plain on whose shore the Conqueror landed, with the bright line of sea and the bluff promontory of Beachy Head in the distance. Immediately beneath the

[1] *Statutes of Queen's College*, pp. 28, 29.

church are the ruins of Herstmonceux Castle, commonly said to be the oldest brick building in England since the time of the Romans; the ancient seat of the Fienneses, Dacres, and Naylors, from whom, in the reign of Anne, it passed, by marriage, into the hands of Francis Hare, Bishop of Chichester, well known as chaplain of the great Duke of Marlborough, and ranked by his contemporaries on a level with Bentley for his critical sagacity and learning. The castle was dismantled by the bishop's descendants; in the last generation the property was sold; and the only connection which the Hare family retained with the place was the benefice, which still remained in their gift. The rectory stood far removed from church and castle and village, and in its tranquil retreat Hare's remaining years were spent. Of all peculiarities of English life, none perhaps is so unique as an English parsonage. But how peculiar, even amongst English parsonages, was the rectory of Herstmonceux! The very first glance at the entrance-hall revealed the character of its master. It was not merely a house with a good library; the whole house was a library. The vast nucleus which he brought with him from Cambridge grew year by year, till not only study and drawing-room and dining-room, but passage and antechamber and bedrooms, were overrun with the ever advancing and crowded bookshelves. At the time of his death it had reached the number of more than twelve thousand volumes; and it must be further remembered that these volumes were of no ordinary kind. Of all libraries which it has been our lot to traverse, we never saw any equal to this in the combined excellence of quantity and quality; none in which there were so few worthless, so many valuable works. Its original basis was classical and philological; but of later years, the historical, philosophical, and theological elements outgrew all the rest. The peculiarity which distinguished the collection probably from any other, private or public, in the kingdom, was the preponderance of German literature. No work, no pamphlet of any note, in the teeming catalogues of German booksellers escaped his notice; and with his knowledge of the subjects

and of the probable elucidation which they would receive from this or that quarter, they found themselves in natural and harmonious groups round what already existed, so as to give to the library both the appearance and reality, not of a mere accumulation of parts, but of an organic and self-multiplying whole. And what, perhaps, was yet more remarkable, was the manner in which the centre of this whole was himself. Without a catalogue, without assistance, he knew where every book was to be found, for what it was valuable, and what relation it bore to the rest. The library was like a magnificent tree which he had himself planted, of which he had nurtured the growth, which spread its branches far and wide over his dwelling, and in the shade of which he delighted, even if he was prevented for the moment from gathering its fruit, or pruning its luxuriant foliage.

Essays on Church and State, Essay XIV.

PART V.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TYPES.

In the gardens of the Carthusian Convent, which the Dukes of Burgundy built near Dijon for the burial-place of their race, is a beautiful monument, the only fragment of that splendid edifice which escaped the ravages of the French Revolution. It consists of a group of Prophets and Kings from the Old Testament, each holding in his hand a scroll of mourning—each with his own individual costume, and gesture, and look—each distinguished from each by the most marked peculiarities of age and character, absorbed in the thoughts of his own time and country. But above these figures is a circle of angels, as like each to each as the human figures are unlike. They, too, as each overhangs and overlooks the Prophet below him, are saddened with grief. But their expression of sorrow is far deeper and more intense than that of the Prophets whose words they read. They see something in the Prophetic sorrow which the Prophets themselves see not: they are lost in the contemplation of the Divine Passion, of which the ancient saints below them are but the unconscious and indirect exponents.

This exquisite mediæval monument, expressing as it does the instinctive feeling at once of the truthful artist and of the

devout Christian, represents better than any words the sense of what we call in theological language "the Types" of the Old Testament. The heroes and saints of old times, not in Judea only—though there more frequently than in any other country—are indeed "types," that is, "likenesses," in their sorrows of the Greatest of all sorrows, in their joys of the Greatest of all joys, in their goodness of the Greatest of all goodness, in their truth of the Greatest of all truths. This deep inward connection between the events of their own time and the crowning close of the history of their whole nation—this gradual convergence towards the event which, by general acknowledgment, ranks chief in the annals of mankind—is clear not only to the all-searching Eye of Providence, but also to the eye of any who look above the stir and movement of earth. It is part not only of the foreknowledge of God, but of the universal workings of human nature and human history. The angels see though man sees not. The mind flies silently upwards from the earthly career of David, or Isaiah, or Ezekiel, to those vaster and wider thoughts which they imperfectly represented. "The rustic murmur" of Jerusalem was, although they knew it not, part of "the great wave that echoes round the world." It is a continuity recognised by the Philosophy of History no less than by Theology—by Hegel even more closely than by Augustine. But the sorrow, the joy, the goodness, the truth of those ancient heroes is notwithstanding entirely their own. They are not mere machines or pictures. When they speak of their trials and difficulties, they speak of them as from their own experience. By studying them with all the peculiarities of their time, we arrive at a profounder view of the truths and events to which their expressions and the story of their deeds may be applied in after ages, than if we regard them as the organs of sounds unintelligible to themselves and with no bearing on their own period. When there is a sentiment common to them and to Christian times, a word or act which breaks forth into the distant future, it will be reverently caught up by those who are on the watch for it, to whom it will speak words beyond

their words, and thoughts beyond their thoughts. "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" But, even in the act of uttering these sentiments, they still remained encompassed with human, Jewish, Oriental peculiarities, which must not be explained away or softened down, for the sake of producing an appearance of uniformity which may be found in the Koran, but which it is hopeless to seek in the Bible, and which, if it were found there, would completely destroy the historical character of its contents. To refuse to see the first and direct application of their expressions to themselves, is like an unwillingness—such as some simple and religious minds have felt—to acknowledge the existence, or to dwell on the topography, of the city of Jerusalem and the wilderness of Arabia, because those localities have been so long associated with the higher truths of spiritual religion.

There will further result from this mode of approaching the subject the advantage of a juster appreciation of the Divine mission to which "the Prophets and righteous men" of former times bore witness. Resemblance of mere outward circumstances, however exact, throws no light on the essential character of Him whose life they are brought to illustrate; nor is it any such kind of resemblance which justifies the relation of that Life to the personal needs of mankind. But a real resemblance of moral and mental qualities or situations, which can be universally felt and understood, is a direct help to feel and understand in what consists the Character and Person of Him whom we are called upon to love and adore, and in what consists the possibility of our approach to Him. It is a fruitful illustration of the argument which pervades the *Analogy* of Bishop Butler, and which has been well brought out by our best modern divines—namely, that "God gave His Son to the world, in the same way of goodness as He affords particular persons the friendly assistance of their fellow-creatures . . . in the same way of goodness, though in a transcendent and infinitely higher degree." It is only from the community of spirit which exists between the

Manifestation of Christ and the likeness of Himself in the good men who preceded, or who succeeded, that we can speak of them either as His types or His followers. It is by thus speaking of them that we shall best conceive the work of Him in whom in the dispensation of "the fulness of time all things were gathered together in one."

Both theirs and ours Thou art,
As we and they are Thine;
Kings, Prophets, Patriarchs, all have part
Along the sacred line.

O bond of union, dear
And strong as is Thy grace!
Saints, parted by a thousand year,
May there in heart embrace.[1]

Jewish Church, Preface to Vol. II.

THE NAMES JOSHUA AND JESUS.

IT is not often, either in Sacred or common history, that we are justified in pausing on anything so outward and (usually) so accidental as a name. But, if ever there be an exception, it is in the case of Joshua. In him it first appears with an appropriateness which the narrative describes as intentional. His original name, *Hoshea*, "salvation," is transformed into *Jehoshua*, or *Joshua*, "God's salvation;" and this, according to the modifications which Hebrew names underwent in their passage through the Greek language, took, in the later ages of the Jewish Church, sometimes the form of *Jason*, but more frequently that which has now become indelibly impressed upon history as the greatest of all names—JESUS.

Slight as may be this connection between the first and the last to whom this name was given with any religious significance, it demands our consideration for the sake of two points

[1] *Christian Year*, on "The Circumcision of Christ."

which are often overlooked, and which may in this relation catch the attention of those who might else overlook them altogether. One is the prominence into which it brings the true meaning of the Sacred Name, as a deliverance, not from "imputed" or "future" or "unknown" dangers, but from enemies as real and intelligible as the Canaanitish host. The first Joshua was to save his people from their actual foes. The Second was to "save His people from *their*" actual "*sins*." Again, the career of Joshua gives a note of preparation for the singularly martial, soldier-like aspect—also often forgotten—under which his Namesake is at times set forth. The courage, the cheerfulness, the sense of victory and of success, which runs both through the actual history of the Gospels, and through the idealisation of it in "the Conqueror" of the writings of S. John,[1] finds its best illustration from the older Church in the character and career of Joshua.

Jewish Church, Lect. X.

"GOD SPAKE BY THE PROPHETS."

In the well-known description of the Revelations of the Old Testament by the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the essence of these Revelations is summed up in the words "God spake *by the Prophets*." He had in the words immediately preceding spoken of the various and multiform gradations of Revelation, and he fixes our attention on the special instructors or revealers of the Divine Will, who stood on the highest step of these gradations. These are, in one word, not the historians, geographers, ritualists, poets of the Jewish Church, valuable as each may be in their several ways, but "the Prophets." And again, although it is well known that the only full sense of the word "Inspiration" is that in which alone it is used by

[1] Not only in the Apocalypse (ii. 7, 11, 17, 26; iii. 5, 12, 21; v. 5; vi. 2; xi. 7; xii. 11; xiii. 7; xv. 2; xvii. 14; xxi. 7), but in the Gospel (John xvi. 33) and Epistles (1 John ii. 13, 14; iv. 4; v. 4, 5). "The Captain of our salvation" (Heb. ii. 10) derives its martial sound only from the English, not from the original.

the Church of England,[1] and the ancient Church generally, namely, for the influence of the Divine Spirit on the universal mind of the whole Church, and in the good feelings and thoughts of the human heart and intellect, yet there is a deep truth in the clause of the Nicene Creed, which says, "The Holy Ghost spake" (not by bishops or presbyters, or General Councils, or General Assemblies, or even saints, but) "*by the Prophets.*" This limitation or concentration of the Divine Inspiration to the Prophetic spirit is in exact accordance with the facts of the case. The Prophets being, as their name both in Greek and Hebrew implies, the most immediate organs of the Will of God, it is in their utterances, if anywhere, that we must expect to find the most direct expression of that Will. However high the sanction given to King or Priest, in the Old Dispensation, they were always to bow before the authority of the Prophet. The Prophetic teaching is, as it were, the essence of the revelation, sifted from its accidental accompaniments. It pervades, and, by pervading, gives its own vitality to those portions of the Sacred Volume which cannot strictly be called Prophetical. Josephus speaks of the succession of the Prophets, as constituting the main framework and staple of the Sacred Canon of the Old Testament. What has been beautifully said of the Psalms as compared with the Levitical and sacrificial system is still more true of the Prophets, "As we watch the weaving of the web, we endeavour to trace through it the more conspicuous threads. Long time the eye follows the crimson: it disappears at length; but the golden thread of sacred *prophecy* stretches to the end." It stretches to the end; for it is the chief outward link between the Old and the New Testaments: and, though the New Testament has its own peculiarities, and though the spirit of Prophecy expresses chiefly the spirit of the Old Testament, yet it may also fitly be called the spirit of the whole Bible.

Jewish Church, Lect. XX.

[1] The Collect before the Communion Service. The Collect for the 5th Sunday after Easter. The Prayer for the Church Militant. The *Veni Creator Spiritus*. The 13th Article. These are the only passages in the Anglican formularies in which the word occurs.

THE SPIRIT OF PROPHECY.

THE one great corruption, to which all religion is exposed, is its separation from morality. The very strength of the religious motive has a tendency to exclude, or disparage, all other tendencies of the human mind, even the noblest and best. It is against this corruption that the Prophetic Order from first to last constantly protested. Even its mere outward appearance and organisation bore witness to the greatness of the opposite truth—the inseparable union of morality with religion. Alone of all the high officers of the Jewish Church the Prophets were called by no outward form of consecration, and were selected from no special tribe or family. But the most effective witness to this great doctrine was borne by their active teaching.

Amidst all their varieties, there is hardly a Prophet, from Samuel downwards, whose life or writings do not contain an assertion of this truth. It is to them as constant a topic, as the most peculiar and favourite doctrine of any eccentric sect or party is in the mouths of the preachers of such a sect or party at the present day; and it is rendered more forcible by the form which it takes of a constant protest against the sacrificial system of the Levitical ritual, which they either, in comparison with the Moral Law, disparage altogether, or else fix their hearers' attention to the moral and spiritual truth which lay behind it.

Listen to them one after another :—

Samuel.—"To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." *David.*—"Thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it. Thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit. Sacrifice and burnt offering Thou didst not desire. Then said I, Lo, I come, to do Thy will, O God." *Hosea.*—"I desired mercy, and not sacrifice." *Amos.*—"I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer Me burnt offerings, and your meat offerings, I will not

accept them, neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." *Micah.*—Shall I come before the Lord with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." *Isaiah.*—"Your new moons and your appointed feasts My soul hateth: they are a trouble unto Me: I am weary to bear them. Wash you, make you clean: cease to do evil; learn to do well. Is not this the fast that I have chosen to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free?" *Ezekiel.*—"If a man be just, and do that which is lawful and right . . . he shall surely live. The soul that sinneth it shall die. . . . When the wicked man doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive; he shall surely live and not die."

Mercy and justice, judgment and truth, repentance and goodness—not sacrifice, not fasting, not ablutions—is the burden of the whole Prophetic teaching of the Old Testament. And it is this which distinguishes at once the Prophetical from the Levitical portions even of the historical books. Compare the exaltation of moral duties in the Books of Kings with the exaltation of merely ceremonial duties in the Books of Chronicles, and the difference between the two elements of the Sacred history is at once apparent.

In the New Testament the same doctrine is repeated in terms slightly altered, but still more emphatic. In the words of Him who is our Prophet in this the truest sense of all, I need only refer to the Sermon on the Mount, and to the remarkable fact that His chief warnings are against the ceremonial narrowness, the "religious world," of that age. In His deeds, I need only refer to His death, wherein is proclaimed, as the very central fact and doctrine of the New Religion, that

sacrifice, henceforth and for ever, consists not in the blood of bulls and goats, but in the perfect surrender of a perfect Will and Life to the perfect Will of an All-just and All-merciful God. In the Epistles, the same Prophetic strain is still carried on by the elevation of the spirit above the letter, of love above all other gifts, of edification above miraculous signs, of faith and good works above the outward distinction of Jews and Gentiles. With these accents on his lips, the last of the Prophets expired.

It is this assertion of the supremacy of the moral and spiritual above the literal, the ceremonial and the dogmatical elements of religion, which makes the contrast between the Prophets and all other sacred bodies which have existed in Pagan, and, it must even be added, in Christian times. They were religious teachers without the usual faults of religious teachers. They were a religious body, whose only professional spirit was to be free from the usual prejudices, restraints, and crimes by which all other religious professions have been disfigured. They are not without grievous shortcomings; they are not on a level with the full light of the Christian Revelation. But, taken as a whole, the Prophetic order of the Jewish Church remains alone. It stands like one of those vast monuments of ancient days—with ramparts broken, with inscriptions defaced, but stretching from hill to hill, conveying in its long line of arches the rill of living water over deep valley and thirsty plain, far above all the puny modern buildings which have grown up at its feet, and into the midst of which it strides with its massive substructions, its gigantic height, its majestic proportions, unequalled and unrivalled.

We cannot attain to it. But even whilst we relinquish the hope, even whilst we admire the good Providence of God, which has preserved for us this unapproachable memorial of His purposes in former ages, there is still one calling in the world in which, if any, the Prophetic spirit, the Prophetic mission, ought at least in part to live on—and that is, the calling of the Christian clergy. We are not like the Jewish priests, we are not like the Jewish Levites, but we have, God

be praised, some faint resemblance to the Jewish Prophets. Like them, we are chosen from no single family or caste; like them, we are called not to merely ritual acts, but to teach and instruct; like them, we are brought up in great institutions which pride themselves on fostering the spirit of the Church in the persons of its ministers. Oh glorious profession, if we would see ourselves in this our true Prophetic aspect! We all know what a powerful motive in the human mind is the spirit of a profession, the spirit of the order, the *spirit* (as the French say) of the *body*, to which we belong. Oh if the spirit of our profession, of our order, of our body, were the spirit, or anything like the spirit, of the ancient Prophets; or if with us, truth, charity, justice, fairness to opponents, were a passion, a doctrine, a point of honour, to be upheld through good report and evil, with the same energy as that with which we uphold our position, our opinions, our interpretations, our antipathies! A distinguished prelate has well said, "It makes all the difference in the world whether we put the duty of Truth in the first place, or in the second place." Yes! that is exactly the difference between the spirit of the world and the spirit of the Bible. The spirit of the world asks *first*, "Is it safe, Is it pious?" *secondly*, "Is it true?" The spirit of the Prophets asks *first*, "Is it true?" *secondly*, "Is it safe?" The spirit of the world asks *first*, "Is it prudent?" *secondly*, "Is it right?" The spirit of the Prophets asks *first*, "Is it right?" *secondly*, "Is it prudent?" It is not that they and we hold different doctrines on these matters, but that we hold them in different proportions. What they put first, we put second; what we put second, they put first. The religious energy which we reserve for objects of temporary and secondary importance, they reserved for objects of eternal and primary importance. When Ambrose closed the doors of the church of Milan against the blood-stained hands of the devout Theodosius, he acted in the spirit of a Prophet. When Ken, in spite of his doctrine of the Divine right of Kings, rebuked Charles II. on his death-bed for his long unrepented vices, those who stood by were justly reminded

of the ancient Prophets. When Savonarola, at Florence, threw the whole energy of his religious zeal into burning indignation against the sins of the city, high and low, his sermons read more like Hebrew prophecies than modern homilies.

We speak sometimes with disdain of moral essays, as dull, and dry, and lifeless. Dull, and dry, and lifeless, they truly are, till the Prophetic spirit breathes into them. But let religious faith and love once find its chief, its proper vent in them, as it did of old in the Jewish Church—let a second Wesley arise who shall do what the Primate of his day wisely but vainly urged as his gravest counsel on the first Wesley—that is, throw all the ardour of a Wesley into the great unmistakable doctrines and duties of life as they are laid down by the Prophets of old, and by Christ in the Gospels—let *these* be preached with the same fervour as that with which Andrew Melville enforced Presbyterianism, or Laud enforced Episcopacy, or Whitefield Assurance, or Calvin Predestination, then, perchance, we shall understand in some degree what was the propelling energy of the Prophetic order in the Church and Commonwealth of Israel.

Jewish Church, Lect. XX.

PROPHECY AND PREDICTION.

It is well known that, in the popular and modern use of the word since the seventeenth century, by a "Prophet" is meant almost exclusively one who predicts or foretells; and the assertion of the contrary has even been thought heretical. This assumption is itself a grave error.[1] It is wholly unauthorised, either by the Bible or by our own Church. It has drawn off the attention from the fundamental idea of the Prophetical office to a subordinate part. It has caused

[1] "It is simply a mistake to regard prediction as synonymous with prophecy, or even as the chief portion of a Prophet's duties. Whether the language be Hebrew, Greek, or Latin, the ancient words for prophecy all refer to a state of mind, an emotion, an influence, and not to prescience." (Dr. Payne Smith's *Messianic Interpretation of Isaiah*, Introd. p. xxi.)

us to seek the evidence of Prophecy in those portions of it which are least convincing, rather than in those which are most convincing—in those parts which it has most in common with other systems, rather than in those parts which distinguish it from all other systems.

But this error, resting as it does on an etymological mistake, could never have obtained so wide a diffusion, without some ground in fact; and this ground is to be found in the vast relation of the Prophetic office to the Future, which I shall now attempt to draw forth—dwelling on the general spirit of the institution.

It is, then, undoubtedly true that the Prophets of the Old Dispensation did in a marked and special manner look forward to the Future. It was this which gave to the whole Jewish nation an upward, forward, progressive character, such as no Asiatic, no ancient, I may almost say, no other nation, has ever had in the same degree. Representing as they did the whole people, they shared and they personated the general spirit of tenacious trust and hope that distinguishes the people itself. Their warnings, their consolations, their precepts, when relating to the past and the present, are clothed in imagery drawn from the future. The very form of the Hebrew verb, in which one tense is used both for the past and the future, lends itself to this mode of speech. They were conceived as shepherds seated on the top of one of the hills of Judæa, seeing far over the heads of their flocks, and guiding them accordingly; or as watchmen standing on some lofty tower, with a wider horizon within their view than that of ordinary men. "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?" was the question addressed to Isaiah by an anxious world below. "I will stand upon my watch," is the expression of Habakkuk, "and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me. Though the vision tarry, wait for it; it will surely come: it will not tarry." Their practical and religious exhortations were, it is true, conveyed with a force which needed no further attestation. Of all of them, in a certain sense, it might be said as of the

Greatest of all, that they spoke "as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Still there are special signs of authority besides, and of these, one of the chief, from first to last, was their "*speaking things to come.*" [1] And this token of Divinity extends (and here again I speak quite irrespective of any special fulfilments of special predictions) to the whole Prophetic order, in Old and New Testament alike. To any reflecting mind there is no more signal proof that the Bible is really the guiding book of the world's history, than its anticipations, predictions, insight into the wants of men far beyond the age in which it was written. That modern element which we find in it, so like our own times, so unlike the ancient framework of its natural form; that Gentile, European turn of thought, so unlike the Asiatic language and scenery which was its cradle; that enforcement of principles and duties, which for years and centuries lay almost unperceived, because hardly ever understood, in its Sacred pages, but which we now see to be in accordance with the utmost requirements of philosophy and civilisation; those principles of toleration, chivalry, discrimination, proportion, which even now are not appreciated as they ought to be, and which only can be fully realised in ages yet to come; these are the unmistakable predictions in the Prophetic spirit of the Bible, the pledges of its inexhaustible resources.

Thus much for the general aspect of the Prophet's office as they looked to the future. Its more special aspects may be considered under three heads.

1. First, their contemplation and prediction of the political events of their own and the surrounding nations. It is this which brings them most nearly into comparison with the seers of other ages and other races. Every one knows instances, both in ancient and modern times, of predictions which have been uttered and fulfilled in regard to events of this kind. Sometimes such predictions have been the result of political

[1] It is observable that although the power of prediction is never made the test of a true Prophet (some of the greatest of them, Samuel for example, Elijah, and John the Baptist, having uttered either no predictions or only such as were very subordinate), the failure of a prediction is in one remarkable passage made the test of a false prophet (Deut xviii. 22).

foresight. "To have made predictions which have been often verified by the event, seldom or never falsified by it," has been suggested by one well competent to judge, as a sign of statesmanship in modern times. "To see events in their beginnings, to discern their purport and tendencies from the first, to forewarn his countrymen accordingly," was the foremost duty of an ancient orator, as described by Demosthenes. Many instances will occur to students of history. Sometimes there has been an anticipation of some future epoch in the pregnant sayings of eminent philosophers or poets. Sometimes the same result has been produced by a power of divination, granted, in some inexplicable manner, to ordinary men. But there are several points which at once place the Prophetic predictions on a different level from any of these. It is not that they are more exact in particulars of time and place; none can be more so than that of the twelve centuries of the Roman Empire; and our Lord Himself has excluded the precise knowledge of times and seasons from the widest and highest range of the Prophetic vision. The difference rather lies in their close connection with the moral and spiritual character of the Prophetic mission, and their freedom (for the most part) from any of those fantastic and arbitrary accompaniments by which so many secular predictions are distinguished. They are almost always founded on the denunciations of moral evil, or the exaltation of moral good, not on the mere localities or cities concerned. The nations whose doom is pronounced, thus become representatives of moral principles and examples to all ages alike. Israel, Jerusalem, Egypt, Babylon, Tyre, are personifications of states or principles still existing, and thus the predictions concerning them have, as Lord Bacon says, constantly germinant fulfilments. The secular events which are thus predicted are (with a few possible exceptions) within the horizon of the Prophet's age, and are thus capable of being turned to the practical edification of the Prophet's own age and country. As in the vision of Pisgah, the background is suggested by the foreground. No object is introduced which a contemporary could fail to

appreciate and understand in outline, although its remoter and full meaning might be reserved for a far-distant future. These predictions are also, in several striking instances, made dependent on the moral condition of those to whom they are addressed, and are thus divested of the appearance of blind caprice or arbitrary fate, in which the literal predictions of both ancient and modern divination so much delight. "Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be overthrown." No denunciation is more absolute in its terms than this; and of none is the frustration more complete. The true Prophetic lesson of the Book of Jonah is, that there was a principle in the moral government of God more sacred and more peremptory even than the accomplishment of the most cherished prediction. "God saw their works, that they turned from their evil way; and God repented of the evil that He had said that He would do unto them; and He did it not." What here appears in a single case is laid down as a universal rule by the Prophet Jeremiah. "At what instant I shall speak concerning a nation . . . to destroy it; if that nation . . . turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them. And at what instant I shall speak concerning a nation . . . to build and to plant it; if it do evil in My sight, that it obey not My voice, then I will repent of the good wherewith I said I would benefit them."

With these limitations, it is acknowledged by all students of the subject, that the Hebrew Prophets made predictions concerning the fortunes of their own and other countries which were unquestionably fulfilled. There can be no reasonable doubt, for example, that Amos foretold the Captivity and return of Israel; and Micah the fall of Samaria; and Ezekiel the fall of Jerusalem; and Isaiah the fall of Tyre; and Jeremiah the limits of the Captivity. But even if no such special cases could be proved, the grandeur of the position which the Prophets occupy in this respect is one which it needs no attestation of any particular prediction to enhance, and which no failure of any particular prediction can impair. From those lofty watch-towers of Divine speculation, from that moral

and spiritual height which raised them far above the rest of the ancient world, they saw the rise and fall of other nations, long before it was visible to those nations themselves. "They were the first in all antiquity," it has been well said, "to perceive that the old East was dead; they celebrated its obsequies, in advance of the dissolution which they saw to be inevitable." They were, as Dean Milman has finely expressed it, the "great Tragic Chorus of the awful drama that was unfolding itself in the Eastern world. As each independent tribe or monarchy was swallowed up in the universal empire of Assyria, the Seers of Judah watched the progress of the invader, and uttered their sublime funeral anthems over the greatness and prosperity of Moab and Ammon, Damascus and Tyre." And in those funeral laments and wide-reaching predictions we trace a foretaste of that universal sympathy with nations outside the chosen circle—of that belief in an all-embracing Providence—which has now become part of the belief of the highest intelligence of the world. There may be many innocent questions about the date, or about the interpretation of the Book of Daniel, and of the Apocalypse. But there can be no doubt that they contain the first germs of the great idea of the succession of ages, of the continuous growth of empires and races under a law of Divine Providence, the first sketch of the Education of the world, and the first outline of the Philosophy of History.

2. I pass to the second grand example of the predictive spirit of the Prophets. It was the distinguishing mark of the Jewish people that their golden age was not in the past, but in the future; that their greatest Hero (as they deemed him to be) was not their founder, but their founder's latest descendant. Their traditions, their fancies, their glories gathered round the head, not of a chief, or warrior, or sage that had been, but of a King, a Deliverer, a Prophet who was to come. Of this singular expectation the Prophets were, if not the chief authors, at least the chief exponents. Sometimes He is named, sometimes He is unnamed; sometimes He is almost identified with some actual Prince of the coming or the present genera-

tion, sometimes He recedes into the distant ages. But again and again, at least in the later Prophetic writings, the vista is closed by His person, His character, His reign. And almost everywhere the Prophetic spirit, in the delineation of His coming, remains true to itself. He is to be a King, a Conqueror, yet not by the Common weapons of earthly warfare, but by those only weapons which the Prophetic order recognised—by justice, mercy, truth, and goodness—by suffering, by endurance, by identification of Himself with the joys, the sufferings of His nation, by opening a wider sympathy to the whole human race than had ever been opened before. That this expectation, however explained, existed in a greater or less degree amongst the Prophets, is not doubted by any theologians of any school whatever. It is no matter of controversy. It is a simple and universally recognised fact, that filled with these Prophetic images, the whole Jewish nation—nay, at last the whole Eastern world—did look forward with longing expectation to the coming of this future Conqueror. Was this unparalleled expectation realised? And here again I speak only of facts which are acknowledged by Germans and Frenchmen, no less than by Englishmen, by critics and by sceptics even more fully than by theologians and ecclesiastics. There did arise out of this nation a Character by universal consent as unparalleled as the expectation which had preceded Him. Jesus of Nazareth was, on the most superficial no less than on the deepest view we take of His coming, the greatest name, the most extraordinary power, that has ever crossed the stage of History. And this greatness consisted, not in outward power, but precisely in those qualities on which from first to last the Prophetic order had laid the utmost stress—justice and love, goodness and truth.

I push this argument no further. Its force is weakened the moment we introduce into it any controverted detail. The fact which arrests our attention is, that side by side with this great expectation appears the great climax to which the whole History leads up. It is a proof, if anything can be a proof, of a unity of design, in the education of the Jews, in the history

of the world. It is a proof that the events of the Christian Dispensation were planted on the very centre of human hopes and fears. It is a proof that the noblest hopes and aspirations that were ever breathed were not disappointed; and that when "God spake by the Prophets" of the coming Christ, He spake of that which in His own good time He was certain to bring to pass.

3. There is one further class of predictions which still more directly connects itself with the general spirit of the Prophetic writings, and of which the predictions I have already noticed only form a part—those which relate to the Future, as a ground of consolation to the Church, to individuals, to the human race. It is this which gives to the Bible at large that hopeful, victorious, triumphant character which distinguishes it from the morose, querulous, narrow, desponding spirit of so much false religion, ancient and modern. *The power of the Future.*—This is the fulcrum by which they kept up the hopes of their country, and on its support we can rest as well as they.

The Future of the Church.—I need not repeat those glorious predictions which are familiar to all. But their spirit is applicable now as well as then. Although, in this sense, we prophesy and predict, as it were at second-hand from them, yet our anticipations are so much the more certain as they are justified and confirmed by the experience, which the Prophets had not, of two thousand years. We may be depressed by this or that failure of good projects, of lofty aspirations. But the Prophets and the Bible bid us look onward. The world, they tell us, as a whole, tends forwards and not backwards. The losses and backslidings of this generation, if so be, will be repaired in the advance of the next. "To one far-off Divine event," slowly it may be and uncertainly, but still steadily onwards, "the whole creation moves." Work on in faith, in hope, in confidence: the future of the Church, the future of each particular society in which our lot is cast, is a solid basis of cheerful perseverance. The very ignorance of the true spirit of the Bible, of which we complain, is the best pledge of its boundless resources for the

future. The doctrines, the precepts, the institutions, which as yet lie undeveloped, far exceed in richness, in power, those that have been used up, or been fully applied.

The Future of the Individual.—Have we ever thought of the immense stress laid by the Prophets on this mighty thought? What is the sentence with which the Church of England opens its morning and evening service, but a Prophecy, a Prediction, of the utmost importance to every human soul? "When the wicked man shall turn away from his wickedness, and doeth that which is lawful and right, *he shall save his soul alive.*" So spoke Ezekiel, advancing beyond the limits of the Mosaic law. So spoke no less Isaiah and Micah: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." "He will turn again; He will have compassion upon us. He will subdue our iniquities." "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." So spoke, in still more endearing accents, the Prophet of all Prophets, Jesus Christ himself, when He uttered His world-wide invitation, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven." "Go, and sin no more." The Future is everything to us, the Past is nothing. The turn, the change, the fixing our faces in the right instead of the wrong direction—this is the difficulty, this is the turning-point, this is the crisis of life. But, that once done, the Future is clear before us. The despondency of the human heart, the timidity or the austerity of Churches or of sects, may refuse this great Prophetic absolution; may cling to penances and regrets for the past; may shrink from the glad tidings that the good deeds of the Future can blot out the sorrows and the sins of the past. But the whole Prophetic teaching of the Old and New Testament has staked itself on the issue: it hazards the bold prediction that all will be well when once we have turned; it bids us go courageously forward, in the strength of the Spirit of God, in the power of the life of Christ.

There is yet one more Future, a *future* which to the Prophets of old was almost shut out, but which it is the glory of the Prophets of the New Dispensation to have predicted to

us with unshaken certainty—the Future life. In this respect the predictions of the latest of the Prophets far transcend those which went before. The heathen philosophers were content with guesses on the immortal future of the soul. The elder Hebrew Prophets were content, for the most part, with the consciousness of the Divine support in this life, and through the terrors of death, but did not venture to look further. But the Christian Prophets, gathering up the last hopes of the Jewish Church into the first hopes of the Christian Church, throw themselves boldly on the undiscovered world beyond the grave, and foretell that there the wishes and fears of this world will find their true accomplishment. To this Prediction, so confident, yet so strange at the time, the intelligence no less than the devotion of mankind has in the course of ages come round. Powerful minds, which have rejected much besides in the teaching of the Bible, have claimed as their own this last expectation of the simple Prophetic school, which founded its hopes on the events of that first Easter-day, that first day of the week, "when life and immortality were brought to light." And it is a prediction which shares the character of all the other truly Prophetic utterances, in that it directly bears on the present state of being. Even without dwelling on the special doctrine of judgment and retribution, the mere fact of the stress laid by the Prophets on the certainty of the Future is full of instruction, hardly perhaps enough borne in mind. Look forwards, we sometimes say, a few days or a few months, and how differently will all things seem. Yes; but look forwards a few more years, and how yet more differently will all things seem. From the height of that Future, to which on the wings of the ancient Prophetic belief we can transport ourselves, look back on the present. Think of our troubles, as they will seem when we know their end. Think of those good thoughts and deeds which alone will survive in that unknown world. Think of our controversies, as they will appear when we shall be fain to sit down at the feast with those whom we have known only as opponents here, but whom we must recognise as companions there. To that Future of

Futures which shall fulfil the yearnings of that the Prophets have desired on earth, it is for us, wherever we are, to look onwards, upwards, and forwards, in the constant expectation of something better than we see or know. Uncertain as to "the day and hour," and as to the manner of fulfilment, this last of all the predictions still, like those of old, builds itself upon the past and present. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

Jewish Church, Lect. XX.

PROPHETIC INDEPENDENCE.

One point yet remains in connection with the teaching of the Prophets, and that is their absolute independence. Most of them were in opposition to the prevailing opinion of their countrymen for the time being. Some of them were persecuted, some of them were in favour with God and man alike. But in all there was the same Divine Prophetic spirit of elevation above the passions, and prejudices, and distractions of common life. "Be not afraid of them; be not afraid of their faces; be not afraid of their words. Speak My words unto them, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear." "I have made thy face strong against their faces, and thy forehead strong against their foreheads: as an adamant harder than flint I have made thy forehead; fear them not, neither be dismayed." This is the position of all the Prophets, in a greater or less degree; it is the position, in the very highest sense of all, of Him whose chief outward characteristic it was that He stood high above all the influences of his age, and was the Rock against which they dashed in vain, and on which they were ground to powder. This element of the Prophetical Office deserves special consideration, because it pervades their whole teaching, and because it is in its lower manifestations within the reach of all. What is it that is thus recommended

to us? Not eccentricity, not singularity, not useless opposition to the existing framework of the world, or the Church in which we find ourselves. Not this, which is of no use to any one; but this, which is needed by every one of us—a fixed resolution to hold our own against chance and accident, against popular clamour and popular favour, against the opinions, the conversation, of the circle in which we live: a silent look of disapproval, a single word of cheering approval, an even course, which turns not to the right hand or to the left, unless with our own full conviction, a calm, cheerful, hopeful endeavour to do the work that has been given us to do, whether we succeed or whether we fail.

Jewish Church, Lect. XX.

THE PSALMS.

THE Book of Psalms is, as it were, a little Bible in itself. It is a Bible within a Bible; in which most of the peculiarities, inward and outward, of the rest of the sacred volume are concentrated. It has its five separate books like the Pentateuch. It invites inquiry into the authorship of its various parts. Here, as elsewhere, the popular belief that the "Psalter of David" was entirely composed by[1] David himself, has given way before the critical research which long ago detected the vast diversity of authorship existing throughout the collection. As, on the one hand, we gratefully acknowledge the single impulse which brought the book into existence, we recognise no less, on the other hand, the many illustrious poets whose works underneath that single name have come down to us, unknown, yet hardly less truly the offspring of David's mind, than had they sprung directly from himself. The evident accommodation of many of the Psalms to the various events through which the nation passed, whilst it shows the freedom with which these sacred

[1] So Augustine and Chrysostom; just as, for a similar reason, the whole Pentateuch has been at times ascribed to Moses, the whole of the Books of Samuel to Samuel, the whole of the Book of Joshua to Joshua, or the whole of the Book Isaiah to Isaiah.

poems were handled by successive editors, adds to their interest by intertwining them more closely with the national history. The poetry which they contain is not Epical, but Lyrical. Epic poetry was denied to the Semitic, and reserved for the Indo-Germanic, races. But this defect is to a great extent supplied by the ivy-like tenacity with which the growth of the Hebrew Lyrics winds itself round and round the more than Epical trunk of the Hebrew history.

The Psalter, thus freely composed, has further become the Sacred Book of the world, in a sense belonging to no other part of the Biblical records. Not only does it hold its place in the Liturgical services of the Jewish Church, not only was it used more than any other part of the Old Testament by the writers of the New, but it is in a special sense the peculiar inheritance of the Christian Church through all its different branches. "From whatever point of view any Church hath contemplated the scheme of its doctrine—by whatever name they have thought good to designate themselves, and however bitterly opposed to each other in church government or observance of rites, you will find them all, by harmonious and universal consent, adopting the Psalter as the outward form by which they shall express the inward feelings of the Christian life." It was so in the earliest times. The Passover Psalms were the "Hymn" of the Last Supper. In the first centuries Psalms were sung at the Love-feasts, and formed the morning and evening hymns of the primitive Christians. "Of the other Scriptures," says Theodoret in the fifth century, "the generality of men know next to nothing. But the Psalms you will find again and again repeated in private houses, in market-places, in streets, by those who have learned them by heart, and who soothe themselves by their Divine melody." "When other parts of Scripture are used," says S. Ambrose, "there is such a noise of talking in the church, that you cannot hear what is said. But when the Psalter is read, all are silent." They were sung by the ploughmen of Palestine, in the time of Jerome; by the boatmen of Gaul in the time of Sidonius Apollinaris. In the most barbarous of churches—

the Abyssinian—the Psalter is treated almost as an idol, is the only book allowed to be read by the children of the laity, and is sung through from end to end at every funeral. In the most Protestant of churches—the Presbyterians of Scotland, the Nonconformists of England—"psalm-singing" has almost passed into a familiar description of their ritual. In the Churches of Rome and of England, they are daily recited, in proportions such as far exceed the reverence shown to any other portion of the Scriptures.

If we descend from Churches to individuals, there is no one book which has played so large a part in the history of so many human souls. By the Psalms, Augustine was consoled on his conversion, and on his death-bed. By the Psalms, Chrysostom, Athanasius, Savonarola, were cheered in persecution. With the words of a Psalm, Polycarp, Columba, Hildebrand, Bernard, Francis of Assisi, Huss, Jerome of Prague, Columbus, Henry the Fifth, Edward the Sixth, Ximenes, Xavier, Melanchthon, Jewell, breathed their last. So dear to Wallace in his wanderings was his Psalter, that during his execution, he had it hung before him, and his eyes remained fixed upon it as the one consolation of his dying hours. The unhappy Darnley was soothed in the toils of his enemies by the 55th Psalm. The 68th Psalm cheered Cromwell's soldiers to victory at Dunbar. Locke, in his last days, bade his friends read the Psalms aloud, and it was whilst in rapt attention to their words that the stroke of death fell upon him. Lord Burleigh selected them out of the whole Bible as his special delight. They were the framework of the devotions and of the war-cries of Luther; they were the last words that fell on the ear of his imperial enemy Charles the Fifth.

Whence has arisen this universal influence? What lessons can we draw from this "natural selection" of a book of such character?

First, something is owing to its outward poetical form, and it is a matter of no small importance that this homage should have been thus extorted.

There has always been in certain minds a repugnance to

poetry, as inconsistent with the gravity of religious feeling. It has been sometimes thought that to speak of a Book of the Bible as "poetical," is a disparagement of it. It has been in many Churches thought that the more scholastic, dry, and prosaic the forms in which religious doctrine is thrown, the more faithfully is its substance represented. Of all human compositions, the most removed from poetry are the Decrees and Articles of Faith, in which the belief of Christendom has often been enshrined as in a sanctuary. To such sentiments the towering greatness of David, the acknowledged pre-eminence of the Psalter, are constant rebukes. David, beyond king, soldier, or prophet, was the sweet singer of Israel. Had Raphael painted a picture of Hebrew as of European Poetry, David would have sate aloft at the summit of the Hebrew Parnassus, the Homer of Jewish song. His passionate, impetuous, wayward character, is that which in all ages has accompanied the highest gifts of musical or poetical genius. "The rapid stroke as of alternate wings," "the heaving and sinking as of the troubled heart," which have been beautifully described as the essence of the parallel structure of Hebrew verses, are exactly suited for the endless play of human feeling, and for the understanding of every age and nation. The Psalms are beyond question poetical, from first to last, and he will be a bold man who shall say that a book is less inspired, or less true, or less orthodox, or less divine, because it is like the Psalms. The Prophet, in order to take root in the common life of the people, must become a Psalmist.

Secondly, the effect of the Psalter is owing to that diversity of character, sentiment, doctrine, authorship, which we reluctantly acknowledge in other parts of the Bible, and in other parts of our Christian worship, but which we willingly recognise in the Psalms. In them is exemplified to the full that extraordinary complexity and variety of character and of history which have been noticed in David himself. "His harp was full-stringed, and every angel of joy and of sorrow swept over the chords as he passed. For the hearts of a hundred

men strove and struggled together within the narrow continent of his single heart."

David struck the keys of these hundred notes at once, and they have been reverberated yet more and more widely through the hundred authors whose voices he awakened after him. Solomon, Hezekiah, Asaph, Heman and Ethan, with all their followers; the exiled mourners by the waters of Babylon; the latest of the prophets; possibly the unknown minstrels who cheered the armies of the Maccabees—every one of these, with King David at their head, in their various modes of thankfulness, sorrow, despair, hope, rage, love, mercy, vengeance, doubt, faith—every one of these, through their different trials, of wanderings, escapes, captivity, banishment, bereavement, persecutions, in their quiet contemplation of nature, in the excitement of the battlefield, in the splendour of great coronations, in the solemnity of mighty funerals—from each of these sources each has contributed to the charm which the Psalter possesses for the whole race of mankind. When Christian[1] martyrs and Scottish Covenanters[2] in dens and caves of the earth, when French exiles[3] and English fugitives[4] in their hiding-places during the panic of revolution or of mutiny, received a special comfort from the Psalms, it was because they found themselves literally side by side with the author in the cavern of Adullam, or on the cliffs of Engedi, or beyond the Jordan, escaping from Saul or from Absalom, from the Philistines or from the Assyrians. When Burleigh or Locke seemed to find an echo in the Psalms to their own calm philosophy, it was because they were listening to the strains which had proceeded from the mouth or charmed the ear of the sagacious King or the thoughtful statesman of Judah. It

[1] The figure of Ps. xlii. 1, often repeated in the Roman Catacombs.

[2] Sir Patrick Hume, when, hid in the sepulchral vault, he had no light to read by, having committed to memory Buchanan's version of the Psalms, beguiled the weary hours of his confinement by repeating them to himself, and, to his dying day, he could repeat every one without missing a word, and said they had been the great comfort of his life by night and day on all occasions.—*Life of Sir P. Hume, by his Daughter*, p. 38.

[3] So I have been told by those who fled in the Revolution of 1848.

[4] "There is not a day in which we do not find something in the Psalms that appears written especially for our unhappy circumstances, to meet the wants and feelings of the day."—Edwards's *Personal Narrative of the Indian Mutiny*, 145, 165.

has been often observed that the older we grow, the more interest the Psalms possess for us, as individuals; and it may almost be said that by these multiplied associations, the older the human race grows, the more interest do they possess for mankind.

Yet further, if from amongst these multifarious notes we select those which are peculiar to the Psalter, we shall find still deeper causes for its long pre-eminence, for the importance justly assigned to David as a second Moses. The sentiments which it contains are of the most various and unequal kind. It can plead no exemption from the defects of the Jewish system. Nor even in the wars of Joshua or the song of Deborah, does the vindictive spirit of the ancient dispensation burn more fiercely than in the imprecations of the 69th, 109th, and 137th Psalms. When Clovis fed his savage spirit from the 18th Psalm, it was, we must confess, because he found there the sparks of a kindred soul. Hardly, in the silence of the Pentateuch, or the gloomy despair of Ecclesiastes, is the faintness of the hope of immortality more chilling than in the 30th, 49th, and 88th Psalms. Many of its excellences, too, are shared with other portions. Its stern contempt of the sacrificial system, its exaltation of the moral law above the ceremonial, are Prophetic, even more than Psalmodic. Its strains of battle and victory are not equal to the rude energy of the ancient war-songs of the Judges. But there are three points in which the Psalms stand unrivalled.

The first is the depth of personal expression and experience. There are doubtless occasions when the Psalmist speaks as the organ of the nation. But he is for the most part alone with himself and with God. Each word is charged with the intensity of some grief or joy, known or unknown. If the doctrines of S. Paul derive half their force from their connection with his personal struggles, the doctrines of David also strike home and kindle a fire wherever they light, mainly because they are the sparks of the incandescence of a living human experience like our own. The Patriarchs speak as the Fathers of the chosen race; the Prophets speak as its

representatives and its guides. But the Psalmist speaks as the mouthpiece of the individual soul, of the free, independent, solitary conscience of man everywhere.

The second of these peculiarities is, what we may call in one word, the perfect naturalness of the Psalms. It appears perhaps most forcibly, in their exultant freedom and joyousness of heart. It is true, as Lord Bacon says, that "if you listen to David's harp, you will hear as many hearselike airs as carols," yet still the carols are found there more than anywhere else. "Rejoice in the Lord." . . . "Sing ye merrily." . . . "Make a cheerful noise." . . . "Take the psalm, bring hither the tabret, the merry harp, with the lute." . . . "Oh, praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God." . . . "A joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful." This in fact is the very meaning of the word "Psalm." The one Hebrew word which is their very pith and marrow is "Hallelujah." They express, if we may so say, the sacred duty of being happy. Be happy, cheerful, and thankful as ever we can, we cannot go beyond the Psalms. They laugh, they shout, they cry, they scream for joy. There is a wild exhilaration which rings through them. They exult alike in the joy of battle, and in the calm of nature. They see God's goodness everywhere. They are not ashamed to confess it. The bright side of creation is everywhere uppermost; the dark sentimental side, at least of the outer world, is hardly ever seen. The fury of the thunderstorm, the roaring of the sea, are to them full of magnificence and delight. Like the Scottish poet in his childhood, at each successive peal they clap their hands in innocent pleasure. The affection for birds, and beasts, and plants, and sun, and moon, and stars, is like that which S. Francis of Assisi claimed for all these fellow-creatures of God, as his brothers and sisters. There have been those for whom, on this very account, in moments of weakness and depression, the Psalms have been too much: yet not the less is this vein of sacred merriment valuable in the universal mission of the Chosen People. And the more so, because it grows out of another feeling in the Psalms,

which has also jarred strangely on the minds of devout but narrow schools, "the free and princely heart of innocence," which to modern religion has often seemed to savour of self-righteousness, and want of proper humility. The Psalmist's bounding, buoyant hope, his fearless claim to be rewarded according to his righteous dealing, his confidence in his own integrity, no less than his agony over his own crimes, his passionate delight in the Law, not as a cruel enemy, but as the best of guides, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb—these are not according to the requirements of Calvin or even of Pascal: they are from a wholly different point of the celestial compass than that which inspired the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians. But they have not the less a truth of their own, a truth to Nature, a truth to God, which the human heart will always recognise. The frank unrestrained benediction on the upright honest man, "the noblest work of God," with which the Psalter opens, is but the fitting prelude to the boundless generosity and prodigality of joy with which in its close it calls on "every creature that breathes," without stint or exception, to "praise the Lord." It may be that such expressions as these owe their first impulse in part to the new epoch of national prosperity and individual energy, ushered in by David's reign; but they have swept the mind of the Jewish nation onward towards that mighty destiny which awaited it; and they have served, though at a retarded speed, to sweep on, ever since, the whole spirit of humanity in its upward course. "The burning stream has flowed on after the furnace itself has cooled." As of the classic writers of Greece it has been well said that they possess a charm quite independent of their genius, in the radiance of their brilliant and youthful beauty, so it may be said of the Psalms that they possess a like charm, independent even of their depth of feeling or loftiness of doctrine. In their free and generous grace the youthful, glorious David seems to live over again with a renewed vigour. "All our fresh springs" are in him, and in his Psalter.

Jewish Church, Lect. XXV.

THE JEWISH TEMPLE AND A CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

THERE are points of connection as well as points of contrast between the Jewish Temple and a Christian church.

The Temple itself became no doubt the object of a local veneration, at times amounting almost to idolatry. The Jews regarded it as a talisman that was to guard them in spite of all their sins. The Jews in the siege of Titus clung to it as a refuge in the last agony of their nation. The Jews at the present day recall its glories, and murmur their wailings at the crevices of its walls, "with a tenacity unmatched by that of any other people to any other building in the ancient world." But, nevertheless, even in this excess of local devotion, there was a spiritual and moral element.

The very combination of a spiritual religion with material splendour and foreign art in such a building, carried with it the germs of all Christian architecture and the principle of national worship in fixed places, for ever. In some forms of the Christian Church even its outward details have been perpetuated. The name at least of the "altar" has been retained in the Roman Catholic and Lutheran Churches, and, although to a very limited and doubtful extent, in our own. The name and partly the idea of "the Holy of Holies" has been copied in the Eastern Church. The architects of the middle ages, and, it is said, the Freemasons of our own time, made a boast of tracing back their legendary lore and strange usages to those of Solomon's Temple. The chief ecclesiastical builder of ancient Christendom, the Emperor Justinian, when he had finished the first metropolitan cathedral of the world, recurred in thought to his first imperial prototype, and exclaimed, "I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!" Over the elaborate portal of Strasburg, it is Solomon who sits enthroned, and the most splendid of the entrances to Westminster Abbey was long known by the name of "Solomon's Porch."

The concentration of public life round the Temple raised

the whole idea of worship from the edifice to the people who encompassed, and, as it were, absorbed it. Unless the Jewish worship had been confined to one particular spot, and that the capital of the nation, there would have been no scope for the magnificent metaphor which in later times transferred the image of "the Temple," the one undivided temple, to the one undivided yet illimitable community of the Christian Church. "The living stones," "the spiritual house," "the whole building fitly framed together, growing into a holy "Temple," on its "chief corner stone," "the pillars in the Temple of God" —these images, so full of meaning, could never, humanly speaking, have occurred to the Christian Apostles, had the waving curtains of the nomadic Tent not been replaced by the solid structure of the Temple. The architectural figure of "edification," so constantly applied by them to the piling up, stone after stone, of the human character, was in the first instance suggested almost literally by the separate parts silently fitted together, and rising majestically, stage above stage, in the one sacred edifice dear to all their converts from the Jewish world, familiar to most of those from the Gentiles. Those lofty buildings and those deep substructions still "remain for all time" in a yet higher sense, through this application of them, than Solomon or his successors could possibly have anticipated.

There is another point in which the Temple served to perpetuate a lesson of lasting importance. Its Founder had the perception, rare in those who undertake works of this magnitude, to see it in its due proportions to the higher truth which it represented. The first public recognition of Prayer as distinct from sacrifice—of the spiritual as distinct from the ceremonial mode of approaching God—is the prayer of Solomon at the Dedication of the Temple. And further, in this moment of the extremest triumph of ritual and material worship, was uttered one of the most spiritual truths that the Old Testament contains: "Behold the Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house that I have builded?" The combination of the

two ideas in this remarkable instance has to some extent held them together since. The very magnificence of the occasion which then set them forth is a guarantee that they need never be divided. And therefore, when the first voice arose in the Christian Church to proclaim the annihilation of the local sanctity even of the Temple itself, this absolute assertion of spiritual freedom was based on the recognition of Solomon's place in the long succession of the founders of the Holy Places of Israel. "Solomon built him an house," says S. Stephen. "Howbeit the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands. . . . Heaven is My throne, and earth My footstool; what house will ye build Me? saith the Lord: or what is the place of My rest? Hath not My hand made all these things?"

"Pull down the nests, and the rooks will fly away," is the well-known maxim[1] which is said to have shattered to the ground the cathedral of S. Andrew's, as well as many a lesser church and abbey, both in Scotland and in England. But Solomon saw that even the splendour of the Temple might be a safeguard, not a destruction, of the highest ideas of spiritual worship. There is a superstition in denouncing religious art, as well as in clinging to it. There is no inherent connection between ugliness and godliness. There was a danger of superstition in the rough planks and the black hair-cloth of the Tabernacle, closer at hand than in the gilded walls and marble towers of the Temple. There is a wisdom in the policy of John Knox; but there is a still higher wisdom in the Prayer of Solomon.

[1] The origin of this saying has been much disputed. In the *Disputatio Apologetica de jure Regis Hiberniæ pro Catholicis Hibernis adversus hæreticos Anglos* (Frankfort, 1645), it is represented as the application, by Henry VIII., of an older proverb, to the dissolution of the English monasteries. "Illud barbarum usurpans dictum, corvorum nidos esse penitus disturbandos ne postea iterum ad cohabitandum convolarent." It is ascribed to Knox by Drummond of Hawthornden. I owe these references to the kindness of Mr. Robertson of the Register House, Edinburgh. I have since found a still earlier instance. It was the advice given to the King of Meath in regard to the Norwegian fortresses of the Norsemen in Ireland.—Giraldus Cambrensis, *Hist.* iii. 42.

Jewish Church, Lect. XXVII.

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES.

THE Book of Proverbs is, in the Canon of the Old Testament, followed by the book called, in the Greek, *Ecclesiastes*, in the Hebrew, *Koheleth*, in the English, the "Preacher." The "Preacher" represented in it is no doubt Solomon. The writer was, in some Jewish traditions, supposed to be Isaiah, in some Hezekiah, and in the Christian Church, since the time of Grotius, many distinguished scholars [1] have supposed, from the character of the language, compared with that of the Proverbs, and from the general allusions, that it must be of a later date still. We have a splendid sanction of the same kind of personification in the Book of Wisdom. But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that Ecclesiastes embodies the sentiments which were believed to have proceeded from Solomon at the close of his life, and therefore must be taken as the Hebrew, Scriptural, representation of his last lesson to the world.

What those lessons were, have, by reason of the obscurity of the style, been matters of considerable doubt. Many, both Jewish and Christian, of former times, have been so strongly impressed by the gloom, the despair, the supposed Epicureanism which pervades the book, as to wish to reject it altogether from the canon of Scripture. The Jewish doctors hesitated to receive it. The most renowned "interpreter" of the ancient Eastern Church rejected it in the fifth century. Abulfaragius, in the fourteenth century, doubtless drew from this book his mournful representation of Solomon as a disciple of the sect of the sceptical Empedocles. Even in England, the doubters and scoffers amongst our half-educated mechanics often take refuge under the authority of Solomon, and make the Book of Ecclesiastes alternately the sanction of their own unbelief, and a ground of attack against the general faith of the Bible.

But a more careful insight will supply us with a true answer

[1] See Ginsburg's excellent history of the literature of the subject in his Commentary on Ecclesiastes.

to these difficulties, and make us feel both the value of Ecclesiastes as a part of Scripture, and also its close connection with the character and career of the wise King of Israel.

As the Book of Job is couched in the form of a dramatic argument between the Patriarch and his friends, as the Song of Songs is a dramatic dialogue between the Lover and the Beloved One, so the Book of Ecclesiastes is a drama of a still more tragic kind. It is an interchange of parts, higher and lower, mournful and joyful, within a single human soul. It is like the struggle between the two principles in the Epistle to the Romans. It is like the question and answer of the "Two Voices" of our modern poet. It is like the perpetual strophe and antistrophe of Pascal's *Pensées*. But it is more complicated, more entangled, than any of these, in proportion as the circumstances from which it grows are more perplexing, as the character which it represents is vaster, and grander, and more distracted. Every speculation and thought of the human heart is heard, and expressed, and recognised in turn. The conflicts which in other parts of the Bible are confined to a single verse or a single chapter, are here expanded to a whole book.

Listen, not with scoffing or disbelief, but with reverence and sympathy, to its darker strains. No history in the Bible is more disappointing than the close of the life of Solomon. No book in the Bible is sadder than the Book of Ecclesiastes. The nearest approach to it in the Sacred writings is to be found in two of the Psalms, the 88th and 89th, ascribed by their titles to two of Solomon's greatest contemporaries: Heman and Ethan. Like Ecclesiastes, they bear marks of being themselves of later date, put into the mouths of those two famous oracles of ancient wisdom. Like it, too, they present the profound melancholy of human experience, lit up here and there with a gleam of brighter hope. In Ecclesiastes, the first prevailing cry is that of weariness and despair. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. . . . I looked on all that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit. . . . In much wisdom is much grief. . . . He that increaseth

knowledge increaseth sorrow. Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous unto me; for all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Deep as is the melancholy which fills the soul of the Preacher, as he is thus described in the contemplation of his own life, it is deeper still as he looks round on the wide world which through him was first opened to the eyes of Israel. "I returned, and considered the oppressions that were done under the sun: and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter. . . . Wherefore I praised the dead that were already dead more than the living which are yet alive. Yea, better than both they is he which hath not been. . . . That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts—as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have one breath; so that a man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity. . . . All things come alike to all: there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked. . . . to the clean and to the unclean. . . . As is the good, so is the sinner. . . . Time and chance happeneth to them all." This cry is indeed full of doubt, and despair, and perplexity; it is such as we often hear from the melancholy, sceptical, inquiring spirits of our own age; such as we often refuse to hear, and regard as unworthy even a good man's thought or care. But the admission of such a cry into the Book of Ecclesiastes shows that it is not beneath the notice of the Bible, not beneath the notice of God. It is not the voice of abstract right, or truth, or religion, but it is the bitter, the agonised, and in this sense the most true and characteristic, utterance, of one who has known all things, been admired by all men, has seen through all the littleness and worthlessness of all these things in themselves, and yet not been able to grasp that which alone could give them an enduring value, or compensate for their absence. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Doubt can find a place even in the sacred books; despair even in the heart of inspired wisdom.

But, along with this unbelieving cynical distress, are other elements gradually gaining ground. First, there is the profound experience of human life, expressing itself in strains of

wisdom so refined, so serious, as to belong rather to a modern age, than to that when the book was composed. "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven: a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up; a time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away; a time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak; a time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace." How many of the worst controversies and scandals which have beset the history of the Church would have been spared, if this doctrine of the wise man had been remembered, that there is a proportion in all things: that what is right at one time is wrong at another; that what is wisdom in one age is folly in another!

But there are strains of a still higher mood. Amidst the darkest gloom, there come, from time to time, counsels from an entirely opposite quarter. Cheerfulness, resignation, the call to do our duty, however dreary and uncertain the future —the more cheerfully and actively, as the future is more dreary and more uncertain: "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God *now* accepteth thy works. . . . Live joyfully with the wife that thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity; for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labours which thou takest under the sun. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest." And the tone of the book, as it draws to the end, becomes at once more harmonious with itself and more serious. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth" . . . (this still is to continue), "but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment. Remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh . . . yet remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." There is a deep

solemnity, but there is no murmur, in the description which follows of the end which awaits us all. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

But even this is not the end. There is a yet simpler and nobler summary of those varied encounters with the manifold problems of life, as represented in the greatness and the fall of Solomon. It is not "vanity of vanities," it is not "rejoice and be merry," it is not even "wisdom and knowledge, and many proverbs, and the words of the wise, even words of truth." "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." For all students of ecclesiastical history, for all students of theology, for all who are about to be religious teachers of others, for all who are entangled in the controversies of the present, there are no better words to be remembered than these, viewed in their original and immediate application. They are the true answer to all perplexities respecting Ecclesiastes and Solomon; they are no less the true answer to all perplexities about human life itself: "Fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

Jewish Church, Lect. XXVIII.

INFLUENCE OF THE APOCRYPHA.

THE introduction of these writings into the very heart of the ancient Scriptures has had wider consequences than is often recognised.

In some respects, no doubt, it has had a debasing effect on the religious systems which have been founded on the mixed volume resulting from such additions. The books of this second Canon partook largely of the enfeebled style, the exaggerated rhetoric, the legendary extravagance, and, on

the other hand, the rigid exclusiveness, which characterised the history and literature of the nation after the return from the Captivity. It was, thus far, a true instinct which has caused the Rabbinical schools to denounce the perusal of these writings with a severity like that of the Roman Index. "He who studies the uncanonical books will have no portion in the world to come." "He who introduces into his house more than the twenty-four introduces confusion." And the like condemnation has been felt, if not expressed, by those Protestant Churches or teachers who have most eagerly excluded from use any Bible or Calendar that contains them. But there is another side to the question. These writings, if not deserving to be called "Canonical," as by the Church of Rome, or "inspired," though not "canonical," Scriptures, as by the Church of England, are invaluable as keeping alive, not only the continuity of the sacred literature, but the sense of the gradations of excellence even in sacred books; and thus serving as a perpetual protest against the uniform, rigorous, rigid, levelling theory, which has been the bane of all theology, and which has tended so greatly to obscure the true meaning and purpose even of the earlier Hebrew Scriptures. It is humorously told in a famous romance of our day how the pious peasant, who read through the whole Bible regularly, though he felt a certain disappointment on reading the Apocrypha, yet rejoiced in the freedom which it afforded of innocent criticism from which he had been hitherto withheld. That sentiment and that advantage are not confined to the English peasant. The free thought which thus played around the Apocryphal books nurtured a spirit of inquiry from which the whole Bible has gained. When Jerome attacked the improbabilities in the Song of the Three Children in the Greek part of Daniel, he was using exactly the same weapons which Porphyry used against the early date of the Hebrew part of the same book. The more enlightened members of the Roman Church, who have been familiarised with the admixture of legendary matter in the Books of Tobit and Judith, have been more ready, though in defiance of the usages of their communion, to recognise the

like elements in the Books of the Pentateuch or of the Judges. And even to those who (as in many Protestant Churches) refuse to concede any rank to the Books of the Apocrypha, a solid advantage has accrued from involuntary familiarity with writings so nearly Biblical in tone and spirit, and yet by the traditions of their sect or family excluded from the Bible. In an affecting passage in his autobiography, John Bunyan relates how he was for a long period at once comforted and perplexed by finding deep inward relief from words for which he vainly sought within the four corners of his Bible: "*Look at the generations of old and see; did ever any trust in the Lord and was confounded?*" "Then I continued," he says, "above a year and could not find the place; but, at last, casting my eyes upon the Apocrypha books, I found it in the tenth verse of the second chapter of Ecclesiasticus. This at the first did somewhat daunt me; because it was not in those texts that we call holy or canonical. Yet, as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it, and I bless God for that word, for it was of good to me. That word doth still oft-times shine before my face."

The discovery which Bunyan thus made of a source of consolation outside the "canonical texts" has a far wider application than the particular instance which so moved him. It opens as it were a postern-door into the charmed circle of the sacred books. It calls our attention to the fact that there were writings which, though denied a place in the Canonical Scriptures, yet shade away from the outskirts of those Scriptures into the Grecian philosophy and poetry, and have been acknowledged by grave theologians, and by Protestant Churches to be inspired by the same Divine Spirit that breathed, though in fuller tones, through Isaiah or through David.

Jewish Church, Lect. XLVII.

SOCRATES.

WHAT is left us of the individual life of Socrates even in his own time made him the best-known Athenian of his day, and in later times has so completely thrown his political acts into the shade that not one in ten thousand of those to whom his name is a household word has any knowledge whatever of the few passages in which he crossed the path of the statesman or the soldier.

It is not often that the personal appearance of a great man has been so faithfully preserved. In the Jewish history we have hardly, except in the case of David, and perhaps of Jeremiah, been able to discern a single lineament or colour of outward form or countenance. In the famous picture of the School of Athens we look round on the faces of the other philosophers, and detect them only by their likeness to some ideal model which the painter has imagined to himself. But the Socrates of Raffaelle is the true historical Socrates of Xenophon and Aristophanes. Could we transport ourselves back to the Athenian market-place during the Peloponnesian war, we should at once recognise one familiar figure, standing, with uplifted finger and animated gesture, amidst the group of handsome youths or aged sophists, eager to hear, to learn, and to refute. We should see the Silenic features of that memorable countenance—the flat nose, the thick lips, the prominent eyes—the mark of a thousand jests from friends and foes. We should laugh at the protuberance of the Falstaff stomach, which no necessary hardships, no voluntary exercise, could bring down. We should perceive the strong-built frame, the full development of health and strength, which never sickened in the winter campaign of Potidæa, nor yet in the long plague and stifling heats of the blockade of Athens; which could enter alike into the jovial revelry of the religious festivities of Xenophon and Plato, or sustain the austerities, the scanty clothing, the naked feet, and the coarse fare of his ordinary life. The strong common-sense, the humour, the

courage of the man were conspicuous at his very first outset. And every one knows the story of the physiognomist who detected in his features the traces of that fiery temper which for the most part he kept under severe control, but which, when it did break loose, is described by those who witnessed it as absolutely terrible, overleaping both in act and language every barrier of the ordinary decorum of Grecian manners.

But we must go back into his inner life, and into his earlier youth, before we can apprehend the feelings with which the Athenians must have regarded this strange apparition among them. He was still young, perhaps still in his father's workshop, labouring at his group of Graces, and seeking inspirations from the ancient founder of his house, the hero-artist Dædalus, when the first intimation of his mission dawned upon him. It is evident that Socrates partook largely of that enthusiastic temperament which is so often the basis of a profound character, but which is rarely united with a mind so remarkable for its healthy and vigorous tone in other respects. His complete abstraction from outward things reminds us partly of the ecstatic condition of the Hebrew Prophets or leaders, partly of some of the great scientific minds both in ancient and modern times. Ezekiel lay stretched out like a dead corpse for more than a year; Ezra sat crouching in the court of the Temple from dawn till evening in his horror at the violation of the law. In like manner "Archimedes would forget to eat his meals and require compulsion to take him to the bath." In such a moment of abstraction it was that he rushed out of the bath into the streets of Syracuse, exclaiming *Eureka! Eureka!* In such another moment he fell a victim to the sword of the Roman soldier, too intent on his problem to return the answer which would have saved his life. In such a mood it was that Sir Isaac Newton sat half-dressed on his bed for many hours in the day while composing the "Principia." And so we are told of Socrates, that he would suddenly fall into a reverie, and then remain motionless and regardless of all attempts to interrupt or call him away. On such an occasion, when in the camp at Potidæa, he was

observed to stand thus transfixed at the early dawn of a long summer day. One after another the soldiers gathered round him, but he continued in the same posture, undisturbed by their astonishment or by the noon-day heat which had begun to beat upon his head. Evening drew on, and still he was to be seen in the same position, and the inquisitive Ionians in the camp took their evening meal by his side, and drew out their pallets from their tents to watch him. And the cold dews of the Thracian night came on, and still he remained unmoved, till at last the sun rose above Mount Athos, and still found him on the same spot where he had been since the previous morning. Then at last he started from his trance, offered his morning prayer to the Sun-god, and retired.

Abstraction from the outer world so complete as this would of itself prepare us for the extraordinary disclosures which he has himself left of that "*divine sign*," which by later writers was called his "dæmon," his "inspiring genius," but which he himself calls by the simpler name of his prophetic or supernatural "voice." It is impossible not to be reminded by it of the language in which the Hebrew Prophets, both by themselves and by the historians of their race, are said to have heard in the midnight silence of the sanctuary, or in the mountain cave, or on the outskirts of the desert, the gentle "call," the still small whisper, the piercing cry, of the Divine Word. It recalls to us "the voices" by which the Maid of Orleans described herself to be actuated in her great task of delivering France from the English yoke, and to which, in the anguish of her last trial, she confidently appealed against the Judgment of Bishop, Council, or Pope. As in the case of some of the Jewish seers, like Samuel or Jeremiah, or of that French maiden, so in the case of Socrates, this mysterious monitor began to address him when he was a child, long before the consciousness of his powers or the conception of his mission had been realised in his mind, and continued down to the very close of his life.

Under any circumstances such an apparition would have struck astonishment into a Grecian city. All other teachers,

both before and afterwards, "either took money for their lessons, or at least gave them apart from the multitude in a private house to special pupils, with admissions or rejections at their own pleasure." Plato's retreat in the consecrated grove of *Academus*, Epicurus in his private *Garden*, the painted *Portico* or cloister of Zeno, the *Peripatetics* of Aristotle in the shaded walks round the *Lycean* sanctuary of Apollo, all indicate the prevailing practice. The philosophy of Socrates alone was in every sense the philosophy of the market-place. Very rarely he might be found under the shade of the plane-tree or the caverned rocks of the Ilissus, enjoying the grassy slope of its banks, and the little pools of water that collect in the corners of its torrent bed, and the white and purple flowers of its agnus castus shrubs. But ordinarily, whether in the city, in the dusty road between the Long Walls, or in the busy mart of Piræus, his place was amongst men, in every vocation of life, living not for himself, but for them, rejecting all pay, contented in poverty. Whatever could be added to the singularity of this spectacle was added by the singularity, as already indicated, of his outward appearance. Amidst the gay life, the beautiful forms, the brilliant colours of an Athenian multitude and an Athenian street, the repulsive features, the unwieldy figure, the bare feet, the rough thread-bare attire of the philosopher must have excited every sentiment of astonishment and ridicule which strong contrast can produce. And if to this we add the occasional trance, the eye fixed on vacancy, the total abstraction from outward objects—or again, the momentary outbursts of violent temper —or lastly (what we are told at times actually took place) the sudden irruptions of his wife Xanthippe to carry off her eccentric husband to his forsaken home—we shall not wonder at the universal celebrity which he acquired, even irrespectively of his singular powers or of his peculiar objects. An unusual diction or even an unusual dress secures attention for a teacher, so soon as he has once secured a hearing. Such was the natural effect of the hair-cloth wrappings, or at times the nudity, of the Jewish Prophets. When Socrates appeared, it

was (so his disciples described it) as if one of the marble satyrs which sat in grotesque attitudes with pipe or flute in the sculptor's shops at Athens had left his seat of stone, and walked into the plane-tree avenue or the gymnastic colonnade. Gradually the crowd gathered round him. At first he spoke to the tanners, and the smiths, and the drovers, who were plying their trades about him; and they shouted with laughter as he poured forth his homely jokes. But soon the magic charm of his voice made itself felt. The peculiar sweetness of its tone had an effect which even the thunder of Pericles failed to produce. The laughter ceased—the crowd thickened—the gay youth whom nothing else could tame stood transfixed and awestruck in his presence; there was a solemn thrill in his words, such as his hearers could compare to nothing but the mysterious sensation produced by the clash of drum and cymbal in the worship of the great Mother of the Gods—the head swam, the heart leaped at the sound—tears rushed from their eyes; and they felt that, unless they tore themselves away from that fascinated circle, they should sit down at his feet and grow old in listening to the marvellous music of this second Marsyas.

But the excitement occasioned by his appearance was increased tenfold by the purpose which he had set before him, when, to use the expressive comparison of his pupils, he cast away his rough satyr's skin and disclosed the divine image which that rude exterior had covered. The object to which he thus devoted himself with the zeal "not simply of a philosopher, but of a religious missionary doing the work of a philosopher," was to convince men of all classes, but especially the most distinguished, that they had the "conceit of knowledge without the reality."

Jewish Church, Lect. XLVI.

SOCRATES AND CHRISTIANITY.

In studying the character and life of Socrates we know that we are contemplating the most remarkable moral phenomenon in the ancient world; we are conscious of having climbed the highest point of the ascent of Gentile virtue and wisdom; we find ourselves in a presence which invests with a sacred awe its whole surroundings. We feel that here alone, or almost alone, in the Grecian world, we are breathing an atmosphere, not merely moral, but religious, not merely religious (it may be a strong expression, yet we are borne out by the authority of the earliest Fathers of the Church), but Christian. Difficult as it was to escape from these associations under any circumstances, the language of the latest Greek historian has now rendered it all but impossible. The startling phrases which he uses, as alone adequate to the occasion, are dictated by the necessity of the case; and when we are told that Socrates was a "cross-examining *missionary*"—that "he spent his life in public *apostolic* dialectics"—that he was habitually actuated by "his persuasion of a special *religious* mission," we are at once carried forward from the time of Socrates himself to that more sacred age from which these expressions are borrowed, and by which alone we are enabled fully to appreciate what Socrates was and did.

The comparisons which have often been drawn between the Galilean Teacher and the Athenian sage may have been at times exaggerated. There are in the accompaniments of the character of Socrates dark shadows, grotesque incidents, unworthy associations, which render any such parallel, if pressed too far, as painful and as untrue as the like parallels that have sometimes been found in Jacob or David, or, yet more rashly in Jephthah or Samson. Still, if viewed aright, there are few more remarkable confirmations of the reality of the Gospel history than the light which, by way of contrast or likeness, is thrown upon it by the highest example of Greek antiquity. It is instructive to observe that there, almost

alone, outside of the Jewish race is to be found the career which, at however remote a distance, suggests whether to friends or enemies a solid illustration of the One Life, which is the turning-point of the religion of the whole world. We do not forget the marvellous purity of the life of Buddha; nor the traces of the contact between the rise of Islam and the rise of Christianity. But there are points of comparison where these fail, and where the story of Socrates is full of suggestions. When we contemplate the contented poverty, the self-devotion, the constant publicity, the miscellaneous followers of Socrates, we feel that we can understand better than before the outward aspect at least of that Sacred Presence which moved on the busy shores of the Sea of Galilee, and in the streets and courts of Jerusalem. When we read of the dogged obstinacy of the court by which he was judged—the religious or superstitious prejudices invoked against him—the expression of his friend when all was finished—"Such was the end of the wisest and justest and best of all the men that I have ever known"—another Trial and another Parting inevitably rush to the memory. When we read the last conversations of the prisoner in the Athenian dungeon, our thoughts almost insensibly rise to the farewell discourses in the upper chamber at Jerusalem with gratitude and reverential awe. The differences are immense. But there is a likeness of moral atmosphere, even of external incident, that cannot fail to strike the attention. Or (to turn to another side), when we are perplexed by the difficulty of reconciling the narrative of the first three Evangelists with the altered tone of the fourth, it is at least a step towards the solution of that difficulty to remember that there is here a parallel diversity between the Socrates of Xenophon and the Socrates of Plato. No one has been tempted by that diversity to doubt the substantial identity, the true character, much less the historical existence of the master whom they both profess to describe. The divergences of Plato from Xenophon are incontestable; the introduction of his own colouring and thought undeniable; and yet not the less is his representation indispensable to the

complete ideal which mankind now reveres as the picture of Socrates. Nor, when we think of the total silence of Josephus, or of other comtemporary writers, respecting the events which we now regard as greatest in the history of mankind, is it altogether irrelevant to reflect that for the whole thirty years comprised in the most serious of ancient histories, Socrates was not only living, but acting a more public part, and, for all the future ages of Greece, an incomparably more important part, than any other Athenian citizen; and yet that so able and so thoughtful an observer as Thucydides has never once noticed him directly or indirectly. There is no stronger proof of the weakness of the argument from omission, especially in the case of ancient history, which, unlike our own, contained within its range of vision no more than was immediately before it for the moment. . . .

He no longer stands amongst us. Yet we can fancy what would result were he now to visit the earth—were he once more to appear with that Silenic physiognomy, with that grotesque manner, with that indomitable resolution, with that captivating voice, with that homely humour, with that solemn earnestness, with that siege of questions—among the crowded parties of our metropolis, under the groves and cloisters of our universities, in the midst of our political, our ecclesiastical, our religious meetings, on the floor of our legislative assemblies, at the foot of the pulpits of our well-filled churches. How often in a conversation, in a book, in a debate, in a speech, in a sermon, have we longed for the doors to open and for the son of Sophroniscus to enter—how often, in the heat of angry accusations, in the tempest of pamphlets, in the rabbinical subtleties or in the theological controversies, that have darkened counsel by words without knowledge for eighteen centuries and more, in Judaic or Christian times, might souls, weary with unmeaning phrases and undefined issues, have been tempted to exclaim: "Oh for one hour of Socrates!" Oh for one hour of that voice which should by its searching cross-examination make men see what they knew and what they did not know—what they meant, and what they only thought they meant—what they believed it

truth, and what they only believed in name—wherein they agreed, and wherein they differed! Differences, doubtless, would still remain, but they would be the differences of serious and thinking men, and there would be a cessation of the hollow catchwords and empty shibboleths by which all differences are inflamed and aggravated. The voice of the great Cross-examiner himself is indeed silent, but there is a voice in each man's heart and conscience which, if we will, Socrates has taught us to use rightly. That voice, more sacred than the divine monitor of Socrates himself, can still make itself heard; that voice still enjoins us to give to ourselves a reason for the hope that is in us—"both hearing and asking questions." He gave the stimulus which prepared the Western world for the Great Inquirer, the Divine Word which should "pierce even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow" of the human mind, "and discern the thoughts and intents of the heart." For that fancied repose, which the spirit of inquiry, whether from within or without, disturbs, the example of Socrates, and of the long line of his followers in Christendom, encourages us to hope that we shall be more than compensated by the real repose which it gives instead. "A wise questioning" is indeed "the half of knowledge." "A life without cross-examination is no life at all."

Jewish Church, Lect. XLVI.

POMPEY'S MARCH TO JERUSALEM.

It was a day eventful not only for Palestine. The shades of evening were falling over the encampment. Pompey was taking his usual ride after the march—careering round the soldiers as they were pitching their tents, when couriers were seen advancing from the north at full speed, waving on the points of their lances branches of laurel, to indicate some joyful news. The troops gathered round their general, and entreated to hear the tidings. At their eager wishes he sprang

down from his horse; they extemporised a tribune, hastily constructed of piles of earth and of the pack-saddles which lay upon the ground, and he read aloud the despatch, which announced the crowning mercy of his Oriental victories—the death of his great enemy Mithridates.

Wild was the shout of joy which went up from the army. It was as though ten thousand enemies had fallen. Throughout the camp arose the smoke of thankful sacrifice, and the festivity of banquets rang in every tent. Filled with this sense of triumphant success the army started at break of day for the interior of Judæa, after first occupying the fortresses which commanded that corner of the Jordan valley—those which were known by the name, perhaps, of the foreign mercenaries who manned them—as well as those which guarded the Dead Sea. Thus Pompey advanced in perfect security towards the mysterious and sacred city which possessed, no doubt, a special attraction for the curiosity of the inquiring Roman. From the north, from the south, from the west, the situation of Jerusalem produces but little effect on the spectator. But, seen from the east—seen from that ridge of Olivet whence Pompey alone, of its conquerors, first beheld it, rising like a magnificent apparition out of the depth and seclusion of its mountain valleys—it must have struck him with all its awe, and, had his generous heart forecast all the miseries of which his coming was the prelude, might have well inspired something of that compassion which the very same view, seen from the same spot ninety years later, awakened in One who burst into tears at the sight of Jerusalem, and mourned over her fatal blindness to the grandeur of her mission. From this point Pompey descended, and swept round the city, to encamp on the level ground on its western side.

Once more Aristobulus ventured into the conqueror's presence; but this time he was seized and loaded with chains. Then broke out within the walls one of those bitter internal conflicts of which Jerusalem has been so often the scene. The Temple was occupied by the patriots, who, even in this extremity, would not abandon their king and country. The

Palace and the walls were seized by those who, in passionate devotion to their party, were willing to admit the foreigner. The bridge between the Palace and the Temple was broken down; the houses round the Temple mount were occupied. Thus for three months the siege was continued. As if to bring out in the strongest relief the Jewish character in this singular crisis, the Sabbath, which, during the last two centuries had played so conspicuous a part in the history of the nation, was turned to account by the Romans in preparing their military engines and approaches, which, even in spite of the example of the first Asmonean, were held by the besieged not to be sufficient cause for a breach of the sacred rest. It may be that it was one of the instances in which the strict adherence of the Sadducees to the letter of the Law outran the zeal of their Pharisaic opponents. However occasioned, the Jewish and the Gentile historians concur in representing this enforced inactivity as the cause of the capture of the city. It was the greatest sacrifice that the Sabbatarian principle ever exacted or received. At last the assault was made.[1] So big with fate did the event appear that the names of the officers who stormed the breach were all remembered. The first was Cornelius Faustus, son of the dictator Sylla; and, immediately following, the centurions Furius and Fabius. A general massacre ensued, in which it is said that 12,000 perished. So deep was the horror and despair that many sprang over the precipitous cliffs. Others died in the flames of the houses, which, like the Russians at Moscow, they themselves set on fire. But the most memorable scene was that which the Temple itself presented. On that solemn festival, which the enemy had chosen for their attack, the Priests were all engaged in their sacred duties. With a dignity as unshaken as that which the Roman senators showed when they confronted in their curule

[1] It is doubtful whether "the Fast" spoken of in all the accounts was the Great Fast of the Day of Atonement, in autumn, or the smaller fast on the 20th of the winter month. On the one hand, "the Fast" was the usual name for the vigil of the Tabernacles. Compare Plutarch, *Quæst. Conviv.* vi. 12; Acts xxvii. 9. On the other hand, the mention of the third month by Josephus, unless it means the third month of the siege, points to the month Chisleu (see Ussher's *Annals*, 545). Reimar, on Dio Cass. xxxvii. 16.

chairs the Gaulish invaders, three centuries before, did the sacerdotal order of Jerusalem await their doom. They were robed in black sackcloth, which on days of lamentation superseded their white garments, and sat immovable in their seats round the Temple court, "as if they were caught in a net," till they fell under the hands of their assailants. And now came the final outrage. That which in Nebuchadnezzar's siege had been prevented by the general conflagration—that which Alexander forbore—that from which Ptolemy the Fourth had been, as it was supposed, deterred by a preternatural visitation—that on which even Antiochus Epiphanes had only partially ventured —was now to be accomplished by the gentlest and the most virtuous soldier of the Western world. He was irresistibly drawn on by the same "grand curiosity" which had always mingled with his love of fame and conquest, which inspired him with the passion for seeing with his own eyes the shores of the most distant seas, the Atlantic, the Caspian, and the Indian Ocean, which Lucan has in part placed in the mouth of his rival in ascribing to him for his last great ambition the discovery of the sources of the Nile. He passed into the nave (so to speak) of the Temple, where none but Priests might enter. There he saw the golden table, the sacred candlestick, which Judas Maccabæus had restored, the censers, and the piles of incense, the accumulated offerings of gold from all the Jewish settlements; but, with a moderation so rare in those days that Cicero at the time, and Josephus in the next century, alike commended it as an act of almost superhuman virtue, he touched and took nothing. He arrived at the vast curtain which hung across the Holy of Holies, into which none but the High Priest could enter, and but on one day in the year, that one day, if so be, the very day on which Pompey found himself there. He had, doubtless, often wondered what that dark cavernous recess could contain. Who or what was the God of the Jews was a question commonly discussed at philosophical entertainments both before and afterwards. When the quarrel between the two Jewish rivals came to the ears of the Greeks and Romans, the

question immediately arose as to the Divinity that these Princes both worshipped. Sometimes a rumour reached them that it was an ass's head; sometimes the venerable lawgiver wrapped in his long beard and wild hair; sometimes, perhaps, the sacred emblems which once were there, but had been lost in the Babylonian invasion; sometimes some god or goddess in human form like those who sat enthroned behind the altars of the Parthenon or the Capitol. He drew the veil aside. Nothing more forcibly shows the immense superiority of the Jewish worship to any which then existed on the earth than the shock of surprise occasioned by this one glimpse of the exterior world into that unknown and mysterious chamber. "There was nothing." Instead of all the fabled figures of which he had heard or read, he found only a shrine, as it seemed to him, without a God, because a sanctuary without an image. Doubtless the Grecian philosophers had at times conceived an idea of the Divinity as spiritual; doubtless the Etruscan priests had established a ritual as stately; but what neither philosopher nor priest had conceived before was the idea of a worship—national, intense, elaborate—of which the very essence was that the Deity receiving it was invisible. Often, even in Christian times, has Pompey's surprise been repeated: often it has been said that without a localising, a dramatising, a materialising representation of the Unseen, all worship would be impossible. The reply which he must, at least for the moment, have made to himself was that, contrary to all expectation, he had there found it possible.

It was natural that so rude a shock to the scruples of the Jews as Pompey's entrance of the Holy of Holies should be long resented, that when the deadly strife began between the two foremost men of the Roman world they should join Cæsar with all his vices against Pompey with all his virtues. It was natural, though less excusable, that even Christian writers should represent the calamities which afterwards overtook the hero of the East as a Divine vengeance for this intrusion. Yet, surely, if ever in those times such intrusion were deemed

admissible, it was to be forgiven in one whose clean hands[1] and pure heart, compared with most of the contemporary chiefs, David would have regarded as no disqualification for a dweller on God's Holy Hill—in one, through whose deep and serious insight, even if only for a moment, into the significance of that vacant shrine, the Gentile world received a thrill of sacred awe which it never lost, and the Christian world may receive a lesson which it has often sorely needed.

Jewish Church, Lect. L.

MURDER OF MARIAMNE.

THE intestine quarrels in the Herodian court now became so violent that the Princesses of the rival factions could not be allowed to meet. The mother and the sister of Herod were lodged in the fastness which was more peculiarly his own—Masada, by the Dead Sea. His wife and her mother remained in the castle dear to them as the ancient residence and burial-place of their family—Alexandreum.

There is something magnificent in the attitude of Mariamne at this crisis of her history—never for one moment lowering herself to any of the base intrigues of man or woman that surrrounded her, but never disguising from her husband her sense of the wrongs he had inflicted on her house. When he flew back from his interview with Augustus, inspired by the passionate affection of his first love, to announce to her his success in winning the favour of the conqueror of Actium, she turned away and reproached him with the murders of her brother and her grandfather.

Now was the moment when Salome saw her opportunity. She played on every chord of the King's suspicious temper, till it was irritated past endurance. Mariamne was arrested, tried,

[1] Modern historians have not been favourable to Pompey. But on the general character at least of his earlier years Arnold's verdict (Life of Cæsar, *Encyc. Metrop.* ii. p. 243) has on the whole not been reversed; and Macaulay (*Life*, i. p. 458), after speaking of Cato's splendid eulogy in Lucan's *Pharsalia* "as a pure gem of rhetoric without one flaw," adds, "and in my opinion not very far from historical truth."

condemned. Even in these last moments, she rose superior
ll around her. Unlike her mother, she had never shared
nean plots and counterplots to advance the interests, or
ıre the safety of the Asmonean house. If she spoke in
alf of her kindred, it was boldly and frankly to a husband,
/hose affections and generosity, if he was left to himself, she
w that she could rely. Unlike that ambitious princess, now
er extreme adversity she maintained a serenity in which her
her failed. It is the characteristic difference of the two
ıres that the restless woman who had employed every
:rable art in order to protect her family, now that the
est of her race, for whom she had hazarded all, was on the
ıt of destruction, lost all courage, and endeavoured to clear
elf by cowardly reproaches of her daughter in justification
ıe King. Mariamne, however, answered not a word. "She
ed a dutiful though scornful smile." Her look for a
ıent showed how deeply she felt for the shame of a mother;
she went on to her execution with unmoved countenance,
unchanged colour, and died, as she had lived, a true
cabee. Perhaps the most affecting and convincing testimony
er great character was Herod's passionate remorse. In a
:y of grief he invoked her name, he burst into wild lamenta-
;, and then, as if to distract himself from his own thoughts,
lunged into society; he had recourse to all his favourite
uits; he gathered intellectual society round him; he
k freely with his friends; he went to the chase. And
, again, he gave orders that his servants should keep up
llusion of addressing her as though she could still hear
ı; he shut himself up in Samaria, the scene of their first
led life, and there, for a long time, attacked by a devouring
:, hovered on the verge of life and death. Of the three
ly towers which he afterwards added to the walls of Jeru-
n, one was named after his friend Hippias, the second
his favourite brother, Phasael, but the third, most costly
most richly worked of all, was the monument of his beloved
ıamne.

Jewish Church, Lect. L.

IMPORTANCE OF FACTS IN THEOLOGICAL STUDY.

WHATEVER may be the uncertainties of History, whatever its antiquarian prejudices, whatever its imaginative temptations, there is at least one sobering and enlarging effect always to be expected from it—that it brings us down from speculations and fancies to what at least profess to be facts, and that those facts transport us some little distance from the interests and the illusions of the present. This is especially true of History in connection with Theology. As it is one of the main characteristics of Christianity itself, that alone of all religions it claims to be founded on historical fact; that its doctrines and precepts in great measure have been conveyed to us in the form of history; and that this form has given them a substance, a vitality, a variety, which could, humanly speaking, have been attained in no other way; so we need not fear to confess that the same connection has existed through all the subsequent stages of the propagation of the religion. "The disciple is not above his Master;" Theology is not above Christianity; the Christian Church is in many respects the best practical exposition of the Christian Religion. Facts are still the most powerful, the most solid, the most stubborn guides in the mazes of speculation and casuistry: they cut through difficulties which arguments cannot overturn; they overturn theories which will surrender to nothing else. Ecclesiastical History is thus, as it were, the backbone of Theology. It keeps the mind of the theological student in an upright state. Often as facts are perverted, and twisted and bent to meet a purpose, yet they offer a sterner resistance than anything else short of the primary instincts of humanity.

They offer, too, not only the most convincing, but the least irritating modes of persuasion, an advantage in theological matters of no mean importance. The wrath which

is kindled by an anathema, by an opinion, by an argument, is often turned away by a homely fact. It is like suddenly meeting an enemy face to face, of whom we have known only by report; he is different from what we expected; we cannot resist the pressure of his hand and the glance of his eye; he has ceased to be an abstraction, he has become a person. How many elaborate arguments respecting terms of salvation and terms of communion are shivered to pieces, yet without offence, almost without resistance, as they are "walked through" (if I may use the expression) by such heathens as Socrates, such Nonconformists as Howard, such Quakers as Elizabeth Fry!

This applies more and more strongly as our range of facts is enlarged. The more numerous and the more varied are the objects which we embrace within our range of vision, the less likely are we to place our trust in what Bacon well calls "the idols of the cave," in which our own individual lot is cast.

It will be vain to argue, on abstract grounds, for the absolute and indefeasible necessity of some practice or ceremony of which we have learnt from history that there is no instance for one, two, three, or four hundred years, in the most honoured ages of the Church. It will be vain to denounce as subversive of Christianity, doctrines which we have known from biography to have been held by the very saints, martyrs, and reformers whom else we are constantly applauding. Opinions and views which, in a familiar and modified form, waken in us no shock of surprise, or even command our warm admiration, will often for the first time be truly apprehended when we see them in the ritual or the creed of some rival, or remote, or barbarous Church, which is but the caricature or exaggeration of that which we ourselves hold. Practices which we insist on retaining or repudiating as if they involved the very essence of the Catholic faith or of the Reformation, will appear less precious or less dangerous, as the case may be, in the eyes of the respective disputants, if history shows us clearly that we thereby make ourselves, on

the one hand, more papal than the Pope, more Roman than Rome; on the other hand more Lutheran than Luther, more Genevan than Calvin.

Eastern Church, Introd.

THE SCRIPTURES AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

THE actual effects, the manifold applications, in history, of the words of Scripture, give them a new instruction, and afford a new proof of their endless vigour and vitality. Look through any famous passage of the Old, or yet more of the New, Testament; there is hardly one that has not borne fruit in the conversion of some great saint, or in the turn it has given to some great event. At a single precept of the Gospels, Antony went his way and sold all that he had; at a single warning of the Epistles, Augustine's hard heart was melted beneath the fig tree at Milan; a single chapter of Isaiah made a penitent believer of the profligate Rochester. A word to S. Peter has become the stronghold of the Papacy; a word from S. Paul has become the stronghold of Luther. The Psalter alone, by its manifold applications and uses in after times, is a vast palimpsest, written over and over again, illuminated, illustrated, by every conceivable incident and emotion of men and nations; battles, wanderings, dangers, escapes, death-beds, obsequies, of many ages and countries, rise, or may rise, to our view as we read it.

Nor is it only in special passages that the history of the Church sets before us the greatness of its origin. It is on looking back upon a mountain range which we have left, that we often for the first time understand its true character. The peaks, which in a nearer view were all confused, now stand out distinct; the line of heights is drawn out in its full length; the openings and passes disentangle themselves from the surrounding valleys; the nearer and lesser objects

now sink to their proper level, as they are seen backed and overtopped by the lofty range behind and above them. Even so do we, at the distance of eighteen hundred years, see in many respects the truths of Scripture with a clearer vision than they who lived even amidst their recesses or at their very foot. We who have traversed the long levels of Ecclesiastical History can see what they of old time could not see, the elevation of those divine words and acts, as compared with any that followed. We can see, as they could not see, the wide circumference of objects which those words and acts overlooked, embraced, comprehended. We can distinguish, as they could not distinguish, the relative importance, the due proportions, the general outline, of the various heights, and can sketch our picture and direct our steps accordingly.

Eastern Church, Introd.

THE KORAN COMPARED WITH THE BIBLE.

THE Koran has special claims on our attention as the sacred book of the world which can best be compared with our own,[1] and which, by that comparison, furnishes not merely an evidence to the Divine supremacy of the Bible, but also brings into the strongest relief the true character of the contents and authority of the Scriptures, in contradistinction to the modern theories which have sometimes been formed concerning them.

1. In its outward form there are two resemblances to different portions of the Bible. First, its chapters are stamped by a peculiarly fragmentary and occasional character, written as they are at different periods of Mahomet's life, suggested by special incidents, modified by the successive exigencies of the time, revealing the struggles of his own inward feelings, and indicating the gradual progress of his career. These

[1] M. Barthelemy S. Hilaire (*Journal des Savants*, Aug., 1860, p. 460) adds the Veda. But the relations of the Veda to the Bible are so much more distant, as to make the comparison less easy.

features of the book, which form its chief charm and its chief difficulty, also furnish the best proof of its genuineness. Something of the same charm, the same difficulty, and the same evidence is afforded by the Pauline Epistles. The force of Paley's argument in the "Horæ Paulinæ" may be tested by its application to the Koran. The difficulty which we find in the Koran from the contravention of the chronological order in the chapters, of which the earliest in time are the latest in position, and some of the latest in time amongst the earliest in position, is parallel to the confusion introduced into the study of S. Paul's Epistles by the disregard of their natural order, which has placed the Epistles to the Thessalonians nearly at the end, and the Epistle to the Romans at the beginning, of the series. Happily, in the case of the Pauline Epistles, the disarrangement has not yet become irretrievably stereotyped, as in the Koran, and we are therefore still able to reap the benefit of their true historical sequence without difficulty.

The other resemblance is of a totally different kind, and to a totally different part of the Scriptures. The position which the Koran has assumed in the Mahometan world corresponds more nearly than that of any other book or system to the Law or Pentateuch in the Jewish Church. It contains the civil as well as the moral and religious code of the nations which it governs. Its precepts are regarded as binding in the same literal sense as was the case with the Mosaic ordinances. It has given birth to an order or profession of men exactly similar to the Jewish Scribes. The clergy, if we may so call them, of the Mahometan Church are also its lawyers. The chief ecclesiastical functionary of Constantinople is also the chief legal officer. His duty is to expound the text of the Koran, and furnish such interpretations of it as will facilitate its application to the changes of modern times. The difficulty which arose in the Jewish Church, from the expansion and diffusion of the Jewish system beyond the pale of Palestine and of the chosen nation, has also arisen, though not to the same degree, in Islam. In Judaism the difficulty was solved

by the submergence of the narrower dispensation of the Law in the freedom of the Gospel. In Mahometan countries it is solved by forced interpretations, bending the sacred text to circumstances which it never contemplated, and which it cannot truly cover.

2. But the contrasts are far greater than the resemblances. I do not speak of the acknowledged superiority of the Christian doctrine, morals, or philosophy. For this let a single instance suffice. What is there in the Koran that can be named for a moment, as a proof of inspiration, in comparison with S. Paul's description of charity? I confine myself to the contrast of form between the two books. The Koran shows us what the Bible would be if narrowed down to our puny measurements, and what in its own divine and universal excellence it actually is. In the comparison between the two we clearly see how the Koran is marked by those attributes which we sometimes falsely ascribe to the Bible; how the peculiarities which we are sometimes afraid of acknowledging in the Bible are exactly those excellences which most clearly distinguish it from the Koran.

(*a*) The Koran is uniform in style and mode of expression. It is true, as I have just remarked, that when chronologically arranged it exhibits to us, though in an indistinct form, the phases through which the mind of that one person passed. It is, as Mahomet's followers called it, "his character." It is, in this respect, as the Old Testament might be if it were composed of the writings of the single prophet Isaiah or Jeremiah, or the New Testament if it were composed of the writings of the single Apostle S. Paul. It is what the Bible as a whole would be, if from its pages were excluded all individual personalities of its various writers, all differences of time and place and character. But the peculiarity both of the Hebrew and of the Christian Scriptures is, that they are not confined to one place or time or person. They abound in incidents so varied, as to give to the whole book that searching application to every condition and character of life which has been a principal source of its endless edification. The differences between

the several prophets and historians of the Old Testament, between the several evangelists and apostles of the New Testament, are full of meaning. On the face of each book we see what each book was intended to be and to teach. In each portion of each book we see what is prose, and what is poetry; what is allegory, or parable, or drama, or vision, or prophecy; what is chronicle, or precept, or narrative. The Bible is in this way not only its own interpreter, but its own guide. The styles of Scripture are so many heaven-planted sign-posts to set our feet in the right direction. There is no other book which, within so short a compass, contains such "many-coloured [πολυποίκιλος] wisdom," such a variety of minds, characters, and situations.

(*b*) The Koran represents not merely one single person, but one single stage of society. It is, with a few exceptions, purely Arabian. It is what the Bible would be, if all external influences were obliterated, and it was wrapt up in a single phase of Jewish life. But in fact the Bible, though the older portion of it is strictly Oriental, and though the latest portion of it belongs not to the modern, but to the ancient and now extinct, world, yet even in its outward forms contains within it the capacities for universal diffusion. Emanating from Palestine, the thoroughfare of the Asiatic and European nations, itself a country of the most diverse elements of life and nature, it contains allusions to all those general topics which find a response everywhere. Whilst the Koran (with a very few exceptions) notices no phenomena except those of the desert, no form of society except Arabian life, the Bible includes topics which come home to almost every condition of life and almost every climate. The sea, the mountains, the town; the pastoral, the civilised, the republican, the regal state; can all find their expression in its words. Women emerge from their Oriental seclusion and foreshadow the destinies of their sex in European Christendom. And not only so, but Egypt, Chaldæa, Persia, Greece, Rome, all come into contact with its gradual formation; so that, alone of sacred books, it avowedly includes the words and thoughts of religions unconnected by any direct

affiliation with its own; alone of Oriental books, it has an affinity of aspect with the North and the West; alone, almost, of religious books, its story is constantly traversing the haunts of men and cities. The Koran "stays at home." The Bible is the book of the world, the companion of every traveller; read even when not believed, necessary even when unwelcome.

(*c*) The Koran prides itself on its perfection of composition. Its pure Arabic style is regarded as a proof of its divinity. To translate it into foreign languages[1] is esteemed by orthodox Mussulmans to be impious, and when it is translated its beauty and interest evaporate. The book is believed to be in every word and point the transcript of the Divine original, Mahomet to have been literally "the sacred penman." No various readings exist. Whatever it once had were destroyed by the Caliph Othman. Such is the strength of the Koran. In far other and opposite quarters lies the strength of the Bible; and Christian missionaries, who are, I believe, constantly assailed by Mussulman controversialists with arguments drawn from this contrast, ought to be well grounded in the knowledge that in what their adversaries regard as our weakness is in fact our real strength. Its language is not classical, but in the Old Testament uncouth, in the New Testament debased; yet, both in the Old and New, just such as suits the truths which it has to convey. The primitive forms of Hebrew are as well suited for the abrupt simplicity of the prophetic revelations, as they would be ill suited for science or philosophy. The indefinite fluctuating state of the Greek language at the time of the Christian era, admirably lends itself to the fusion of thought which the Christian religion produced. Its various readings are innumerable, and, in the New Testament, form one of the most instructive fields of theological study, Its inspiration is not, as in the Koran, attached to its words, and therefore is not, as in the Koran, confined to the original language. It is not only capable of translation, but lends itself to translation with peculiar facility. The poetry of the

[1] The only exceptions to this rule are such versions as unite paraphrase with translation.

Old Testament, depending for the most part, not on rhyme or metre, but on parallelism, reappears with almost equal force in every version. The translations of the New Testament, from the superiority of most modern languages to the debased state of Greek at the time of the Christian era, are often superior in beauty of style and diction to the original. The Apostles themselves used freely a rude version of the Old Testament. We use, without scruple, conflicting and erroneous versions of both. The essence of the Bible, if the essence be in its spirit, and not in its letter, makes itself felt through all.

(*d*) The Koran claims a uniform completeness of materials. It incorporates, indeed, some of the earlier Jewish, Christian, and Arabian traditions, but it professes to be one book. It has no degrees of authority in its several chapters, except in the few instances of direct abrogation of precepts. With these exceptions, it is entirely stationary. It has no progress, and therefore no sequence, and no coherence. The Bible, in all these respects, stands on what some modern writers would deem a lower level, but on what is in fact a far higher one. Its composition extends over two thousand eventful years. In most of its books are embedded fragments of some earlier work, which have served to keep alive and to exercise the industry and acuteness of critics. It is not one Testament, but two. It is not one book, but many. The very names by which it was called in early times indicate the plurality of its parts. The word "Bible," which by a happy solecism expresses the unity of its general design, is of far later date and lower authority than the words, "Scriptures," "The books, *Biblia Sacra*," by which it was called for the first twelve centuries of the Christian era, and which expressed the still grander and bolder idea of its diversity. The most exact definition which it gives of its own inspiration is, that it is "of sundry times and in divers manners."[1] In the fact and in the recognition of this gradual, partial, progressive nature of the

[1] Heb. i. 1. I have elsewhere had occasion to enlarge on the manifold instruction conveyed by this Scriptural definition of Scripture revelation. Precisely this same use of the passage was made, in my hearing, by the late venerable metropolitan of Moscow (Philaret), in answer to difficulties suggested by parts of the Old Testament.

Biblical revelation, we find the best answer to most of its difficulties and the best guarantee of its perpetual endurance.

(*e*) The Koran contains the whole religion of Mahomet. It is to the Mussulman, in one sense, far more than the Bible is to the Christian. It is his code of laws, his creed, and (to a great extent) his liturgy. The Bible, on the other hand, demands for its full effect, the institutions, the teaching, the art, the society of Christendom. It propagates itself by other means than the mere multiplication of its printed or written copies. Sacred pictures, as is often said, are the Bibles of the unlettered. Good men are living Bibles. Creeds are Bibles in miniature. Its truths are capable of expansion and progression, far beyond the mere letter of their statement. The lives and deeds, and, above all, the One Life, and the One Work which it records, spread their influence almost irrespectively of the written words in which they were originally recorded. It is not in the close limitation of the stream to its parent spring, but in the wide overflow of its waters, that the true fountain of Biblical inspiration proves its divine abundance and vitality.

Eastern Church, Lect. VIII.

THE VOICE OF THE LAITY IN THE CHURCH.

WHERE and how can the true voice of the laity be found in the Church? Surely in the same manner as it is found in other spheres. Whatever is the motive guiding force that rules the intelligence and the conscience of the whole country, by whatever means that voice is called forth, that is the lay element which in our age corresponds to the early assembly of the Christian Church. And this, in its highest form, is what we call the Government or the State. It is no disparagement to the clergy, because, drawing into itself the essence of the whole community, it includes the clergy as well as the laity. Like everything human, the State is essentially imperfect; but

it is not more imperfect than the purely clerical governments. No princes of secular states have led more abandoned lives than some of the Roman pontiffs; no parliaments have, except in the wild times of revolution, committed more unchristian acts than those perpetrated by the Councils of Constantinople, Ephesus, and Constance. The State may be despotic, but so may be a bishop, or a body of bishops; it may be democratic, but so may be a convention or a convocation. The language of the great secular press, at least in this country, is, speaking generally, more just, more truthful, more moderate, and therefore more Christian, than that of the so-called religious newspapers which claim to represent the sentiments of the clerical and religious world. Of all earthly institutions, the State is that in the improvement and perfecting of which every class in the community has the deepest interest; and speaking for a moment on scriptural grounds, there is no existing institution which can claim from the Bible so distinctly sacred a character. Even before its conversion the Roman Empire was regarded by the Apostle as a "minister of God," "ordained of God," "the ordinance of God." No stronger expressions can be found in the New Testament for any outward office or officer inside the Christian community. After its conversion, the State by a natural instinct assumed those functions of the old Christian democracy which were felt incompatible with the changed condition of things. By the sovereigns of the State the chief ecclesiastical officers were appointed, as formerly by the tumultuous gatherings in the market-place. By them the Christian laity were represented in the Councils, as once by the "brethren," even after the claims of a distinct hierarchy had sprung up. And so it must emphatically be in such a country as ours. The supremacy of the Crown, that is of the Law, above all causes, and over all persons, ecclesiastical as well as civil, is the supremacy of the whole nation over its own concerns, spiritual as well as temporal. It is no encroachment on that which does not belong to it. It is the direct expression of the laity and of the clergy, through the best organs which the experience and wisdom of a thousand years have been

able to contrive, on matters that touch them more immediately than any other interests in the world. It is by cultivating independence, repressing servility, checking centralisation, reforming the representation, amending the division of labour in its different departments, elevating the press, purifying public opinion, not by creating new institutions drawn from small sections of other communities, that you will ever get a true government for the Church of this great nation.

Essays on Church and State, Essay VIII.

PRINCE AND PEOPLE.

It is the glory of England that if the welfare of the prince is the welfare of the people, no less is the well-being of the people the only safeguard of the well-being of the prince. It is not with us, as with some Eastern or despotic states, where the Royal House dwells apart, withdrawn from all the surrounding influences of the country or of the age in which their lot is cast. The breath of public opinion, of good or evil example, in our mixed and varied society, rises upwards as much as it descends downwards.

It is in our power, in the power of the people of England, to drag down the Throne even in spite of itself, to the level, if so be, of our own meanness, triviality, or self-indulgence, as it is, thank God, also in our power, by the purity of our homes, by the sincerity and loftiness of our purposes, to create the atmosphere in which the Throne must become pure and lofty, because it cannot help receiving the influences which ascend to it from below and from around. We, by raising up a constant succession of just, upright, loyal, single-minded citizens, of enlightened and energetic teachers, of far-seeing and unselfish statesmen, form a body-guard around the Royal House of England, even as the statues and monuments of famous Englishmen in this Abbey stand like a guard of honour round the shrines which contain the dust of our Princes and

our Kings. Any breach in that sacred line of honest English hearts, any failure of duty, of vigilance, or of faithfulness on our part lays open the way for the destroyer to come in and lay waste the innermost sanctuary of the State itself.

National Thanksgiving, 1872, Serm. III.

ODIUM THEOLOGICUM.

THERE is in the city of Constantinople a church dedicated to the Divine Peace, Ἁγία Εἰρήνη, S. Irene, as it is commonly called. It is this church which, by a sad and singular coincidence, has been converted into the Armoury of the Turkish Empire; and the traveller starts as he sees the implements of war bristling all along the well-known forms of Christian architecture; the sacred aisles crowded with muskets and bayonets, the holy place of the altar filled with piles of swords and spears and battle-axes. Such has been, for long periods of its existence, no unapt figure of the corruption, the metamorphosis of the Christian Church, and of Christian theology. Texts of Scripture, Confessions of Faith, Articles of peace, Sacraments of love, have often been only or chiefly valued as missiles to throw at the heads of adversaries, as sharp arrows to penetrate the weak points of an opponent's armour, as swords to cut down the rising heresy—or too often the rising truth.

Sermon preached at Oxford, Feb. 8, 1863.

THEOLOGICAL WARFARE.

WHAT shall we say of the mode too common everywhere and on all sides, of carrying on theological warfare? "Are not God's ways equal, are not your ways unequal, O ye house of Israel?" Are we not guided too often by a blind caprice, which bids us swallow the hugest camels of those who belong

to us, and strain at the smallest gnats of those who do not? which refuses to hear from the living what we gladly or patiently hear from the dead? which quietly receives from a layman what we condemn in a clergyman? which receives without murmur from the lips of the great or the successful what we endeavour to crush in the friendless or suspected? which endures gladly the most fantastic novelties, in accordance with the popular opinions of the day, but cannot endure the least variation of those opinions, even though it be in accordance with the teaching of many an honoured name in theology, with twelve centuries of Christendom, with the creeds of the universal Church?

Sermon preached at Oxford, Feb. 5, 1860.

THE WAY TO SETTLE RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

It is evident that with a country so congenial, and a geographical separation so complete, a disruption might be at once anticipated between the pastoral tribes and their western brethren, similar to that which some centuries later, from other causes, dismembered the monarchy of David.

One of the most famous texts in the Bible is founded on the apprehension of this probable calamity, when Moses warned the Trans-Jordanic tribes that they were bound to follow their brethren to assist in the conquest of Western Palestine. "If ye will not do so, behold, ye have sinned against the Lord: and *be sure your sin will find you out.*" How it would have found them out, we can see from the fate of Reuben. The nearest actual approach to a breach was on the return of the eastern tribes after the western conquest, when their simple pastoral monument of stones was mistaken by the other tribes for an altar. It was put up, apparently, by Bohan the Reubenite, and called after his name, between the fords and

the mouth of the Jordan. They were pursued by Phinehas, ready for another sacred war, like that in which he had destroyed the Midianites. The whole transaction is an instance of what has often occurred afterwards in ecclesiastical history. What was meant innocently, though, perhaps, without due regard for the consequences, is taken for a conspiracy, a rebellion, an attempt to overthrow the faith. There are always theologians keen-sighted to see heresy in the simplest orthodoxy and superstition in the most harmless ceremony. There have been places where it has been impossible, without incurring dangerous suspicions of idolatry, to mention the Cross of Christ. There have been those, from the first ages of the Church downwards, before whom it has been impossible, without incurring dangerous suspicions of Atheism, even to profess the Christian religion. The solution of the controversy between the two pastoral eastern tribes and their western brethren in the Jewish Church is one which might have saved the schism of the Eastern Church from the Western, and have prevented many bitter controversies and persecutions in all Churches.

On the one hand, the Reubenites and their companions said: "The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, He knoweth, and Israel he shall know. If it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day." It is a text invested with a mournful interest—for it is that on which Welsh, the minister of the army of the Covenanters, preached before the battle of Bothwell Bridge. Whether or not it was sincerely used in that later application, on this, its first occasion, it truly expressed the absence of any sinister intention, and it was accepted as such even by the fierce, uncompromising Phinehas. "This day we perceive that the Lord is among us, because ye have not committed this trespass against the Lord: now ye have delivered the children of Israel out of the hand of the Lord." He did not push matters to extremities—he was thankful to have been spared the great crime of attacking as a moral sin what was only an error (if so be) of judgment. Alas! how seldom in the history of religious

divisions have thanks been returned for a deliverance from a crime which many religious leaders have regarded as a duty and a blessing!

Jewish Church, Lect. IX.

LEGENDS CONNECTED WITH WESTMINSTER.

ROUND the undoubted fact that devotion to S. Peter was Edward's prevailing motive, gathered, during his own lifetime or immediately after, the various legends which give it form and shape in connection with the special peculiarities of the Abbey.

There was in the neighbourhood of Worcester, "far from men, in the wilderness, on the slope of a wood, in a cave, deep down in the grey rock," a holy hermit "of great age, living on fruits and roots." One night, when, after reading in the Scriptures "how hard are the pains of hell, and how the enduring life of Heaven is sweet and to be desired," he could neither sleep nor repose, S. Peter appeared to him, "bright and beautiful, like to a clerk," and warned him to tell the King that he was released from his vow; that on that very day his messengers would return from Rome; that "at Thorney, two leagues from the city," was the spot marked out where, in an ancient church, "situated low," he was to establish a Benedictine monastery, which should be "the gate of heaven, the ladder of prayer, whence those who serve S. Peter there shall by him be admitted into Paradise." The hermit writes the account of the vision on parchment, seals it with wax, and brings it to the King, who compares it with the answer of the messengers just arrived from Rome, and determines on carrying out the design as the Apostle had ordered.

Another legend still more precise, developed the attractions of the spot still further. In the vision to the Worcestershire hermit, S. Peter was reported to have said that he had

consecrated the church at Thorney with his own hands. How this came to pass was now circulated in versions slightly varying from each other, but of which the main features agreed. It was on a certain Sunday night in the reign of King Sebert, the eve of the day fixed by Mellitus, first Bishop of London, for the consecration of the original monastery in the Isle of Thorns, that a fisherman of the name of Edric was casting his nets from the shore of the island into the Thames. On the other side of the river, where Lambeth now stands, a bright light attracted his notice. He crossed, and found a venerable personage, in foreign attire, calling for some one to ferry him over the dark stream. Edric consented. The stranger landed, and proceeded at once to the church. On his way he evoked with his staff the two springs of the island. The air suddenly became bright with a celestial splendour. The building stood out clear, "without darkness or shadow." A host of angels, descending and reascending, with sweet odours and flaming candles, assisted, and the church was dedicated with the usual solemnities. The fisherman remained in his boat, so awestruck by the sight, that when the mysterious visitant returned and asked for food, he was obliged to reply that he had caught not a single fish. Then the stranger revealed his name: "I am Peter, keeper of the keys of heaven. When Mellitus arrives to-morrow, tell him what you have seen; and show him the token that I, S. Peter, have consecrated my own Church of S. Peter, Westminster, and have anticipated the Bishop of London. For yourself, go out into the river; you will catch a plentiful supply of fish, whereof the larger part shall be salmon. This I have granted on two conditions—first, that you never fish again on Sundays; secondly, that you pay a tithe of them to the Abbey of Westminster."

The next day, at dawn, "the Bishop Mellitus rises, and begins to prepare the anointing oils and the utensils for the great dedication." He, with the King, arrives at the appointed hour. At the door they are met by Edric with the salmon in his hand, which he presents "from S. Peter in a gentle manner to the Bishop." He then proceeds to point out the marks

"of the twelve crosses on the church, the walls within and without moistened with holy water, the letters of the Greek alphabet written twice over distinctly on the sand" of the now sacred island, "the traces of the oil, and (chiefest of the miracles) the droppings of the angelic candles." The Bishop professed himself entirely convinced, and returned from the church, "satisfied that the dedication had been performed sufficiently, better, and in a more saintly fashion than a hundred such as he could have done."[1]

The story is one which has its counterparts in other churches. The dedication of Einsiedeln, in Switzerland, and of the rock at Le Puy, in Auvergne,[2] were ascribed to angelic agency. The dedication of the chapel of St. Joseph of Arimathea at Glastonbury was ascribed to Christ Himself, who appeared to warn off S. David, as S. Peter at Westminster did Mellitus. S. Nicholas claimed to have received his restored pall, and S. Denys the sacraments of the Church, from the same source, and not from any episcopal or priestly hands. All these legends have in common the merit of containing a lurking protest against the necessity of external benediction for things or persons sacred by their own intrinsic virtue—a covert declaration of the great catholic principle (to use Hooker's words) that God's grace is not tied "to outward forms." But the Westminster tradition possesses, besides, the peculiar charm of the local colouring of the scene, and betrays the peculiar motives whence it arose. We are carried back by it to the times when the wild Thames, with its fishermen and its salmon,[3] was still an essential feature of the neighbourhood of the Abbey. We see in it the importance attached to the name of the Apostle. We see also the union of innocent fiction with worldly craft, which marks so many legends both of Pagan and Christian times. It represents the earliest protest of the

[1] The Roman annalists are not satisfied with the purely British character of this legend, and add that Mellitus being in doubt deferred the consecration till being at Rome in a council he consulted with Pope Boniface IV., who decided against it. Surius, tom. i. in Vit. S. Januar.; Baronius, vol. viii. anno 610.

[2] The bells were rung by the hands of angels, and the church was called the Chamber of Angels. (Mandet's *Hist. du Velay*, ii. 27.)

[3] A "Thames salmon," with asparagus, was still a customary dish in the time of Charles I. (State Papers, April 12, 1629.)

Abbots of Westminster against the jurisdiction of the Bishops of London. It was recited by them long afterwards as the solid foundation of the inviolable right of sanctuary in Westminster. It contains the claim established by them on the tithe of the Thames fisheries from Gravesend to Staines. A lawsuit was successfully carried by the Convent of Westminster against the Rector of Rotherhithe, in 1282, on the ground that S. Peter had granted the first haul. The parish clergy, however, struggled against the claim, and the monastic historian Flete, in the gradually increasing scarcity of salmon, saw a Divine judgment on the fishermen for not having complied with S. Peter's request. Once a year, as late as 1382, one of the fishermen, as representative of Edric, took his place beside the Prior, and brought in a salmon for S. Peter. It was carried in state through the middle of the Refectory. The Prior and the whole fraternity rose as it passed up to the high table, and then the fisherman received ale and bread from the cellarer in return for the fish's tail.

The little Church or Chapel of S. Peter, thus dignified by the stories of its first origin, was further believed to have been specially endeared to Edward by two miracles, reported to have occurred within it in his own lifetime. The first was the cure of a crippled Irishman, Michael, who sate in the road between the Palace and "the Chapel of S. Peter, which was near," and who explained to the inexorable Hugolin that, after six Pilgrimages to Rome in vain, S. Peter had promised his cure if the King would, on his own royal neck, carry him to the monastery. The King immediately consented; and, amidst the scoffs of the Court, bore the poor man to the steps of the High Altar. There he was received by Godric the sacristan, and walked away on his own restored feet, hanging his stool on the wall for a trophy.

Before that same High Altar was also believed to have been seen one of the Eucharistical portents, so frequent in the Middle Ages. A child, "pure and bright like a spirit," appeared to the King in the sacramental elements. Leofric Earl of Mercia, who, with his famous countess Godiva, was present, saw it also.

The King imposed secrecy upon them during his life. The Earl confided the secret to a holy man at Worcester (perhaps the hermit before mentioned), who placed the account of it in a chest, which, after all concerned were dead, opened of itself and revealed the sacred deposit.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. I.

DESTRUCTION OF BECKET'S SHRINE.

HAD Stephen Langton been asked which was most likely to endure—the Magna Charta which he won from John, or the Shrine, which, five years afterwards, he consecrated in the presence of Henry III.—he would, beyond all question, have said, the Shrine of S. Thomas. But we see what he could not see—we see that the Charter has lasted, because it was founded on the eternal laws of truth, and justice, and freedom; the Shrine has vanished away, because it was founded on the passing opinion of the day; because it rested on ignorance, which was gradually dissolving; because it was entangled with exaggerated superstitions, which were condemned by the wise and good even of those very times. But the vacant space is more than this; it is not only a sign of the violent convulsion through which the Reformation was effected, but it is a sign also, if we could so take it, of what the Reformation has effected for us, and what duties it has laid upon us. If one of the ancient pilgrims were to rise again, and look in vain for the object of his long devotion, he would think that we were men without religion.[1] So, in like manner, when the Gentile

[1] A curious instance occurs in Bishop Doyle's account of his visit to Canterbury, in 1828: "I beheld a lofty cloister and a mouldering pile . . . which might bear on its porch the inscription . . . to the Unknown God. It is a wide and spacious waste, cold and untenanted. It now had no altar, no sacrifice, no priesthood." And so easily does his imagination get the better of facts, that he proceeds: "The only symbol of Christianity not yet extinct which I discovered was a *chapel in the cloister*, where the verger who accompanied me (for hire) observed, that 'service was at certain times performed.' I cried out . . . 'Where are the canons and the dignitaries? . . . Where is the loud song or the sweet canticle of praise?'" etc., etc. (Fitzpatrick's *Doyle*, ii. 90.) Probably Bishop Doyle's visit was paid to Canterbury whilst the cathedral was undergoing repairs, and the service was necessarily carried on in the chapter-house.

conqueror entered the Holy of Holies and looked round, and saw that there was no graven image or likeness of anything on earth or in heaven, he marvelled at the "vacant sanctuary,"[1] as of a worship without a God. Yet Pompey in the Temple of Jerusalem, and the ancient pilgrim in Canterbury Cathedral, would be alike mistaken. It is true that a void has been created—that the Reformation often left, as here in the old sanctuary of the Cathedral, so on a wider scale in the hearts of men, a vacancy and a coldness which it is useless to deny, though easy to explain, and, to a certain point, defend. But this vacancy—this natural result of every great convulsion of the human mind—is one which it is our own fault if we do not fill up, in the only way in which it can be filled up; not by rebuilding what the Reformers justly destroyed, nor yet by disparaging the better qualities of the old saints and pilgrims, but by a higher worship of God, by a more faithful service of man, than was then thought possible. In proportion to our thankfulness that ancient superstitions are destroyed, should be our anxiety that new light, and increased zeal, and more active goodness, should take their place. Our pilgrimage cannot be Geoffrey Chaucer's, but it may be John Bunyan's. In that true "Pilgrim's Way" to a better country, we have all of us to toil over many a rugged hill, over many a dreary plain, by many opposite and devious paths, cheering each other by all means, grave and gay, till we see the distant towers. In that pilgrimage and progress towards all things good and wise and holy, Canterbury Cathedral, let us humbly trust, may still have a part to play: although it is no longer the end in the long journey, it may still be a stage in our advance; it may still enlighten, elevate, sanctify, those who come within its reach; it may still, if it be true to its high purpose, win for itself, in the generations which are to come after us, a glory more humble, but not less excellent, than when a hundred thousand worshippers lay prostrate before the shrine of its ancient hero.

Historical Memorials of Canterbury.

[1] "Vacuam sedem, inania arcana." (Tacit. His., *v.* 9.)

MODERN REVERENCE FOR ANTIQUITY.

In our time, there has sprung up, to a degree hitherto unprecedented, a love of what is old, of what is beautiful, of what is venerable—a desire to cherish the memorials of the past, and to keep before our eyes the vestiges of times, which are brought so vividly before us in no other way. It is, as it were, God's compensation to the world for its advancing years. Earlier ages care but little for these relics of antiquity; one is swept away after another to make room for what is yet to come; precious works of art, precious recollections, are trampled under foot; the very abundance in which they exist seems to beget an indifference towards them. But in proportion as they become fewer and fewer, the affection for them grows stronger and stronger; and the further we recede from the past, the more eager now seems our craving to attach ourselves to it by every link that remains. In this respect at least we are richer than were our fathers; other gifts they had, which we have not: this gift of insight into the past, of loving it for its own sake, of retaining around us as much as we can of its grace and beauty—we have, as they had not. It is true that reverence for the dead ought never to stand in the way of the living—that when any great evil is avoided, or any great good attained, by destroying old recollections, no historical or antiquarian tenderness can be pleaded for their preservation: but where no such reason exists, let us keep them as best we can, let us be thankful that we have retained what we have, and cherish it accordingly.

Historical Memorials of Canterbury.

DEATH OF THE BLACK PRINCE.

In his last agony he was, as he had been through life, specially attentive to the wants of his servants and dependants; and after having made them large gifts, he called his little son to

his bedside, and charged him on pain of his curse never to take them away from them as long as he lived.

The doors still remained open, and his attendants were constantly passing and re-passing, down to the least page, to see their dying master. Such a death-bed had hardly been seen since the army of Alexander the Great defiled through his room, during his last illness. As the day wore away, a scene occurred which showed how, even at that moment, the stern spirit of his father still lived on in his shattered frame. A knight, Sir Richard Strong by name, who had offended him by the evil counsel he had given to the King, came in with the rest. Instantly the Prince broke out into a harsh rebuke, and told him to leave the room, and see his face no more. This burst of passion was too much for him—he sank into a fainting fit—the end was evidently near at hand; and the Bishop of Bangor, who was standing by the bedside of the dying man, struck perhaps by the scene which had just occurred, strongly exhorted him from the bottom of his heart to forgive all his enemies, and ask forgiveness of God and of men. The Prince replied, "I will." But the good Bishop was not so to be satisfied. Again he urged, "It suffices not to say only 'I will,' but where you have power, you ought to declare it in words, and to ask pardon." Again and again the Prince doggedly answered, "I will." The Bishop was deeply grieved, and, in the belief of those times, of which we may still admire the spirit, though the form both of his act and expression has long since passed away, he said, "An evil spirit holds his tongue—we must drive it away, or he will die in his sins." And so saying, he sprinkled holy water over the four corners of the room, and commanded the evil spirit to depart. The Prince *was* vexed by an evil spirit, though not in the sense in which the good Bishop meant it; he was vexed by the evil spirit of bitter revenge, which was the curse of those feudal times, and which now, thank God, though it still lingers amongst us, has ceased to haunt those noble souls which then were its especial prey. That evil spirit did depart, though not perhaps by the means then used to expel it; the Christian

words of the good man had produced their effect, and in a moment the Prince's whole look and manner was altered. He joined his hands, lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, "I give Thee thanks, O God, for all Thy benefits, and with all the pains of my soul I humbly beseech Thy mercy to give me remission of those sins I have wickedly committed against Thee; and of all mortal men whom, willingly or ignorantly, I have offended, with all my heart I desire forgiveness." With these words, which seem to have been the last effort of exhausted nature, he immediately expired.

It was at 3 P.M., on Trinity Sunday—a festival which he had always honoured with especial reverence: it was on the 8th of June, just one month before his birthday, in his forty-sixth year—the same age which has closed the career of so many illustrious men both in peace and war—that the Black Prince breathed his last.

Historical Memorials of Canterbury.

CORONATIONS.

No other coronation-rite in Europe reaches back to so early a period as that of the sovereigns of Britain. The inauguration of Aidan by Columba is the oldest in Christendom.[1] From the Anglo-Saxon order of the Coronation of Egbert was derived the ancient form of the coronations of the Kings of France. Even the promise not "to desert the throne of the Saxons, Mercians, and Northumbrians" was left unaltered in the inauguration of the Capetian Kings at Reims. But, in order to appreciate the historic importance of the English coronations, we must for a moment consider the original idea of the whole institution. Only in two countries does the rite of coronation retain its full primitive savour. In Hungary, the Crown of S. Stephen still invests the sovereign with a

[1] A.D. 571. (Martene, *De Antiquis Ecclesiæ Ritibus*, ii. 213.) It was performed by a benediction and imposition of hands—at the command, it was said, and under the lash of an angel, who appeared in a vision to Columba. (Reeves' *Adamnan*, 197–199.)

national position; and in Russia, the coronation of the Czars in the Kremlin at Moscow is an event rather than a ceremony. But this sentiment once pervaded the whole of mediæval Christendom, of which the history was, in fact, inaugurated through the coronation of Charlemagne by Pope Leo III., in the year 800. The rite represented the two opposite aspects of European monarchy. On the one hand, it was a continuation of the old German usage of popular election, and of the pledge given by the sovereign to preserve the rights of his people—in part, perhaps, of the election of the Roman Emperors by the Imperial Guard.[1] Of this aspect two traces still remain: the recognition of the sovereign at the demand of the Archbishop, and the Coronation oath imposed as a guarantee of the popular and legal rights of the subjects. On the other hand, partly as a means of resisting the claims of the electors, it was a solemn consecration by the hands of an abbot[2] or a bishop. The unction with the gift of a crown, suggested doubtless by the ceremonies observed in the case of some of the Jewish kings, was unknown in the older Empire. It first began[3] with Charlemagne. The sacred oil was believed to convey to the sovereign a spiritual jurisdiction and inalienable sanctity—

> Not all the water in the rough rude sea
> Can wash the balm from an anointed king.

A white coif was left on his head seven days, to allow the oil to settle into its place, and was then solemnly taken off. This unction was believed to be the foundation of the title, reaching back to the days of King Ina, of "Dei Gratia." By its virtue every consecrated king was admitted a canon of some cathedral church. They were clothed for the moment in the garb of bishops. The "Veni Creator Spiritus" was sung over

[1] The Earls Palatine in England wore the sword to show that they had authority to correct the King. (Holinshed, A.D. 1236.)

[2] The benediction of the Abbot rather than the Bishop prevailed in the Celtic tribes both of Ireland and Scotland. (See Reeves' *Adamnan*, 199.)

[3] Charlemagne is described as having been anointed from head to foot. (Martene, ii. 204.) In like manner, in English history, on more than one occasion the King is described as having been stripped from the waist upwards, in the presence of the whole congregation, in order that the sacred oil might flow freely over his person. (Hoveden, A.D. 1189. Roger of Wendover, ibid.; Grafton, *Cont. of Hardyng*, p. 317. Maskell, iii. p. xv.)

them as over bishops. At first five sovereigns alone received the full consecration—the Emperor, and the Kings of France, England, Jerusalem, and Sicily. And, though this sacred circle was constantly enlarged by the ambition of the lesser princes, and at last included almost all, the older sovereigns long retained a kind of peculiar dignity.[1]

A King, therefore, without a coronation was regarded almost as, by strict ecclesiologists, a bishop-elect would be regarded before his consecration, or a nonconformist minister without episcopal ordination.[2] Hence the political importance of the ceremony. Hence the haste (the indecent haste, as it seems to us) with which the new king seized the crown, sometimes before the dead king was buried. Hence the appointment of the great state officer, who acted as viceroy between the demise of one sovereign and the inauguration of another, and whose duty it was, as it still is in form, to preside at the coronations—the Lord High *Steward*, the "Steadward," or "Ward of the King's Stead or Place." Hence the care with which the chroniclers note the good or evil omen of the exact day on which the coronation took place. Hence the sharp contests which raged between the ecclesiastics who claimed the right of sharing in the ceremony. Hence, lastly, the dignity of the place where the act was performed.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. II.

[1] What marks the more than ceremonial character of the act is the distinction drawn between the coronation of the actual sovereigns and their consorts. The Queens of France were crowned, not at Reims, but at S. Denys (Taylor, p. 50). Of the Queens-Consort of England, out of seventeen since the time of Henry VIII., only six have been crowned (Argument of the Attorney-General before the Privy Council, July 7, 1821, in the case of *Queen Caroline*). The Anglo-Saxon Queens were deprived of the right in the ninth century, from the crimes of Eadburga, but Judith, Queen of Ethelwulf, regained it. (Maskell, p. iii. xxiv).

[2] Many Bretons maintained that Louis Philippe, not having been crowned, had no more right to exercise the rights of royalty than a priest not ordained could exercise the sacerdotal functions. (Renan, *Questions Contemporaines*, 434.)

THE CORONATION STONE.

BESIDES the ceremonies of unction and coronation, which properly belonged to the consecration of the kings, there was one more closely connected with the original practice of election—that of raising the sovereign aloft into an elevated seat. In the Frankish tribes, as also in the Roman Empire, this was done by a band of warriors lifting the chosen chief on their shields, of which a trace lingered in the French coronations, in raising the King to the top of the altar-screen of Reims. But the more ordinary and primitive usage, amongst the Gothic and Celtic races, was to place him on a huge natural stone, which had been, or was henceforth, invested with a magical sanctity. On such a stone, the "great stone" (*mora-sten*), still visible on the grave of Odin near Upsala, were inaugurated the Kings of Sweden till the time of Gustavus Vasa. Such a chair and stone, for the Dukes of Carinthia, is still to be seen at Zollfell. Seven stone seats for the Emperor and his Electors, mark the spot where the Lahn joins the Rhine at Lahnstein. On such a mound the King of Hungary appears, sword in hand, at Presburg or Pesth. On such stones decrees were issued in the republican states of Torcello, Venice, and Verona. On a stone like these, nearer home, was placed the Lord of the Isles. The stones on which the Kings of Ireland were crowned were, even down to Elizabeth's time, believed to be the inviolable pledges of Irish independence. One such remains near Derry, marked with the two cavities in which the feet of the King of Ulster were placed;[1] another in Monaghan, called the M'Mahon Stone, where the impression of the foot remained till 1809. On the King's Stone beside the Thames, were crowned seven of the Anglo-Saxon kings. And in Westminster itself, by a usage doubtless dating back from a very early period, the kings, before they passed from

[1] It is now called S. Columb's Stone. The marks of the feet are, according to the legend, imprinted by Columba. But Spenser's statement of the Irish practice (see *Ordnance Survey of Londonderry*, p. 233) leaves no doubt as to their origin.

the Palace to the Abbey, were lifted to a marble seat, twelve feet long and three feet broad, placed at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and called, from this peculiar dignity, "*The King's Bench.*"

Still there was yet wanting something of this mysterious natural charm in the Abbey itself, and this it was which Edward I. provided. In the capital of the Scottish kingdom was a venerable fragment of rock, to which, at least as early as the fourteenth century, the following legend was attached. The stony pillow on which Jacob slept at Bethel was by his countrymen transported to Egypt. Thither came Gathelus, son of Cecrops, King of Athens, and married Scota, daughter of Pharaoh. He and his Egyptian wife, alarmed at the fame of Moses, fled with the stone to Sicily or to Spain. From Brigantia, in Spain, it was carried off by Simon Brech, the favourite son of Milo the Scot, to Ireland. It was thrown on the seashore as an anchor; or (for the legend varied at this point) an anchor which was cast out, in consequence of a rising storm, pulled up the stone from the bottom of the sea. On the sacred Hill of Tara it became "Lia Fail," the "Stone of Destiny." On it the Kings of Ireland were placed. If the chief was a true successor, the stone was silent; if a pretender, it groaned aloud as with thunder.[1] At this point, where the legend begins to pass into history, the voice of national discord begins to make itself heard. The Irish antiquarians maintain that the true stone long remained on the Hill of Tara. One of the green mounds within that venerable precinct is called the "Coronation Chair;" and a rude pillar, now serving as a monument over the graves of the rebels of 1798, is by some thought to be the original "Lia Fail." But the stream of Scottish tradition carries us on. Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, bears the sacred stone across the sea from Ireland to Dunstaffnage. In the vaults of Dunstaffnage Castle a hole is still shown, where it is said to have been laid. With the migration of the Scots eastward, the stone was

[1] Ware's *Antiquities of Ireland* (Harris), 1764, i. 10, 124.—Compare the Llechllafar, or Speaking Stone, in the stream in front of the Cathedral of S. David's. (Jones and Freeman's *History and Antiquities of S. David's*, p. 222.)

moved by Kenneth II. (A.D. 840), and planted on a raised plot of ground at Scone, "because that the last battle with the Picts was there fought."

Whatever may have been the previous wanderings of the relic, at Scone it assumes an unquestionable historical position. It was there encased in a chair of wood, and stood by a cross on the east of the monastic cemetery, on or beside the "Mount of Belief," which still exists. In it, or upon it, the Kings of Scotland were placed by the Earls of Fife. From it Scone became the "Sedes principalis" of Scotland, and the kingdom of Scotland the kingdom of Scone; and hence for many generations Perth, and not Edinburgh, was regarded as the capital city of Scotland.

Wherever else it may have strayed, there need be no question, at least, of its Scottish origin. Its geological formation is that of the sandstone of the western coasts of Scotland.[1] It has the appearance—thus far agreeing with the tradition of Dunstaffnage—of having once formed part of a building. But of all explanations concerning it, the most probable is that which identifies it with the stony pillow on which Columba rested, and on which his dying head was laid in his Abbey of Iona; and if so, it belongs to the minister of the first authentic Western consecration of a Christian Prince—that of the Scottish chief Aidan.

On this precious relic Edward fixed his hold. He had already hung up before the Confessor's Shrine the golden coronet of the last Prince of Wales. It was a still further glory to deposit there the very seat of the kingdom of Scotland. On it he himself was crowned King of the Scots. From the Pope he procured a bull to raze to the ground the rebellious Abbey of Scone, which had once possessed it; and his design was only prevented, as Scotland itself was saved, by his sudden death at Burgh-on-the-Sands. Westminster was to be an English Scone. It was his latest care for the Abbey. In that last year of Edward's reign, the venerable chair, which

[1] Particles of the stone, detached in 1838, were compared with the quarries of Scone, and thought to be identical. (*Historical Antiquities of Scotland*; "Scone.")

still encloses it, was made for it by the orders of its captor; the fragment of the world-old Celtic races was embedded in the new Plantagenet oak. The king had originally intended the seat to have been of bronze, and the workman, Adam, had actually begun it. But it was ultimately constructed of wood, and decorated by Walter the painter, who at the same time was employed on the Painted Chamber, and probably on the Chapter House.

The elation of the English King may be measured by the anguish of the Scots. Now that this foundation of their monarchy was gone, they laboured with redoubled energy to procure, what they had never had before, a full religious consecration of their kings. This was granted to Robert the Bruce, by the Pope a short time before his death; and his son David, to make up for the loss of the stone, was the first crowned and anointed King of Scotland. But they still cherished the hope of recovering it. A solemn article in the treaty of Northampton, which closed the long war between the two countries, required the restoration of the lost relics to Scotland. Accordingly, Edward III. then residing at Bardesly, directed his writ, under the Privy Seal, to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, commanding them to give the stone for this purpose to the Sheriffs of London, who would receive the same from them by indenture, and cause it to be carried to the Queen-mother. All the other articles of the treaty were fulfilled. Even "the Black Rood," the sacred cross of Holyrood, which Edward I. had carried off with the other relics, was restored. But "the Stone of Scone, on which the kings of Scotland used at Scone to be placed on their inauguration, the people of London would by no means whatever allow to depart from themselves." More than thirty years after, David II. being then old and without male issue, negotiations were begun with Edward III. that one of his sons should succeed to the Scottish crown; and that, in this event, the Royal Stone should be delivered out of England, and he should, after his English coronation, be crowned upon it at Scone. But these arrangements were never completed. In

the Abbey, in spite of treaties and negotiations, it remained, and still remains. The affection which now clings to it had already sprung up, and forbade all thought of removing it.

It would seem as if Edward's chief intention had been to present it, as a trophy of his conquest, to the Confessor's Shrine. On it the priest was to sit when celebrating mass at the altar of S. Edward. The Chair, doubtless, standing where it now stands, but facing, as it naturally would, westward, was then visible down the whole church, like the marble chair of the metropolitical See at Canterbury in its original position. When the Abbot sate there, on high festivals, it was for him a seat grander than any episcopal throne. The Abbey thus acquired the one feature needed to make it equal to a cathedral—a sacred Chair or Cathedra.

In this chair and on this stone every English sovereign from Edward I. to Queen Victoria has been inaugurated. In this chair Richard II. sits, in the contemporary portrait still preserved in the Abbey. The "Regale Scotiæ" is expressly named in the coronation of Henry IV., and "King Edward's chair" in the coronation of Mary. Camden calls it "the Royal Chair;" and Selden says, "In it are the coronations of our sovereigns." When Shakespeare figures the ambitious dreams of the Duchess of Gloucester, they fasten on this august throne:

> Methinks I sate in seat of majesty
> In the *Cathedral Church* of Westminster,
> And in that *Chair* where kings and queens are crowned.

When James VI. of Scotland became James I. of England, "the antique regal chair of enthronisation did confessedly receive, with the person of his Majesty, the full accomplishment also of that prophetical prediction of his coming to the crown, which antiquity hath recorded to have been inscribed thereon." It was one of those secular predictions of which the fulfilment cannot be questioned. Whether the prophecy was actually inscribed on the stone may be doubted, though this seems to be implied, and on the lower side is still visible

a groove which may have contained it; but the fact that it was circulated and believed as early as the fourteenth century is certain:

> Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
> Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

Once only it has been moved out of the Abbey, and that for an occasion which proves, perhaps more than any other single event since its first capture, the importance attached to it by the rulers and the people of England. When Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall, he was placed "in the Chair of Scotland," brought out of Westminster Abbey for that singular and special occasion.

It has continued, probably, the chief object of attraction to the innumerable visitors of the Abbey. "We were then," says Addison, "conveyed to the two coronation chairs, when my friend, having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillow, sate himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay the forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled on being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them."

That is indeed a picture which brings many ages together—the venerable mediæval throne; the old-fashioned Tory of the seventeenth century, filled with an unconscious reverence for the past; the hard-visaged eighteenth century, in the person of the guide, to whom stone and throne and ancient knight were alike indifferent; the philosophic poet, standing by, with an eye to see and an ear to catch the sentiment and the humour of the whole scene. In the next generation, the harsh indifference has passed from the rude guide into the

mouth of the most polished writer of the time. "Look ye there, gentlemen," said the attendant to Goldsmith, pointing to an old oak chair, "there's a curiosity for ye! In that chair the kings of England were crowned. You see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's Pillow!" "I *could see no curiosity* either in the oak chair or the stone: could I, indeed, behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid on the other, there might be something curious in the sight." But, in spite of Goldsmith's sneer, the popular interest has been unabated; and the very disfigurements of the chair,[1] scratched over from top to bottom with the names of inquisitive visitors, proves not only the reckless irreverence of the intruders, but also the universal attraction of the relic. It is the one primeval monument which binds together the whole Empire. The iron rings, the battered surface, the crack which has all but rent its solid mass asunder, bear witness to its long migrations.[2] It is thus embedded in the heart of the English monarchy—an element of poetic, patriarchal, heathen times, which, like Araunah's rocky threshing-floor in the midst of the Temple of Solomon, carries back our thoughts to races and customs now almost extinct; a link which unites the Throne of England to the traditions of Tara and Iona, and connects the charm of our complex civilisation with the forces of our mother earth—the stocks[3] and stones of savage nature.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. II.

[1] "Peter Abbott slept in this chair July 5, 1800." It is part of the same adventure in which the said Peter Abbott engaged for a wager, by hiding in the tombs, that he would write his name at night on Purcell's monument (Malcolm's *London*, p. 191); where, however, it does not appear.

[2] "A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's Chair."—(Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, Act V. Sc. iii.)

[3] So the venerable "Stone of Fevers," evidently an old Druidical relic, at the entrance of the cathedral of Le Puy, in Auvergne; so the "golden stone" of Clogher, long preserved in the Cathedral of Clogher. (Todd's *S. Patrick*, 129).

SHEFFIELD'S EPITAPH.

SHEFFIELD'S epitaph on himself is an instructive memorial at once of his own history and of the strange turns of human thought and character. "*Pro Rege sæpe, pro Republicâ semper*," well sums up his political career under the three last Stuarts. Then comes the expression of his belief:

Dubius sed non improbus vixi;
Incertus morior, non perturbatus.
Humanum est nescire et errare.
Deo confido
Omnipotenti benevolentissimo;
Ens entium, miserere mei.

Many a reader has paused before this inscription. Many a one has been touched by the sincerity through which a profound and mournful scepticism is combined with a no less profound and philosophic faith in the power and goodness of God. In spite of the seeming claim to a purer life than Sheffield, unhappily, could assert, there is in the final expression a pathos, amounting almost to true penitence. "If any heathen could be found," says even the austere John Newton, "who sees the vanity of the world, and says from his heart, *Ens entium miserere mei*, I believe he would be heard." He adds, "But I never found such, though I have known many heathens." Perhaps he had never seen this monument, but quoted the words from hearsay. The expression is supposed to have been suggested by the traditional last prayer of Aristotle, who earnestly implored "the mercy of the Great First Cause."[1] But many readers also have been pained by the omission of any directly Christian sentiment, and have wondered how an inscription breathing a spirit so exclusively drawn from natural religion found its way, unrebuked and uncorrected, into a Christian church. Their wonder will be

[1] Fiddes (p. 40), who quotes from *Cælius Rhodigenius* (tom. ii. lib. 17, c. 34), and adds the prayer of the friends who are supposed to be standing by the philosopher's death-bed—"*Qui philosophorum animas excipit et tuam colliget.*" (Ibid. tom. ii. lib. 18, c. 31.)

increased when they hear that it once contained that very expression of awestruck affection for the Redeemer, which would fill up the void; that it originally stood "*Christum adveneror*, Deo confido."[1] The wonder will be heightened yet more when they learn that this expression was erased, not by any too liberal or philosophic layman, but by the episcopal champion of the High Church party—Atterbury, to whom, as Dean of Westminster, the inscription was submitted. And this marvel takes the form of a significant lesson in ecclesiastical history, when we are told the grounds of the objection —that the word *adveneror* "was not full enough as applied to Christ."[2] How like is this criticism to the worldly theologian who made it, but how like also to the main current of theological sentiment for many ages, which, rather than tolerate a shade of suspected heresy, will admit absolute negation of Christianity—which refuses to take the half unless it can have the whole! And, finally, how useless was this caution to the character of the prelate who erased the questionable words! The man of the world always remains unconvinced, and in this case was represented by the scoffing Matthew Prior, who, in the short interval that elapsed between the Duke of Buckingham's funeral and his own, wrote the well-known lines, which, though professedly founded on a perverse interpretation of the charitable hope of the Burial Service, evidently point in reality to the deep-seated suspicion of Atterbury's own sincerity:—

> Of these two learned peers, I prythee say, man,
> Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
> The Duke—he stands an infidel confess'd;
> "He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. IV.

[1] The original inscription is given at length in Crull, ii. 49 (1722); and also in Fiddes's *Letter* (1721), who argues at length on the force of the expression (p. 38).

[2] The opposite party, in the published copies of the inscription, inserted *solo* after *deo*. (Fiddes, p. 39.)

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND TOLERATION.

OBSERVE how magnificently the strange conjunction of tombs in what has been truly called this Temple of Silence and Reconciliation exemplifies the wide toleration of Death—may we not add, the comprehensiveness of the true religion of the Church of England? Not only does Elizabeth lie in the same vault with Mary her persecutor, and in the same chapel with Mary her victim; not only does Pitt lie side by side with Fox, and Macpherson with Johnson, and Outram with Clyde; but those other deeper differences, which are often thought to part more widely asunder than any political or literary or military jealousy, here have sunk into abeyance. Goldsmith, in his visit to the Abbey, puts into the mouth of his Chinese philosopher an exclamation of wonder that the guardianship of a national temple should be confined to "a college of priests." It is not necessary to claim for the Deans of Westminster any exemption from the ordinary infirmities of their profession; but the variety of the monuments, in country and in creed, as well as in taste and in politics, is a proof that the successive chiefs who have held the keys of S. Peter's Abbey have, on the whole, risen to the greatness of their situation, and have endeavoured to embrace, within the wide sympathy of their consecrated precincts, those whom a narrow and sectarian spirit might have excluded, but whom the precepts of their common Master, no less than the instincts of their common humanity, should have bid them welcome. The exclusiveness of Englishmen has given way before the claims of the French Casaubon, the Swiss Spanheim, the Corsican Paoli. The exclusiveness of Churchmen has allowed the entrance of the Nonconformist Watts, of the Roman Catholic Dryden. Courayer, the foreign latitudinarian, Ephraim Chambers, the sceptic of the humbler, and Sheffield, the sceptic of the higher ranks, were buried with all respect and honour by the "college of priests" at Westminster, who thus acknowledged that the bruised reed was not to be broken, nor the smoking flax quenched. Even the yet harder problem of

high intellectual gifts, united with moral infirmity or depravity, has on the whole here met with the only solution which on earth can be given. If Byron was turned from our doors, many a one as questionable as Byron has been admitted. Close above the monument of the devoted Granville Sharpe is the monument of the epicurean St. Evremond. Close beneath the tablet of the blameless Wharton lies the licentious Congreve. The godlike gift of genius was recognized—the baser earthly part was left to the merciful judgment of its Creator. So long as Westminster Abbey maintains its hold on the affections of the English Church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest feelings of human nature, and in the noblest aspirations of religion, something deeper and broader than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects—even than the just, though for the moment misplaced, indignation against the errors and sins of our brethren. It is the involuntary homage which perverted genius pays to the superior worth of goodness, that it seeks to be at last honoured within the building consecrated to the purest hopes of the soul of man; and when we consent to receive such within our walls, it is the best acknowledgment of the truth uttered by the Christian poet—

There is no light but Thine—with Thee all beauty glows.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. IV.

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

It was on this occasion [1] that, out of the appropriation of the estates of Westminster to fill up the needs of London, the proverb arose of "robbing Peter to pay Paul," [2] a proverb

[1] When Westminster, after being for ten years a diocese, was merged in the See of London.

[2] Collier, ii. 324; Widmore, p. 133. So afterwards, "the City wants to bury Lord Chatham in S. Paul's, which, as a person said to me, would literally be 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.' I wish it could be so, that there might be some decoration of that nudity." (Walpole, vii. 69. See Chapter IV. p. 285.) Canon Robertson points out to me that a similar, though not exactly the same expression is found generally applied, as far back as the 12th century, "tanquam si quis crucifigeret Paulum ut redimeret Petrum." (Herbert of Bosham, 287.) Compare also a letter of Alexander III. to Henry II. (Letters of Becket, Giles, iv. 116.)

which, indeed, then carried with it the fullest significance that the words can bear. The old, original, venerable Apostle of the first ages had lost his hold, and the new independent Apostle of the coming ages was riding on the whirlwind. The idea of a Church where the Catholic Peter and the Reforming Paul could both be honoured, had not yet entered into the mind of man. Let us hope that the coexistence of S. Peter's Abbey and S. Paul's Cathedral, each now so distinct not only in origin but in outward aspect, is a pledge that the dream has been in part realised.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. VI.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IT would ill become those who have inherited the magnificent pile which has been entrusted to their care to undervalue the grandeur of the age which could have produced an institution capable of such complex development, and a building of such matchless beauty. Here, as often, "other men have laboured, and we have entered into their labours." But—comparing the Abbots with the Deans and Headmasters of Westminster, the Monks with the Prebendaries, and with the Scholars of the College—the benefits which have been conferred on the literature and the intelligence of England since the Reformation may fairly be weighed in the balance against the architectural prodigies which adorned the ages before. Whilst the dignitaries of the ancient Abbey hardly left any moral or intellectual mark on their age, there have been those in the catalogue of former Deans, Prebendaries, and Masters—not to speak of innumerable names among the Scholars of Westminster—who will probably never cease to awaken a recollection as long as the British commonwealth lasts. The English and Scottish Confessions of 1561 and 1643, the English Prayer Book of 1662, and the American Prayer Book of 1789—which derive their origin, in part at least, from our

Precincts—have, whatever be their defects, a more enduring and lively existence than any result of the mediæval Councils of Westminster. And if these same Precincts have been disturbed by the personal contests of Williams and Atterbury, and by the unseemly contentions of Convocation, more than an equivalent is found in the violent scenes in S. Catherine's Chapel, the intrigues attendant on the election of the Abbots, and the deplorable scandals of the Sanctuary. Abbot Feckenham believed that, "so long as the fear and dread of the Christian name remained in England, the privilege of sanctuary in Westminster would remain undisturbed." We may much more confidently say that, "so long as the fear and dread of Christian justice and charity remain," those unhappy privileges will never be restored, either here or anywhere else.[1] These differences, it is true, belong to the general advance of knowledge and power which has pervaded the whole of England since the sixteenth century. But not the less are they witnesses to the value of the Reformation—not the less a compensation for the inevitable loss of those marvellous gifts, which passed away from Europe, Catholic and Protestant alike, with the close of the Middle Ages.

What is yet in store for the Abbey none can say. Much, assuredly, remains to be done to place it on a level with the increasing demands of the human mind, with the changing wants of the English people, with the never-ending "enlargement of the Church," for which every member of the Chapter is on his installation pledged to labour.[2]

It is the natural centre of religious life and truth, if not to the whole metropolis, at least to the city of Westminster. It is the peculiar home of the entire Anglo-Saxon race, on the other side of the Atlantic no less than on this. It is endeared

[1] For the moral state of the district surrounding the Abbey before and since the Reformation, a brief sketch has been given by one whose lifelong residence, and persevering promotion of all good works in the neighbourhood, well entitle him to the name of "the Lay Bishop of Westminster." See a statement published in 1850, by Sir William PageWood (now Lord Hatherley), with a Preface on the Westminster Spiritual Aid Fund, which was then set on foot and since kept up by the unwearied energy of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, then Canon of Westminster, now Bishop of Lincoln.

[2] "That those things which he hath promised, and which his duty requires, he may faithfully perform, to the praise and glory of the name of God, and the enlargement of his Church."—*Prayer at the Installation of a Dean or a Canon.*

both to the conforming and to the nonconforming members of the National Church. It combines the full glories of Mediæval and of Protestant England. It is of all our purely ecclesiastical institutions the one which most easily lends itself to union and reconciliation, and is with most difficulty turned to party or polemical uses. By its history, its position, and its independence, it thus becomes, in the highest and most comprehensive sense—what it has been well called—"the Fortress of the Church of England,"[1] if only its garrison be worthy of it. Whilst Westminster Abbey stands, the Church of England stands. So long as its stones are not sold to the first chance purchaser—so long as it remains the sanctuary, not of any private sect, but of the English people—so long as the great Council of the nation which assisted at its first dedication recognises its religious purpose—so long the separation between the English State and the English Church will not have been accomplished.

This leads us to remember that the one common element which binds together, "by a natural piety," the past changes and the future prospects of the Abbey, has been the intention, carried on from its Founder to the present day, that it should be a place dedicated for ever to the worship of God. Whilst the interest in the other events and localities of the building has slackened with the course of time, the interest connected with its sacred services has found expression in all the varying forms of the successive vicissitudes which have passed over the religious mind of England. The history of the "Altar"[2]

[1] "Westminster Abbey is the fortress of the Church of England, and you are its garrison," was the saying of a wise foreign King in speaking to a modern Dean of Westminster. "In vain has this splendid church been built and sculptured anew," was the like saying, though in a somewhat different mood, of Henry III. to its contentious Abbot, "if the living stones of its head and members are engaged in unseemly strife." (*Matt. Paris*, A.D. 1250.)

[2] The Communion Table in Westminster Abbey is the only one in England which has any authoritative claim to the popular name of "Altar." The word is nowhere so applied in the Liturgy or Articles. But it is used of the Table of Westminster Abbey in the Coronation Service issued by order of the Privy Council at the beginning of each reign. It is there preserved with other antique customs which have disappeared everywhere else. In no other place, and on no other occasion, could the word be applied so consistently with the tenor of the Reformed Liturgy. If an Altar be a place of Sacrifice, and if (as is well known) the only Sacrifices acknowledged in the English Prayer Book are those of praise and thanksgiving, and still more emphatically of human hearts and lives—then there is a certain fitness in this one application of the name of Altar. For here it signifies the place and time in which

of Westminster Abbey is almost the history of the English Church. The Monuments and Chapels have remained comparatively unchanged except by the natural decay of time. The Holy Table and its accompaniments alone have kept pace with the requirements of each succeeding period. The simpler feeling of the early Middle Ages was represented in its original position, when it stood, as in most churches of that time, at the eastern extremity. In the changes of the thirteenth century, which so deeply affected the whole framework of Christian doctrine, the new veneration for the local saint and for the Virgin Mother, whilst it produced the Lady Chapel and the Confessor's Shrine, thrust forward the High Altar to its present place in front of S. Edward's Chapel. The foreign art of the period left its trace in the richly-painted frontal, the only remnant of the gorgeous Mediæval Altar. When, in the fifteenth century, reflecting the increasing divisions and narrowing tendencies of Christendom, walls of partition sprang up everywhere across the Churches of the West, the Screen was erected which parted asunder the Altar from the whole eastern portion of the Abbey. At the Reformation, and during the Commonwealth, the wooden movable Table which was brought down into the body of the Church, reproduced, though by a probably undesigned conformity, the primitive custom both of East and West. Its return to its more easterly position marks the triumph of the Laudian usages under the Stuarts. Its adornment by the sculptures and marbles of Queen Anne follows the development of classical art in that our Augustan age.[1] The plaster restoration of the original Screen by Bernasconi, in 1824, indicates the first faint rise of the revival of Gothic art. At its elevation was present a young

are offered up the Sacrifice of the prayers and thanksgivings of the whole English nation, and the Sacrifice of the highest life in this church and realm, to the good of man and the honour of God.

[1] This Altarpiece, once at Whitehall, and then at Hampton Court, was then, through the influence of Lord Godolphin, given by Queen Anne to the Abbey, where it remained till the reign of George IV. (See Neale, ii. 38; Plate xlii.) The order for its removal appears in the Chapter Book, May 29, 1823; {March 23, / July 9, } 1824. It was then given by Dr. King, Bishop of Rochester, who had been Prebendary of Westminster, to the parish church of Burnham, near Bridgewater, of which he had been vicar. It still remains there, somewhat rearranged to fit the small chancel in which it stands.

architect,[1] whose name has since been identified with the full development of the like taste in our own time, and who in the design of the new Screen and new altar, erected in 1867, has united the ancient forms of the fifteenth century with the simpler and loftier faith of the nineteenth. And now the contrast of its newness and youth with the venerable moulder-ing forms around it, is but the contrast of the perpetual growth of the soul of religion with the stationary or decaying memories of its external accompaniments. We sometimes think that it is the Transitory alone which changes—the Eternal which stands still. Rather the Transitory stands still, fades, and falls to pieces: the Eternal continues, by changing its form in accordance with the movement of advancing ages.

The successive Pulpits of the Abbey, if not equally ex-pressive of the changes which it has witnessed, carry on the sound of many voices, heard with delight and wonder in their time. No vestige remains of the old mediæval platform whence the Abbots urged the reluctant court of Henry III. to the Crusades. But we have still the fragile structure from which Cranmer must have preached at the coronation and funeral of his royal godson[2]; and the more[3] elaborate carving of that which resounded with the passionate appeals, at one time of Baxter, Howe, and Owen, at other times of Heylin, Williams, South, and Barrow. That from which was poured forth the oratory of the Deans of the eighteenth century, from Atter-bury to Horsley, is now in Trottersciiffe[4] church near Maid-stone. The marble pulpit in the Nave, given in 1859 to commemorate the beginning of the Special Services, through which Westminster led the way in reanimating the silent

[1] Mr. Gilbert Scott has told me that this was his earliest recollection of West-minster Abbey. The compartments in the new Screen are after the model of those representing the scenes of the Confessor's life at the other side; but have been beau-tifully filled by Mr. Armstead with groups representing the life of our Lord. The mosaic of the Last Supper is by Salviati, from a design of Messrs. Clayton and Bell. The cedar table was carved by Farmer and Brindley, with biblical subjects suggested by Archdeacon Wordsworth. The black marble slab (originally ordered March 23, 1824, and apparently then taken from the tomb of Anne of Cleves) is the only part of the former structure remaining. The whole work was erected chiefly from the payments of the numerous visitors at the Great Exhibition of 1862.

[2] Now in Henry VII.'s Chapel.

[3] Now in the Triforium.

[4] In its stead, in 1827, was erected in the Choir another, which in 1851 was re-moved to Shoreham, to give place to the present.

naves of so many of our Cathedrals, has thus been the chief vehicle of the varied teaching of those who have been well called "the People's Preachers:" "Vox quidem dissona, sed una religio."

It may be said that these sacred purposes are shared by the Abbey with the humblest church or chapel in the kingdom. But there is a peculiar charm added to the thought here, by the reflection that on it, as on a thin (at times almost invisible) thread, has hung every other interest which has accumulated round the building. Break that thread; and the whole structure becomes an unmeaning labyrinth. Extinguish that sacred fire; and the arched vaults and soaring pillars would assume the sickly hue of a cold artificial Valhalla, and "the rows of warriors and the walks of kings" would be transformed into the conventional galleries of a lifeless museum.

By the secret nurture of individual souls, which have found rest in its services[1] or meditated in its silent nooks: by the devotions of those who in former times—it may be in much ignorance—have had their faith kindled by dubious shrine or relic; or, in after-days, caught here the impassioned words of preachers of every school; or have drunk in the strength of the successive forms of the English Liturgy—by these and such as these, one may almost say, through all the changes of language and government, this giant fabric has been sustained, when the leaders of the ecclesiastical or political world would have let it pass away.

It was the hope of the Founder, and the belief of his age, that on S. Peter's Isle of Thorns was planted a ladder on which angels might be seen ascending and descending from the courts of heaven. What is fantastically expressed in that fond dream has a solid foundation in the brief words in which the most majestic of English divines has described the nature

[1] "I went," wrote De Foe, on Sept. 24, 1725, "into the Abbey, and there I found the Royal Tombs and the Monuments of the Dead remaining and increased; but the gazers, the readers of the epitaphs, and the country ladies to see the tombs were strangely decreased in number. Nay, the appearance of the Choir was diminished; for setting aside the families of the clergy resident and a very few more, the place was forsaken. '*Well*,' said I, '*then a man may be devout with the less disturbance*;' *so I went in, said my prayers*, and then took a walk in the park." (*Works*, iii. 427.)

of Christian worship. "What," he says, "is the assembling of the Church to learn, but the receiving of angels descended from above—what to pray, but the sending of angels upwards? His heavenly inspirations and our holy desires are so many angels of intercourse and commerce between God and us. As teaching bringeth us to know that God is our Supreme Truth, so prayer testifieth that we acknowledge Him our Sovereign Good."

Such a description of the purpose of the Abbey, when understood at once in its fulness and simplicity, is, we may humbly trust, not a mere illusion. Not surely in vain did the architects of successive generations raise this consecrated edifice in its vast and delicate proportions, more keenly appreciated in this our day than in any other since it first was built; designed, if ever were any forms on earth, to lift the soul heavenward to things unseen. Not surely in vain has our English language grown to meet the highest ends of devotion with a force which the rude native dialect and barbaric Latin of the Confessor's age could never attain. Not surely for idle waste has a whole world of sacred music been created, which no ear of Norman or Plantagenet ever heard, nor skill of Saxon harper or Celtic minstrel ever conceived. Not surely for nothing has the knowledge of the will of God almost steadily increased, century by century, through the better understanding of the Bible, of history, and of nature. Not in vain, surely, has the heart of man kept its freshness whilst the world has been waxing old, and the most restless and inquiring intellects clung to the belief that "the Everlasting arms are still beneath us," and that "prayer is the potent inner supplement of noble outward life." Here, if anywhere, the Christian worship of England may labour to meet both the strength and the weakness of succeeding ages, to inspire new meaning into ancient forms, and embrace within itself each rising aspiration after all greatness, human and Divine.

So considered, so used, the Abbey of Westminster may become more and more a witness to that one Sovereign Good,

to that one Supreme Truth—a shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a haven of rest in this tumultuous world, a breakwater for the waves upon waves of human hearts and souls which beat unceasingly around its island shores.

Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey, Chap. VI.

THE CELTIC CHARACTER.

THE Celtic character, with all its winning attractiveness, no less than its apparently incorrigible pliability and ferocity, is the field in which all subsequent labourers have to toil. It furnishes that magic charm, that touch of romance, so well described by Matthew Arnold in his "Lectures on Celtic Literature," side by side with which all merely English culture seems stale and flat. If there is a grain of historic truth in the legend which represents the Stone of Destiny on which the English kings are still enthroned, to have come from the Hill of Tara, there is a still deeper poetic truth in the legend which represents the most romantic sanctuary of England, Stonehenge, to have been transported from the plain of Naas, in Leinster, to the plain of Salisbury, to witness the coronation of the ideal, fairy, Celtic prince, the founder of chivalry, the lost, lamented Arthur. Hence comes that tangled, many-coloured web, by which the Irish Penelope for ever baffles her political suitors, for ever unweaving by night what she or they seem to have woven by day; which no outward change of church after church, or chief after chief, has ever been able to bring to completion.

Essays on Church and State, Essay IX.

PETER THE GREAT.

MUCH as has been said and written of Peter the Great, yet there is a singularity in his position which always provokes afresh the curiosity of mankind. The second founder of the

youngest born of European empires, he gathers round himself all the romantic interest of a legendary hero, an Alfred or a Charlemagne; yet he is known to us with all the exactness and fulness of recent knowledge. No prince of modern Europe is so familiar to almost every country in it, as Peter of Russia. He was, as no other prince has been, a guest of each. Holland, Sweden, Poland, Turkey, Prussia, Austria, Italy, knew him well by sight or hearing as he passed to and fro on his marvellous journeys. He is ours, too, in a special sense. All London was alive with expectation and excitement when his arrival in England was known. Every one was full of stories of the artifices by which the strange barbarian sought to evade the eagerness of our national curiosity to see the prodigy. He comes directly across the path of English ecclesiastical history in his long conversations with Bishop Burnet. He comes for a moment even across the path of our own academical history. "Last week," says Narcissus Luttrell, "the Czar of Muscovy went privately to Oxford; but being soon discovered, he immediately came back to London without viewing those curiosities he intended." An honorary degree was conferred upon him.

Strongly, however, as we are riveted by this strange apparition in foreign lands, it is only in his own country that he stands before us in his full proportions. Look at him as he presents himself in the gallery of the portraits of the Czars. From Ivan the Terrible each follows each in grotesque barbaric costume, half Venetian, half Tartar, till suddenly, without the slightest preparation, Peter breaks in amongst them, in the full uniform of the European soldier. The ancient Czars vanish to appear no more, and Peter remains with us, occupying henceforward the whole horizon. Countenance, and stature, and manner, and pursuits are absolutely kept alive in our sight. We see the upturned look, the long black hair falling back from his fine forehead, the fierce eyes glancing from beneath the overhanging brows, the mouth clothed with indomitable power. We gaze at his gigantic height, his wild rapid movements, the convulsive twitches of his face and

hands, the tremendous walking-staff,[1] almost a crowbar of iron, which he swings to and fro as he walks, the huge Danish wolf-dog and its two little companions which run behind him. We are with him in his Dutch house amidst the rough pieces of wood which he has collected as curiosities, the tools, the lathe, the articles of wood and ivory that he has turned. No dead man so lives again in outward form before us as Peter in S. Petersburg. But not in outward form only. That city represents to us his whole Herculean course, more actually Hercules-like than any of modern times, and proudly set forth in the famous statue erected by Catharine II. In front of the Isaak church, built to commemorate his birthday, in the midst of the great capital, which he called forth out of nothing, rises the huge granite block from Finland, up which he urges his horse, trampling the serpent of conspiracy under his feet, rearing over the edge of the precipice of the stupendous difficulty which he had surmounted, his hand stretched out towards the wide stream of the Neva, to which he looked for the regeneration of his country. Truly it is no exaggeration of what he attempted and achieved. Think of what Russia was. Doubtless the two Ivans had done something; doubtless, too, his father Alexis and the Patriarch Nicon had turned their thoughts southward and westward. But, taken as a whole, it was, with many noble elements, a wild Oriental people, ruled by a court wrapped round and round in Oriental ceremonial. What must the man have been, who, born and bred in this atmosphere, conceived, and by one tremendous wrench, almost by his own manual labour and his own sole gigantic strength, executed the prodigious idea of dragging the nation, against its will, into the light of Europe, and erecting a new capital and a new empire amongst the cities and the kingdoms of the world! S. Petersburg is indeed his most enduring monument. A spot up to that time without a single association, selected instead of the holy city to which even now every Russian turns as to his mother; a site which, but a few years before, had

[1] The only relic of the old costume of the Czars. See Macarius, i. 381.

belonged to his most inveterate enemies; won from morass and forest, with difficulty defended, and perhaps even yet doomed to fall[1] before the inundations of its own river; and now, though still Asiatic beyond any capital of the West, yet in grandeur and magnificence, in the total subjugation of nature to art, entirely European. And the change from Moscow to S. Petersburg is but a symbol of the revolution effected in the whole Empire by the power of Peter. For better, for worse, he created army, navy, law, dress, amusements, alphabet, some in part, some altogether, anew. Much that was superficial, much that was false, much that broke out under his successors into frightful corruption and depravity, at least of the higher classes, came in with the Western changes. But whatever hopes for the world or the Church are bound up with the civilisation of the West, did penetrate into Russia through Peter and through no one else.

So unlike the rest of his dynasty—Philaret, the founder of the house, a reverend ecclesiastic; Michael, Alexis, Theodore, yielding and gentle princes—suddenly appears this man, bursting with brutal passions, as if all the extravagances of the family had been pent up to break forth in him. And yet in this savage, drunken and licentious, the victim of ungovernable fury, arose this burning desire for civilisation. His very violence was turned to promote his end. Literally, not metaphorically, by blows, by kicks, by cuffs, he goaded his unwilling people forward.[2] Russia, as the Russian poet sings, was the hard anvil, and Peter was its terrible hammer. But the strangest, the most affecting, part of his career is this, that what he required from others he laboured to acquire for himself. In the solitude of barbarism in which he was placed, he knew that by his own mind, by his own hands, if at all, his country was to be changed. As filthy in his habits as any Russian serf of the present day, to whom every European comfort is distasteful, he yet was able to endure the

[1] "Up to this point the floods have come," said an attendant, showing the mark on a tree by the river bank. "Give me a hatchet," said the angry Czar, and cut down the tree at a blow.

[2] Many of the expressions here used I owe to conversation with intelligent Russians.

splendour of Paris and London, and, what is more astonishing, the cleanliness of Holland. Possessing in a remarkable degree the turn for mechanical pursuits, of which trophies are preserved in every part of his dominions, he yet, with a largeness of mind very rarely found in company with such pursuits (contrast the unfortunate Louis XVI.), used them all for reconstructing the fabric of his Empire. "He is mechanically turned," was Bishop Burnet's observation of him, "and seems to be designed by nature rather for a ship carpenter than a great prince." But the Bishop was mistaken; and the remarkable point of Peter's career is that he was both.

Eastern Church, Lect. XII.

RELIGION OF PETER THE GREAT.

WHAT Peter might have been, had he lived earlier or later, it is useless to guess. But, in fact, he still remained at heart a Prince of the Orthodox Church. In this respect Burnet's observation was correct, at least as regarded matters of faith. "He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy." He observed the chief Eastern fasts. The blade of the sword which he wore at Pultowa is inscribed with a prayer, and has carved upon it the figure of S. George. In his battles he carried about always one of the sacred pictures from the Trinity Convent. He consecrated his new capital by transferring thither the remains of the sainted Prince, Alexander of the Neva, who had illustrated that river by his exploits centuries before its great destinies were unfolded. His motto in his wars was, "For the Faith and the Faithful." He had heard much of freethinkers at Amsterdam, but he treated their doings as mere impostures; and in the true spirit of a Russian believer added: "They despise the Fathers of the Councils, but the least of those Fathers was better and wiser than they."

We see signs also of more than a mere ceremonial

religion. It was said that he knew the Epistles of S. Paul by heart. His journal contains many grateful acknowledgments of the good Providence which so often had preserved him, and instructed him even by misfortunes. He strictly prohibited talking in church, and working on Sunday, as marks of irreverence. "He who forgets God," he said, "works to no purpose." In the small wooden house where he lived to watch the erection of his capital, one of the three rooms was marked out for his devotions, and now, fitted up as a small chapel, and daily crowded with worshippers, is a monument at once of his own sincere faith, and of the religious associations with which his mere name is connected by the people. At Saardam, in like manner, a small closet in the loft of his wooden cabin answered the same purpose; and it is a touching incident in his life, that when he revisited Amsterdam after an interval of twenty years, during which he had carried out almost all the great designs then still in the future, he was deeply affected on entering the cottage at Saardam, and climbing up into the loft remained there alone a full half-hour, doubtless in devotion as before. His strong common sense and his genuine love of truth showed themselves, not in defiance of his religious feelings, but in unison with them. "Ora et labora" was the quotation with which he wound up his address to his senators. And when in a dangerous illness his life was despaired of, and he was asked, according to an ancient usage in such cases, to propitiate the Divine mercy by the pardon of criminals condemned to death, who would then pray for his recovery, he heard the charges against them, and then, in what was thought to be his death-agony, replied: "Do you think that by arresting the course of justice I shall be doing a good action, for which my life will be prolonged? or that God will listen to the prayers of wretches who have forgotten Him? Carry out the sentence; and, if anything will procure from Heaven the gift of my health and life, I trust that it will be this act of justice."

Eastern Church, Lect. XII.

WALTER SCOTT AND THE CHURCH.

It would require a separate Lecture to point out the services which Walter Scott has rendered to the Church of Great Britain as well as of Scotland, not only by the wholesome, manly, invigorating spirit of his works, not only by the example of his untiring conscientious resolution, not only by the equity and elevation of his judgment of the contending factions in the Scottish Church and State, but by the firm yet tender grasp with which he handles so many of those graver questions which now, even more than when he lived, exercise modern thought. Such, for example, is the light which he throws by incident or argument, or passing speech, in one or other of his romances, on the due proportion of doctrine and practice; on the power of prayer; on the effect of miracles; on the intermingling of the natural and the preternatural in human history; on the relations of the clergy to the State and to the community at large; on the superiority of internal to external evidence; on the critical and philosophical comparison of the several parts of the Bible with each other; on the great controversy between authority and reason; on the relative advantages and disadvantages of the Roman and the Protestant Churches; on the distinctive peculiarities and the common features of the Churches of England and Scotland; on the historical characteristics of Christianity and of Mahometanism; on the effect produced in all our views by the approach of Death and of Eternity; on the nature of true forgiveness; on the varying yet identical forms of superstition; on the essential difference between fanaticism and religion. The elucidations and illustrations which abound in those mighty works of fiction, of these and like problems, are more than enough to justify the place here given to him as one of the great religious teachers of Scottish Christendom. Happy that Church which has been blessed with such a theologian, whose voice can be heard by those whom no sermons ever reach, proclaiming lessons which no preacher or divine can afford to despise or to neglect.

Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland, Lect. IV.

DIVERSITY OF CHRISTENDOM.

IT is useful to see how by different gifts and graces, as well in nature as in the Church, God's work is carried on. It is a part of that machinery by which the whole system of the world in which we live is so fearfully and wonderfully made. Each part locks into each. We cannot safely dispense even with the Churches which we may most dislike, and which in other respects may have wrought much evil. "God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honour to that part which lacked, that there should be no division in the body. If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole body were a hearing, where were the smelling?" If Christendom were all Eastern or Greek, where were the action and energy of the West? If Christendom were all Roman, where were the independent research and independent conscience of the Protestant? If Christendom were all Lutheran or all Calvinist, where would be the beautiful imagination of the South, or the grave repose of the East, or the savour and fragrance of ancient days and departed greatness? If the Anglo-Saxon race and the Anglo-Saxon Churches, with all their splendid qualities, were the sole possessors of the earth, we should run the risk of degenerating into overweening presumptuous Philistines. If we were to lose "the sweetness and the light" which breathes and shines through all the Churches together in the hearts and minds of their most distinguished members, where would be the Catholicity which is or ought to be the mark of the Holy Church Universal? But knowing beforehand what is good in each, we shall not be thrown off our balance by suddenly discovering it, as if it were some new and strange thing. By seeing that each has something which the other has not, we shall recognise the human, imperfect, mixed character of each, and counterbalance one good gift by another. This is the true Christian wisdom of common life; it is no less the Christian wisdom of ecclesiastical life; it is no less the religion of little children.

Addresses and Sermons delivered in America, p. 193.

THE DAWN OF TRUE THEOLOGY.

We complain of the unfairness of the German critic who attacked the possibility of the Christian faith by directing his artillery against the coarsest and grossest forms in which that faith has been supported by any of its adherents. But this should be a solemn warning to us to see how far we have ourselves identified it with those forms. We smile at the narrowness of the English philosopher who regarded Christianity as the completest development of human wickedness, because he fixed his mind on one particular doctrine sometimes preached in its name. But this should be a solemn warning to us, to see how far such a doctrine is one for which we ourselves have contended as essential to the faith. True Christianity is beyond the reach of such attacks or such defences. Those who have watched the effect of sunrise on the Alpine ranges will remember the dark and chill aspect of the wide landscape in the moment preceding the dawn. At last there arose at once in the western and eastern heavens a colour, a brightness, a lightness—varying, diffused, indefinite, but still spreading and brightening and lightening, over the whole scene. Then, "as in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the highest summits of the range of snow burst from pale death into roseate life, and every slope and crest became as clear and bright as before they had been dark and dull; and meanwhile the same light was creeping round the mists of the plain, and the exhalations of the lakes, and they too were touched by gold, and every shape and form yielded to the returning glow. Such is an image of the rise of true religion, and therefore also of true theology, shadowy, diffused, expansive, as the dawn, yet like the dawn striking with irresistible force now here, now there, first on the highest intelligences, then on the world at large, till at length the whole atmosphere is suffused with its radiance, and the shades of night have melted we hardly know how or where.

Addresses and Sermons delivered in America, p. 93.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE AN EMBLEM OF TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

THERE are streams of religious thought which, like the Nile, can diffuse beneficence by their sole strength, without tributary or accessory aid; but the stream of the highest Christian truth in this respect resembles the mighty river, the glory of the Western world, which flows beneath the heights of Quebec, and which derives its force and majesty from that peculiar conformation which has made it the depositary and outlet of all that vast volume of waters which, in hidden springs, and immense lakes, and world-renowned cataracts, discharge themselves into its broad channel, and make it the highway of the nations. Such is true Christianity, accepting and including all the elements of life which, from the inland seas of far antiquity, or the rushing torrents of impetuous action, or the dissolving foam of ethereal speculation, find their way into its capacious bosom.

Addresses and Sermons delivered in America, p. 166.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

BONDS of kindly intercourse will cement the union between the two countries even more than the wonderful cable, on which it is popularly believed in England that my friend and host, Mr. Cyrus Field, passes his mysterious existence, appearing and reappearing at one and the same moment in London and in New York. Of that unbroken union there seemed to me a likeness, when on the beautiful shores of Lake George, the Loch Katrine of America, I saw a maple and an oak tree growing together from the same stem, perhaps from the same root—the brilliant fiery maple, the emblem of America; the gnarled and twisted oak, the emblem of England. So may the two nations always rise together, so different each from

each, and representing so distinct a future, yet each springing from the same ancestral root, each bound together by the same healthful sap and the same vigorous growth.

Addresses and Sermons delivered in America, p. 54.

THE FACE OF GOD.

In S. John's definitions what we are told is that "God is Spirit." We are told also that "God is Light." But we are most emphatically and repeatedly told that "God is Love." It is a definition which has never been reasserted in any creed; but it is a definition which encourages us to take so hopeful a view of the Supreme governance of the world as to say that the expression of the Supreme mind, whatever else it might be, strength, eternity, wisdom, righteousness, is above all else, Love or Charity. "God is Love," or as the Latin phrase goes, "God is Charity." The same Evangelist has told us "*no* man hath seen God at any time." From this he never goes back. But he, and they who were with him, in that climax and crisis of the religious history of mankind, had received a new impression of the Divine nature, and there could be no question for them, as there can be no question for us, that the prevailing expression of the countenance which they beheld beside the Lake of Galilee and from the Cross of Calvary was "Love." In that human face they felt that they had seen the face of God, and their life was preserved. And this declaration that God is Love, as it is the last and greatest of all theological definitions, gives just meaning to all the others. It expresses the source of the strength of the Divine nature, gives harmony to the idea of the Eternal. It supplies the bond of perfectness by which the Eternal is connected with the onward course of human history. This, then, is the definition of the Face or Countenance of God. It is founded on the belief that Goodness is the essence of the Divine nature.

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